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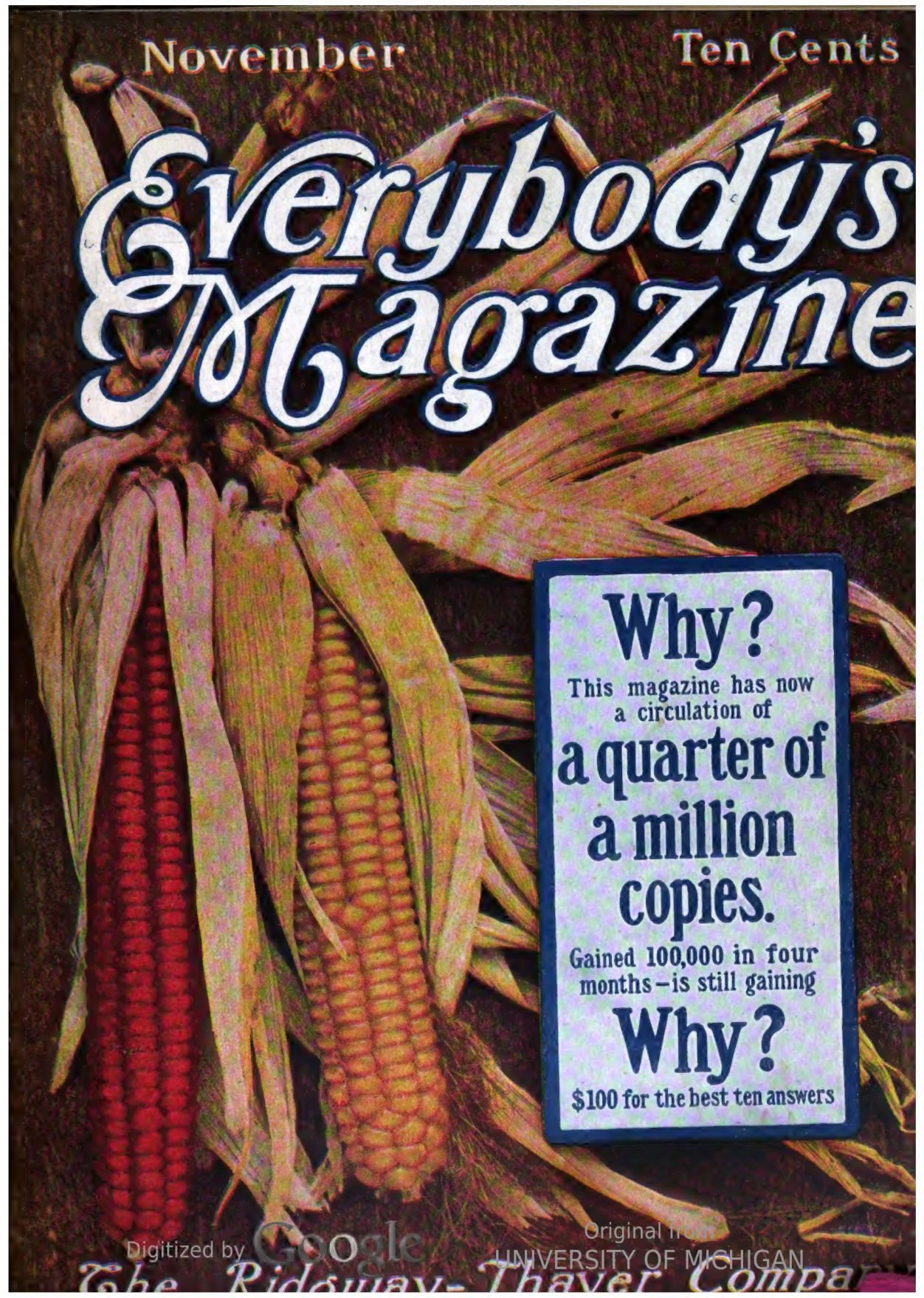

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WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

The most strenuous figure in New York municipal politics and a leader in the reform that reforms.

See "Reform that Reforms" page 689.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 5.

John Alexander Dowie

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

THE creed of John Alexander Dowie is far more simple and far easier to understand than the man himself. In Dowieism, strictly speaking, there is nothing new, and it may be dismissed with a bare phrase or two; not so its founder. Christian science, to explain by pointing out a difference, recognizes no such thing as disease; but to Dowie, disease is a very real and material thing, owing its existence to evil, which in turn is the offspring of the devil. Now to cast out the devil by prayer, is surely to dismiss sin and to cure all illness. But one must have faith, if one would have one's prayer answered. If no response comes to one's prayers—so Dowie explains his failures away—it is that one has not sufficient faith. Far from being new or original in any sense, all this is so very old that no one knows exactly how old it is. The whole career of John Alexander Dowie and the surprising growth of his fantastic creed is just another illustration of the fact that if anything really novel is to be found one must search above the sun and not under it.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.

The miracle of it all is that in the twentieth century there should be so great a following, ready to hand, for the acceptance of what was primitive long centuries before the dawn of what we calendar as the first. Why so many very modern apostles of cure by faith should have failed to organize a virile and thriving Church, and why Dowie's efforts should be crowned with such a peculiar success, is a question that can find its answer only in the strangely gifted personality and the rare character of John Alexander Dowie, Elijah the Second, Elijah the Restorer, Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF ZION CITY,—

Those who have approached Dowie in anything but a prejudiced and antipathetic spirit bear testimony to his remarkable personal magnetism—the extraordinary gift he has of impressing his individuality on all who come in contact with it. His appearance, despite his shortness of frame, his tendency to fatness, his bow legs and his baldness, is rather attractive. He really wears the aspect of benevolence and looks the patriarch. To-day he is fifty-six years old; his shoulders are straight and ample, his eyes are bright and piercing, his beard white and flowing. Of his appearance he is extremely vain, showing that he is just as human as those who would cure by methods less divine, and he keeps the official photographer of Zion busy by his constant posing—now in this position, now in that—before the untiring eye of the camera. It may be a matter of business entirely—you will see how both of his eyes are open for bargains; and he may be counting on inspiring confidence in those whom his voice cannot reach, albeit the phonograph and the telephone carry his prayers from Zion City to the ends of America and the earth.

SHILOH HOUSE—DOWIE'S RESIDENCE.

His religion is the only ancient institution Dowie will tolerate; in all else he is rigidly up to the hour. He professes a contempt for secular institutions and worldly literature, and yet he inconsistently proved his progressiveness by sending both his son and daughter

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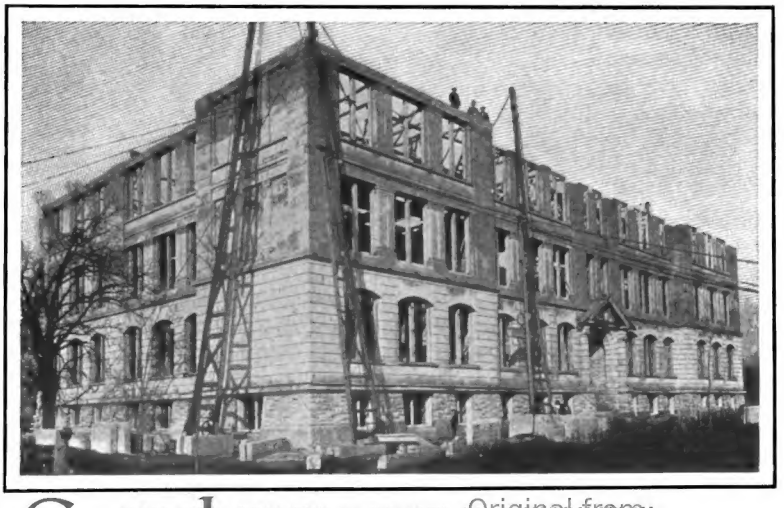
LOOKING TOWARD RESIDENCE DISTRICT.

to the best among our American universities; and there is probably no business house in the States quicker to adopt modern time-and-money-saving inventions than the Christian Catholic Church. The things rendered unto Elijah the Second are shrewdly invested by Elijah the Restorer for the benefit of John Alexander Dowie. The man is shockingly human for a prophet; and his hobby, I have heard, is the collection of full sets of rare old English magazines that his more worldly forebears delighted in. His house in Zion City, built in the English style of architecture, is lavishly furnished; there is a stable full of costly equipages; a summer house across the lake is maintained in great luxury. Indeed the man's vanity and love of ostentation find an outlet in innumerable forms of gaudy and expensive display. By way of justification he is said to have once remarked that the Pope of the Roman Church is surrounded by the best that earth affords, and that there is no reason why the Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church should be left a whit behind.

The tastes of this rarely organized being are nice to daintiness; the smell of liquor and tobacco, the taste of pork, are abhorrent to him, and doubtlessly had much to do with his religious pronunciamento against the use of these in any shape or form. So far as anybody knows—and one may be sure that, with the



ZION CITY COLLEGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

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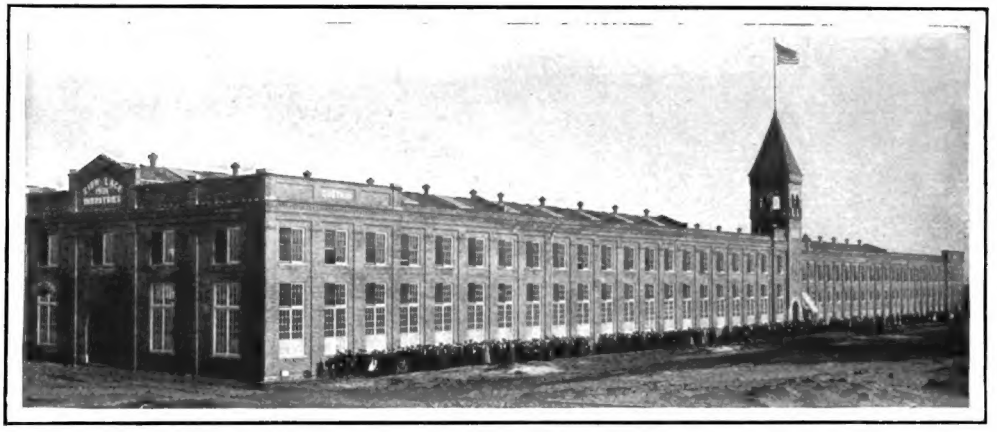

ZION LACE INDUSTRIES—DOWIE'S GREATEST COMMERCIAL VENTURE.

press and the world of unbelievers constantly fulminating against him, if anybody knew anything unfavorable it would be told—his private life has been in accordance with the strictest and most conventional moral laws.

In Zion City there are innumerable sign-posts warning the stranger that he will come under the penalty of the law if he indulges in tobacco or pollutes the air of the city religious with oaths, yet one of the prime sources of Dowie's power over his people would seem to lie in his command of terms of abuse and opprobrium. When the mood of denunciation is on him, he pours forth such a volume of coarse epithets and virulent upbraiding that the boldest of opponents wilts before him. Yet, withal, one is told of the Restorer's physical cowardice hid under an air of bravado, of his fear of the lightning and thunder and the elements in fury. Constantly near him is a body-guard of strong men, and he maintains a vigilant secret service department. Beyond this he is careful to surround himself with a red tape befitting his importance, and interviews—of which he would seem chary—are granted only by special appointment.

ELIJAH HOSPICE—A HOSPITAL WITHOUT PHYSICIANS.

If the prosperity of Dowie owed much to any one thing it would seem to be to oratory—the appeal of eloquent arguments to vast audiences; yet in any dignified or adequate consideration of the word the prophet is no orator at all. He has no delivery worthy of consideration, and his voice from the platform is far from pleasing or thrilling. His diction and his style are characterized by coarseness and vulgarity, rather than by elegance or a fine rhetorical sense. The prayer he recited at his daughter's grave rose at times to the lower and more average heights of prose poetry; and, on the other hand, when I heard him declare from the stage of the Auditorium that he was the spiritual Elijah the Second, when his prosperity was at high tide, and when if he were sincere he should have been solemn, his address was the most veritable hodge-podge of biblical text, rank nonsense, horseplay, abuse, commands for Hallelujahs and Amens from his audience, silly and senile side remarks to his wife—in short, it was an amalgam of the vulgar odds and the tawdry ends of everything, making no claims on either adult reason or puerile rhyme, and having no more to do with Elijah than Elia. It was the perform-

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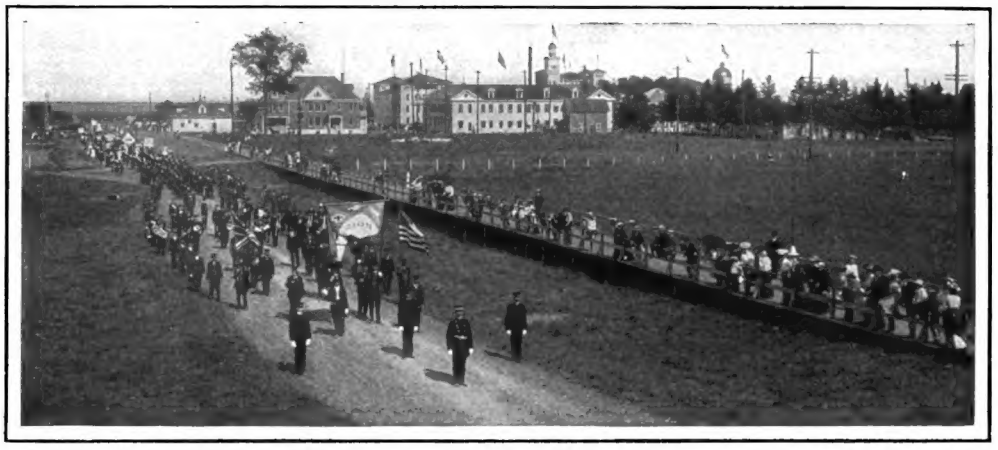

A FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES PARADE.

ance of the mountebank through and through, and it is but fair to conclude that those of his followers who found enjoyment and instruction in it are such among whom the mountebank seeks patronage.

But it matters little how those who dwell beyond the gates of Zion City may judge Dowie, nor in what scales they weigh and find him lacking: the glory and the grandeur of the Restorer still remain undiminished to his disciples, his elders, his white-robed choir, the thousands and thousands of members of his Restoration Host and his countless followers. His strength has been tried by every test, and it stands as firm as a rock. Three years ago a national bank through which Dowie cleared decided to throw his account out; bankruptcy was predicted by the press, but the Bank of Zion was as little affected as if only a paltry dollar had been withdrawn from its deposits. Shortly after the dedication of the Tabernacle in Zion City, when immense expenditures must have drained the resources of the prophet, his credit was assailed, rumors of failure were again rife, and creditors flocked around Elijah's mantle to be cured of their financial woes with a zeal that outdid those who came to have their physical torments relieved; but all retired satisfied, and to-day there is scarce a merchant in Chicago who will refuse Dowie whatever accommodation he desires.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

But the most telling test of all—one more severe than the ingenuity of the most insatiable evil-wisher could devise—came a year ago last May, when the overseer's daughter Esther, then a student at the University of Chicago, arose early to prepare herself for a breakfast to be given in honor of prospective converts to her father's faith; as she lit an alcohol lamp to heat a curling-iron, her night-gown blew in the flames, and she died in agony from the appalling consequences of the burning. Those who detested the man and his creed saw in that sombre and lamentable accident a certain precursor of the downfall of Elijah, but if it had any visible effect on his fortunes it has been merely to prosper them. The heart-broken father, it is said, called in the assistance of the medical profession—the outcasts whom he had assailed so bitterly and damned so violently—when his prayers and the laying-on of his own hands failed to give relief; but those who are in a position to know say the statement is false. Bandages and vaseline were applied, but those ministrations are customary in emergencies of the sort. When Dowie stood over his daughter's bier, sobbing over the loss of one dearer to him than all else on

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ZION
LAW OF GOD
TRUTH
One thing is certain; that the King is coming, and, coming as He does to reign, the present Commercial, the Political, the Educational and the Ecclesiastical organizations must pass away. He will have none of them. . . . The people cannot rule where God rules. Tyrants cannot rule where God rules. Apostate churches and false priests cannot rule where God rules. Where God rules, Love reigns; Life and Light reign, and Liberty is the possession of all whom God makes free. . . . I stand here and say, and I care not what the consequences of saying it may be, that the time has come for men everywhere to recognize the failure of every form of human government; of every attempt of man to rule man, either by hereditary statecraft, priestcraft, or any other craft. . . . Hence my Mission is to shew you that the Elijah must be the Restorer of All Things, and that which is to be first Restored is the Rule of the Law of God.
—The Voice of Elijah the Restorer in Chicago Auditorium, Lord's Day Afternoon, May 17, 1903.

ELIJAH THE RESTORER FORETELLS THE OVERTHROW OF HUMAN GOVERNMENT BY THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

A TYPICAL CARTOON PRINTED IN "LEAVES OF HEALING."

earth, when the tears streamed down his face and he faltered in a broken voice, "She was a good girl, but she disobeyed me. I forbade the use of alcohol in any form, she violated my command and she has been punished for it;" when this grizzly tragedy happened—if John Alexander Dowie were a mercenary wretch, a hypocrite and a knave, if he had wrecked homes, purloined the savings of the poor, killed those whom the medicines of the physicians and the knives of the surgeons might have saved, then he must have felt the hand of an outraged God lying on his shoulders in wrath and vengeance; and if he had been sincere and upright in all his doings with his fellows, then he needed every bit of the consolation that an unsullied conscience could bring to his tried and aching spirit. It was the supreme test of Dowie's faith in Dowie.

And Dowie's faith in Dowie is all-abiding and all-sufficient. It is undoubtedly the clue to his almost unexampled success. It is easy to dismiss such a character, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, as a hypocrite and a charlatan; but vituperation explains nothing, and hypocrisy, save in its crudest and crassest forms, is too complex to be blown aside with a phrase. The vogue of the man alone, the belief of others in him, would inspire his own faith in himself, and again he scarcely could have inspired that unquestioning faith in others unless he believed in himself. Robert Browning's "Mr. Sludge the Medium" is a searching analysis of perhaps a kindred psychology. Dowie's career explains much of him, and a legitimate and common-sense deduction explains still more.

John Alexander Dowie was born in Edinburgh; he left Scotland for Adelaide, South Australia, when he was thirteen, and he clerked in that boom town for seven years. If he did anything in those days that brought him into prominence, it has escaped the records; but what he did do was to train himself in business methods (being a Scotchman he had no more to be forced into it than a duck into water), and to prepare himself for the ministry. To-day he has given such a positive demonstration of his genius for business that no one can doubt his abilities; and one may ask those who charge him with a bare-faced and impudent hypocrisy

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why he left commerce for theology unless his whole nature had a strong leaning toward religion.

Some few years afterward, Dowie broke loose from the Congregational Church, declaring his intention to make his appeal to the masses at large through evangelical work. Already he had a reputation, and his bizarre eloquence, his rough-and-tumble logic, his strong personality, won him an immediate victory in the field of his choice. His impatience of fettering authority accounts for the change, and he seems only to have been acting in accordance with the dictates of his nature.

One night, in Melbourne, there swept over his consciousness like an inspiration the full force of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. . . . In my name shall they cast out devils. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." His imagination was fired with the idea that he was the prophet foretold by Malachi, and on this inspiration he founded what is supposititiously new in his creed and built the foundation of his really immense fortune. He laid hands on his wife's head, prayed and cured her of headache, and then, as a wit will have it, he proceeded to lay hands on everybody and everything else. Those who know Dowie say that from early life he "had visions" and that he manifested all those symptoms which the alienist would put under the general head of "religious hysteria"; if this be so, it would offer a plea for his sincerity, and whether it be so or not, it is known that certain deformities and diseases due to brain lesions have been afforded a temporary relief by sudden nervous exaltation, such as might come from prayer; but on this aspect of the case, the limits of this article will not let me dwell.

His wife and others cured, and the legions of the faithful increasing by virtue of these proofs of miraculous powers, Dowie at once started to form the Divine Healing Association, which developed later on into the larger organization of the International Divine Healing Association, with John Alexander Dowie, quite as a matter of course, for its president.

The next step in the career of the prophet was his project to found a great healing centre in London, and to spread the faith from there around the world. He travelled on to San Francisco, preaching everywhere along the coast, and reached Chicago by easy stages. It was the year of the World's Fair, which brought its swarms of heterogeneous visitors to the city. It seemed as though the mountains had come to Mohammed, and the canny Scotchman was far from letting the golden opportunity slip. The White City did no more for the fortunes of any man than for John Alexander Dowie's. And while the "Doctor," whose energies run far up in the horse-powers, worked, preached, and cured eighteen hours of the twenty-four, his corps of well-trained missionaries, his deacons and his disciples were forced to follow at the pace their master set. The printing-office worked overtime to turn out the divine "Leaves of Healing," which is Elijah's official organ, devoted to the prophet's doings and his sayings, accounts of his miraculous cures, with the photographs and the testimonials of those cured. No patent medicine has ever been better advertised, to quote the wit that I have quoted before, than "Dowie's Handy Remedy for All Diseases." *

Before long the residents of that Woodlawn district complained to the authorities about the hordes of the lame and the halt and the sick and the blind with which the divine healer inflicted the neighborhood. This was the signal for the press of Chicago to launch out a series of bitter attacks, and in the year 1895 Dowie was arrested something like one hundred times for violating municipal ordinances for the care of the ill. All these prosecutions cost him $20,000 for fines and fees, but the newspaper advertising was worth the money. It enabled him to put his wares before the public regularly every Monday morning at a cost infinitely below department store rates for the same space. Besides, it pushed the crown of martyrdom down on his brow and touched the sympathies of his followers to the quick. When the legion of the faithful increased to an army, when his present quarters became too cramped for the dissemination of his faith, Dowie decided to move.

There was a woman in that Woodlawn district (just to show you how converts to Dowieism are made) whose hatred for the prophet and his methods knew no bounds; but still when a member of her family lay at death's door, given up by the regular

* One woman testifies, "With God nothing is impossible. In answer to prayer I learned to read my German Bible." Here is the Meisterschaft system left far behind in the matter of speed, and one may presume that a School of Languages will be the next addition to the enterprises of Zion City.

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physicians, she sent for this erstwhile "quack," "monster," to lay on hands and offer up prayer. The patient was not saved, but his reputation as a consulting doctor of divinity did not suffer. Of all such aspects of human nature Dowie is a keen judge, and when fear, desperation, or superstition push the bravest of us to the extremes of a mental cowardice, the prophet is there with Zion's banner of hope. It must be remembered, too, that the majority of Elijah's followers are not of the elect, either of body or of mind, nor among those fittest to survive. There is, there was, and there probably always will be an element in every large population prone to believe in the fantastic and the miraculous, and ready for any religious sensation which the staider creeds will not satisfy; this the Restorer undoubtedly knows, and to this passion he has undoubtedly attuned the brassy notes of Zion's band.

From Woodlawn, Elijah the Second moved his abode northward to Michigan Avenue and Sixteenth Street, rented the commodious St. Paul's Church, then degenerated into the base uses of a store-house, and from this tabernacle as a centre, Dowie's institutions spread on both sides of the boulevard for six blocks. There was the Zion Press, the Zion Bank, Zion College, Zion Schools, Zion Homes, and the huge Imperial Hotel on Park Row was finally absorbed for a divine Hospice of healing. It was Zion Avenue as effectually as if it had been so named.

The prophet had outgrown the International Association, so he discarded the scaffolding by which he had mounted to the clouds, and with proper flourish of trumpets announced the founding of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, with himself as the General Overseer of everything that appertained to its spiritual, temporal, or financial welfare. He was now the absolute master of all its properties, the sole owner of all of it in fact if not in theory, and he is to-day. The Zion bank, for instance, is a private institution owned by the Overseer, its stock consisting of personal notes signed by Dowie and guaranteeing interest to the holder thereof; and the bank is typical of all the Zion industries from start to finish, from souls, if I may so put it, to shoes. In the Overseer's business genius Dowie's flock has just as implicit faith as in his religious prophecies—indeed religion and business, business and religion, are one and inseparable in Zion.

Meanwhile St. Paul's church grew too small for the expanding faith, and one fine day Dowie surprised Chicago by calmly stating that he had rented the monster hall of the Auditorium for his Sunday services. Chicago was still more surprised when the Overseer filled the place to overflowing weekly.

However, the Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church with characteristic canniness recognized that it would be unwise longer to defy a public opinion being intensified against him as the days went on, by the more energetic action of the health authorities; and, besides, he was just at the turning-point where he was likely to get the wrong end of free newspaper publicity. So the Zion City Land and Investment was incorporated—John Alexander at the head of it, to be sure—and his agents purchased 6,000 acres of land, forty-two miles north of Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan. The cost of the property is estimated at a million and a quarter, but the Overseer raised that on his personal notes without seeming difficulty, and the whole deal went through with a rush and a quiet that must compel admiration as a bit of up-to-date promoting. It is characteristic of the Restorer's business instincts that he proposes to dispose of this land in small lots on long leases for fifteen times its original cost.

Zion City itself is plain and unassuming enough; its newness and its crudities remind one of the boom towns of our more Western prairies. Instead of the saloons and the dance-halls and the theatres, however, there are the Tabernacle and the Hospice, for in Zion all worldly amusements are forbidden; and instead of the rougher and more ready Westerner there are the eight thousand mild-eyed, peaceful, weak-looking followers of the latter-day Messiah. In a word Zion City may be described as a purely religious town, run on a co-operative basis—the co-operation ceasing, to the eyes of the vulgar and the uninitiated, when the funds get to John Alexander Dowie. Each member of Zion pays a tithe of his income to the prophet, for Elijah levies no charge for his prayers and his cures, and all offerings must come by the free will of the donors—a system of finance that has the prosperity of its originator to recommend it to institutions avowedly secular.

Perhaps Dowie's pet child among all the infant industries of Zion City is the lace fac-

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tory, and on its mature growth he builds the highest hopes of the commercial supremacy of his religious centre; the manner in which the infant was persuaded to enter the folds of Zion may serve as a final example of the Prophet's business astuteness and his magnetic influence over the minds of men. Some years ago a Nottingham lace manufacturer by the name of Stevenson, who practised in his own household the cure of disease by prayer and the laying on of hands, opened a correspondence with the Overseer, intermingling bits about his private business with more intimate and protracted revelations of his faith. Elijah, so goes the tale, wrote voluminous replies and started in to investigate what the probable profits of making English lace would average in an American fiscal year. A heavy duty built an unwelcome barrier against foreign laces, and there was not one inch of the stuff manufactured here at home—so much is Uncle Sam willing to do for the strong of faith and so easily might he undo—but with that, being absolutely impartial, I have nothing to do at all! Well, Dowie finally induced Stevenson to pay him a visit in America, and the result of that visit was that Stevenson married Dowie's sister, and that Elijah and his mundane brother-in-law imported machinery and skilled hands from England and invested $440,000 in the enterprise. When Stevenson's wife died the partners had a misunderstanding; the case was dragged into court, and the Restorer finally settled the difficulty by the payment of $175,000. As to the merits of the controversy, Stevenson's brother sided with Dowie against his own flesh and blood in nine out of the ten points at issue, and this very day, his faith in the Overseer untarnished, he is striving with might and main to make the venture successful.

One may gather from this too brief sketch that Dowie's creed and career and multiple achievements are of a gradual even if of a rapid growth; what now has taken on the material shape of reality was with him years ago in the less tangible stuff of dreams; all has evolved from meditation into accomplishment step by step; and undoubtedly a holy city, set apart from a hostile and a skeptical world, a new Rome from which the law might go forth from a new Vatican as from Zion of old, where the doves of Zion might flutter around and build their nests unmolested in its crosses—undoubtedly John Alexander Dowie's own youthful visions scaled the heights of the cloud-capped towers and mounted to the golden domes of the prototype of just such a haven as the City of Zion that he founded in all actuality some two years ago.

The Evening Star

By LLOYD MIFFLIN

AWAY above the cloud-land
In the glowing garden close
That o'er the sombre vale
Of evening looms,
Where the petals of the hours
Fall from out the fading Rose
The sunset makes to perish
As it blooms;
In the lucent saffron spaces
That the going daylight fills—
The dove-gray dreaming River
Far above—
The Twilight with her taper,
Dimly poising o'er the hills,
Leans and lights the silver censer
Named of Love.

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ABOVE FINE GOLD

By William R Lighton

THE big clock in the court-house dome sounded the strokes of five; its tones were strong, deliberate, confident, such as might have come from the throat of Justice herself. "Be patient, gentlemen," it said, "and permit me to proceed. We must observe due process of law. In good time we shall reach a conclusion."

But Judge Graham was in no patient humor. Since early morning of the sweltering July day he had been sitting in chambers, controlling his temper with difficulty under a pestiferous flow of petty oratory in a piece of buncombe litigation—The People, *ex rel* Oscar Peterson *vs.* the Consolidated Ice Company.

After the year's work he was thoroughly tired and longed for rest—for a sight of open water, a scent of pines, or a touch of mountain air. Instead, his senses were caged in the sombre court-room, with its scarred old furnishings, its lifeless walls, its fetid atmosphere, and—worse than all—the sordid pettiness of the dozen lawyers and litigants at the bar. He despised the men and loathed the setting.

At the first stroke of the hour he straightened his drooping pose with a long breath of relief, glancing at his watch and then at the clock upon the wall.

"Mr. Bailiff," he said, brusquely, "turn that clock forward three minutes, and see that it's kept turned up, will you?"

He closed his docket with a snap and arose, looking down upon the group at the table.

One of the lawyers was upon his feet, as though to claim attention; he had been upon his feet all day, stumbling blindly through the intricate mazes of his plea, getting nowhere, and leaving behind in his wanderings a hopeless wreck of law and syntax. This was Michael Doty, a thick-necked, fat-witted fellow, who maintained his place in the community by virtue of crass effrontery and a bellowing voice. Doty's arguments were always more a matter of calisthenics than of logic or grace of diction; in the course of the day he had lashed himself into a vociferous fury; his heavy face was turgid with crimson blood, and dripping with sweat.

"Well?" Graham questioned. "We're through for to-day. How much time will you need yet, Doty?"

A squeezed lemon lay upon the table near Doty's hand. He lifted it to his lips for a noisy suck before he answered.

"Oh, I don't know as I want any more time at all. All I've got to say is this: I think I've showed Y'r Honor authorities enough to bear me out in askin' that this temporary injunction against the defendant be made perpetual, restrainin' 'em from doin' business under their organization as a trust, as bein' against public policy. That's all."

The tension upon Graham's face was visibly relaxed.

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"The hearing is adjourned, then, until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock," he said.

He left the bench at once and entered his private room, closing the door behind him and casting himself upon a lounge that stood between the open windows. A young man, the court reporter, was at work with his typewriter near one of the windows. The sharp, insistent click of the machine jarred upon Graham's overwrought nerves. He found his hat and umbrella and went out through the sultry corridor to the street.

A newsboy assailed him on the pavement.

"Paper, mister? Last 'dition o' the *Times*. All about Judge Graham scan'le. Two cents!"

"Here," said Graham, wearily, "give me a *Times*, quick. I want to catch this car."

A hand was laid upon his arm, and he turned to confront the meaty figure and blotched face of Michael Doty.

"Hello!" said Doty. "I've been waitin' to see you. Come on over here to the Grotto. Never mind the paper—I got one here in my pocket."

"What is it?" Graham asked. "I'm in a hurry to get home. I'm dead tired."

"Oh, you can rest afterward. Come on. We want to talk to you a minute—Winthrop an' me."

He led the way through an obscure passage to a private room in the rear of a gaudy saloon. Two men were awaiting them. One was Peterson, the nominal plaintiff in the injunction case, a stupid, coarse, elemental sort of man—a nonentity. The other was Robert Winthrop, whose presence was that of the politician *par excellence*. In physique he was a giant, and the mass of his figure was overtopped with a great, shining, dome-like head. If his lines were gross, there could be no doubt of his vitality; from every inch of his big person there was a prodigal radiation of energy. In almost any other walk of life his face would have appeared benign; but its native benignity had been modified by artfulness.

"Well, Judge," Winthrop said in his detonating voice, and pushed a chair into place for Graham at the table.

There followed an awkward pause; Graham curious, Peterson passive as a sheep, Winthrop alert, watchful. It seemed to be intended that Doty should start the talk, which he did presently in a manner quite characteristic.

"I'm goin' to have a drink," he said, touching a push-button in the wainscoting. "What'll you take, boys? It's on me."

Peterson bleated for a glass of beer. Winthrop shook his head, and Graham made a gesture of dissent.

"You know I don't drink," he said, with a touch of impatience.

"Oh, take something," Doty insisted. "Take a beer, or a lemonade—I don't care what. Take ice-water, then. I swear, I don't see how you good people get through a spell like this without an occasional nip. I'm going to have some o' the Old Particular; an' bring me a tall glass, an' the seltzer, an' a piece o' lemon—you know."

While he waited for the order to be filled he occupied himself in rolling a cigarette. No further word was spoken until his whiskey was brought and he had mixed a drink to his liking; then, after a deep draught, he asked abruptly:

"Well, how's the case comin'?"

Graham's eyes narrowed and the muscles of his face stiffened. He replied by a counter question:

"What has the *Times* got to say about it? Let me see."

"Oh, nothin'," Doty answered, with a roll of his head. "You needn't bother to look at it now. It's nothin'. They only say you're up against it—say you've got to decide the case one way or the other, an' either way there'll be a howl. It won't hurt you a bit." He drained his glass, tipping it well back and holding it so, to catch the last reluctant drops; then hitched closer to the table, sweeping glasses and bottles aside. "Say, I don't mind ownin' up that 'twas me give 'em the story. I wrote it, to make sure they'd get it like I wanted 'em to. I wanted to head 'em off from doin' too much pryin' 'round on their own account. You'll see I've worked it pretty slick. From that piece nobody'll guess in a thousand years what's at the bottom of the business."

Involuntarily Graham drew back, gathering himself into an attitude of defence.

"You're speaking plainly," he said.

"Sure! We're all friends here; an' seems to me I've got a right to talk plain to you, if anybody has. I never was any good at beatin' 'round the edges, anyway. You ain't afraid, are you? Gawd! this is no time to get scared."

With an effort Graham eased his harsh posture; but his eyes kept their hold upon the coarse face.

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"Well, what's on your mind?" he questioned.

For a few minutes Doty returned the look in kind, doing his best to gauge the other man's mental processes. As though reassured by the scrutiny, he tilted his chair back against the wall, cocking his legs upon the table and tugging at his collar, which was indenting the fat puffs of his neck.

"Look here, Judge, I'm your friend. I think I showed you that good an' plenty the first time you ran. An' I'm your friend yet. I want to see you win out in the convention next month. We all do; don't we, boys? Come now, what's the use monkeyin'? We all know it's been just as good as understood that that's why I brought this case against the Consolidated—was to help along, an' help put things solid in the convention."

There was an expectant interval of silence, as one waits for the rumble of thunder after a flash of lightning. Graham's glance went swiftly from Doty's face to that of Winthrop, but in his excited state of mind he could not make out whether the smile upon the bold lips was one of approval, or of passive amusement, or of impersonal professional interest. When he chose, Winthrop could be inscrutable. But Graham desired him to speak.

"Bob?" he prompted.

"I'm listening," the other returned. "Let him go on. I guess he'll say what he means."

Doty squared himself, leaning forward, knotting his stubby fingers tightly together.

"Yes, I'll say what I mean; don't let that worry you. Well, then! Here's what I got to say: I seen Johnson last night, an' Fredericks, an' some o' the others from the Union; an' then again this mornin', before court. I just about wore myself out to-day talkin' against time, so's to get a chance to tell you how it stood before you'd made any breaks in the case. I done you a good turn with the boys. They was up in the air last night—you know they've always said you wasn't a friend to the Unions. That's what they said last night—Fredericks did, an' Peterson, here; an' I spent two mortal hours arguin' with 'em to get 'em to let me go ahead.

"'What's the use,' Fredericks says, 'spendin' good money on it, when we know how it'll come out? Graham's just like all the rest of 'em: he's an aristocrat,' he says; 'an' he'll sock it to us common people every time he gets a chance.'

"Right there's where I took the bit in my teeth. 'No, he won't,' I says to 'em. I give it to 'em in great shape. 'Even if Graham wasn't friendly to you, particular, he's a man that pays his debts,' I says. 'He knows the side his bread's buttered on,' I told 'em. 'You let me go ahead an' push it,' I says, 'an' I'll give you my word he'll do his part.' That's what I told 'em. It took till eleven o'clock, an' then an hour this mornin' to get 'em to come to their milk, an' willin' to risk the costs. Ain't that so, Pete? Ain't I told it right?"

"Ya-as," the Swede drawled. "I don' unnerstan' those langwidges verra well, Chudge; but I stan' by what Misser Doty say. I say like he say: You beat those ice comp'ny, an' us fallers vote for you. Tha's what I unnerstan'."

Graham's face, from throat to hair, was swept by a wave of high color under the shameless speech, and his lips parted; but Doty cut in adroitly:

"Now, old man, don't get hot. Pete ain't got the knack of makin' things sound pretty; but his intentions is good. Now here. Here's the facts, just like you know 'em yourself. You want that nomination, an' there's no use dodgin' the fact that Central Labor Union's goin' to swing the balance of power. Since Duffield's crowd has broke away from you, the labor vote from the south side is goin' to name the judge. Well, then, what? Why, we're givin' it to you; that's all."

Winthrop cleared his throat with a deep growl.

"Our friend is nothing if not direct. I'm not saying that I indorse his logic, or his methods either, altogether. He's giving his ideas, and I'm listening. But here's a point we must consider. Duffield is going to cut a wide swath; he's got a big following, and he don't stop to debate about ways of holding 'em. But Duffield isn't a good man for us to put up. You're the man. Even if he made the riffle in the convention, he'd weaken us in the campaign. I don't believe we could pull him through, as we could you. It isn't only your interests that we've got to consider; it's the success of the party, mostly. We want to make the best choice we can."

"But, man!" Graham cried. "Surely you don't expect me to——"

Winthrop waved his hand in deprecation.

"Oh, I'd rather not go into that. That's more of a personal matter. I can't advise you. You'll have to decide that alone. But I'll say this: that if there's any plan we can adopt for bringing the Central people in with us—any plan you can agree to, we're

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"SUCH A KITTEN," HE SNORTED. "HE AIN'T FIT TO PLAY THE GAME."

bound to take it, We must have 'em, or we'll get most ingloriously scooped."

"That's it exactly!" Doty exclaimed. "That's just exactly my idea, only smoothed down."

"But think!" Graham burst out. "The ignominy of it! Haven't you the sense to see what you've done? You've put me in a position I wouldn't have assumed for a life-lease of any office on earth. A pledged decision! Surely you know I'd never agree to that."

"Pledged nothin'!" Doty retorted. "I ain't askin' you to made any pledges; I don't want you to make any."

"Where's the difference? There is none. You're insulting me. You're obstructing justice. It's a fine service you've done me! Why, the whole wretched story will be public property within a week."

Doty swore a disgusted oath.

"You chicken! You woman! Do I look like that kind? If that's what's frettin' you, you can sleep easy. This here's between us. Who's goin' to squeal? I ain't askin' you to pledge nothin'. I'm just tellin' you the facts, so you can do as you please with your eyes open. You've got to have that vote, or Duffield wins; there's no two ways about that. You want it, too. What shape would you be in if you got left next month? You ain't got nothin', except a family. You'd be busted, an' all the satisfaction you'd have would be to see Duff sittin' on the bench in your place." His shrewd eyes saw the other man wince under the lash of fact, and he went ahead with gathering confidence. "Well, how are you goin' to get it? Goin' down on the south side, I suppose, an' makin' dinky little speeches, promisin' to 'conserve the interests of the workin' men, an' safeguard the dignity of honest labor.' Gawd! they've had all they want of that. You've got to *do* something, man! What they're lookin' for from you now is a decision in this ice case. You talked a heap, the last campaign, against the trusts, an' all that; an' they think they've got a right to expect it. And I think so, too."

"But the law," Graham cried. "You know very well you haven't got the law in this case. You know very well it's dead against you."

Doty swung his head from side to side in an ecstasy of scorn.

"What in the name of— Oh, you make me ill! What's to prevent the Consolidated

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from takin' the case up, if it goes against 'em, an' gettin' all the law they want? Nothin'. Besides——"

"There, that'll do," Graham interrupted. He got slowly to his feet, as though half crushed under the weight of opposition, half stunned by the vigor of the onslaught. He settled his hat upon his head and went to the door, but turned irresolutely. "Doty, if I—if I were to do justice just now, I'd jail you for contempt. I don't know what to say to you. You've got me so perturbed I can't trust myself to speak. I'll have to think first. I—I hope you'll have grace enough to be quiet in the meantime."

"All right, old hoss!" Doty returned lightly. "It's up to you now. I've done my part. If you don't turn in and make a pink fool of yourself, you'll get the nomination."

After Graham's exit, he sat for a time in his place tracing elaborate designs with his finger tips in the spilled liquor upon the table, and pondering.

"Such a kitten!" he snorted. "He ain't fit to play the game. Gawd! I'd like to play with a man!"

Graham went out to the street almost reeling and boarded a car for home. His head was awhirl and his knees shook. He gave heed to no one until an acquaintance accosted him in raillery:

"Say, Judge, I see the *Times* gives you a nice roast to-night. Say, if I were going into a campaign, hang me if I wouldn't subsidize the newspapers first thing. That's the only way to keep a clear conscience."

"Yes?" Graham answered, perfunctorily, and lapsed into silence.

His home was set high upon a terraced bank. He climbed the stairway with lagging steps and paused at the door. A sudden sick revulsion of feeling was upon him; the hot blood surged to his temples and roared in his ears. Though he made a supreme effort for composure, he knew it was a failure.

At the sound of his footfall, a fresh young voice called gaily: "Is that you, daddy?" and a fair slip of a girl, clad in airy blue, fluttered into the hallway to meet him. She threw her arms about his neck and drew his head down, kissing him upon both cheeks. "You dear old dad!" she said, fondly. "You're most awfully late; don't you know you are? We waited for hours and hours; and I'm waiting yet! I wouldn't eat a bite till you came. How hot you look! Come on; I'll go draw some cool water for you." She linked her arm in his and led him to the lavatory, where she busied herself with pretty preparations for his comfort. "And there's a fresh towel," she laughed. "Now you be quick. I'm just starving!"

He detained her, taking her beautiful head between his hands and looking hungrily, almost fiercely, into her deep eyes. "God bless you, little girl!" he whispered. As he made his toilet he caught sight of his own haggard face reflected in the mirror, and paused to stare into his own eyes, measuring himself, and half terrified by what he saw. He turned away with a groan. "Am I like that? Oh, what would they think of me!"

In the dining-room, following a habit that had never been abandoned, his wife rose to greet him, holding out her hands. He kissed her, and stooped to caress a tiny milk-cheeked boy who was involved in a convulsion of glee in his high chair at the mother's side.

"I'm glad it's a dinner you like, Jack," his wife said. "You look tired out. Has it been a bad day?"

"A terrible day! Never mind; it's over now. What's this? Baked apple-dumplings or I'm a horned toad! I'm hopelessly in debt to you, Nanny. Here, Dorothy; I'll give you the brownest one on the platter. Now, this is what I call high life!"

When the meal was over, he sought an accustomed resting-place in a corner of the wide, vine-covered veranda, where he might have at least a brief hour or two of peace and quiet. His daughter hovered about for a time, gossiping over the little affairs of the household. Then some young people came in from the neighborhood, and she went to join them under the trees. Left alone he determined to command himself and to put his disordered thoughts straight; but try as he would, he could not relax the rigor of muscles and nerves, tense as though under the power of a galvanic current. He could not think; his mind was turbid, his perceptions only a blur. Soon he gave over the trial and contented himself with listening to what was going on among the youngsters. They sat in a merry circle upon the lawn, talking the ephemeral talk of youth, their laughter rising free as bubbles in spring water. One of the boys had brought a mandolin, and to its thin accompaniment he sang, in a clear, sweet tenor, some scraps of college nonsense. It was all so won-

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"SO, IT'S BEEN A HARD DAY, HAS IT?" SHE ASKED.

drously light-hearted, so overflowing with abandon! They seemed able to take for granted all those things with whose details he must be so painfully concerned. Within the house his wife was coaxing the baby to sleep. He listened eagerly to the familiar melody of the lullaby, repeated over and over, and trailing away at last into silence. Soon his wife came out and sat by his side.

"So, it's been a hard day, has it?" she asked. "What would you like to do? Shall we ask the Johnsons to come over for a little whist?"

"No," he answered, quickly. "I don't want anybody but you. I want to talk to you, Nanny." He clasped her hand in his and drew her head down upon his shoulder. "Listen. Are you able to bear with me a little?"

She laughed lightly, easily.

"Why, what terrible thing is this? A confession, is it? Out with it, then. I'd just love to hear you confess some of your sins."

He hardly heeded her badinage.

"Nanny, I've been—thinking. How would it seem to go back to private life again?"

She drew away from him a little, startled into seriousness.

"Jack! Not really? I thought you felt so confident of the nomination."

"Yes, so I was—so I am if I want it. I've been wondering whether I do want it."

She was regarding him intently.

"What is it, dear? What's troubling you, old man?"

"Oh, maybe it's only something of man's eternal heritage of discontent; but I'm getting hungry—fairly famished, for a taste of the old life again. I don't know—I'm so worn out; but it seems as though that was a waking reality, and this is nothing but a bad dream."

She waited for a time before replying.

"Is it more than a fancy?" she asked, gently. "I'm afraid it is, from the way you speak." There came a queer catch in her voice, as under a sudden shock of cold. "Well, have you considered—you know there *are* things to be considered, Jack."

"Money, do you mean?"

"Yes—no; but the things we must do with money. If we were alone, you and I, I'd be glad of anything that would make my man contented and happy. You know that. But we have the children to think about.

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They're ours together, and the responsibility belongs to both of us."

"Yes, yes; I know. I'd have to go back to the beginning and build up a practice from the foundation. It wouldn't be easy, likely; and you'd all have to share in the hardship. I know."

"Dorothy's getting to be a woman, almost," she went on. "Do you realize that she'll be sixteen in October? I get fairly dismayed in thinking of our growing obligations to her. She'll be through with high school next June. And little Ben will be a great big boy before we know it. I suppose it's a part of the mother instinct to want the children to have every chance we can give them. Of course," she broke off, "I'm only suggesting these things. I don't doubt you've thought of them."

She felt him shaken by a deep, ragged sigh.

"Yes," he said. "Those first years weren't very fat, were they? We had to take a good many hard knocks; and it's been mighty comfortable to have three thousand a year as regular as clockwork. Still, I'm a fighter, when there's anything worth fighting for; and I've felt that I might do better if I were out of the saddle and back in the ranks again. Maybe it wouldn't pan out; but often, lately, when I've been hearing a big case, I've just ached to be down at the bar, playing the man and showing those fellows how to do it. It's all a chance, I know. But isn't it possible that we're too solicitous about the babies? When I was a boy, all I had was two years in a back country school; and you didn't have much more. It isn't the advantages of ease and plenty that make men and women. I'd like to see the girl who promised to turn out more of a woman than you are. One thing I know; she couldn't fulfil the promise."

"Jack!" she cautioned; but there was that in her tone which thrilled him. "If you could only have a little rest," she hinted. "You've worked too hard this year. Isn't that most of the trouble?"

The passionate feeling which he was striving to hold in check rose all at once in his brain and dominated it.

"No!" he cried, "no, it isn't that!" He threw himself down with his aching head upon her knee. "O Nanny, I need you! You've got to help me! I need you more than I ever did before in my life!" He pulled himself away from the clasp of her arms, and paced the length of the veranda and back again; then paused before her. "There's no personal sacrifice I wouldn't make for your happiness, girl, and for the blessed children, even to life itself. But there are things you wouldn't let me sacrifice—my man's honor, and—Oh!——" He stopped in his impetuous speech with a sweeping, hopeless gesture. "Tell me this: Do you think I'm the same sort of man I was when you married me? You used to say you loved me because, more than any man you'd ever known, I was ruled by plain ideas of right and wrong. Do you think that's still true? It isn't! If you could know the change in me, you'd be appalled. The things I've seen, and connived at—heavens, if you knew! It's a wonder you didn't see guilt and dishonor stamped all over me when I came home to-night. What do you suppose I did? I sat still and listened to a proposition that I should grant an injunction against the new ice company, for the sake of winning over some balky labor voters who threatened to break away from me. I did! I considered it, too, in cold blood. What do you think of that?"

There was no fathoming the look she gave him. He beat his hands together in the very impotence of his frenzy.

"I must grant that injunction, law or no law, or be whipped in the convention. There's no escape. Now, tell me, honestly—do I want the nomination?"

She did not hesitate.

"Sit down," she said in perfect calm. "Look at me, John. Listen. I want you to be the man I first knew—do you understand?—the man I've always known, and it will be a joy to me to take what comes, if it's a crust and homespun. You haven't doubted me, have you?"

He went upon his knees to her, hiding his face in her lap, like a troubled boy who would be comforted.

"No, no!" he sobbed. "I haven't doubted. I knew what you'd say, beloved; I knew well enough; but—I wanted so much to hear you say it."

. . . . . .

When he went upon the bench next morning he was resolved. Doty, watching him narrowly, spoke behind his hand to Peterson:

"See, Oscar? He's all right."

"Ya-as?" the Swede whispered back. "You t'ank so? I don't know."

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"Sure! You mind what I tell you: He's our meat."

Graham faced the group.

"Well, gentlemen, you may proceed."

One of the defendant's counsellors arose. "Has the plaintiff concluded the opening?" he asked.

Doty nodded. "Yes; I'm done."

"Then—just a moment, Your Honor," the other said. He withdrew with his associates for a brief consultation, and again addressed the Court. "If it please Your Honor, the defendant company is willing to submit the case upon the plaintiff's presentation. We think the law quite clear, and have perfect assurance as to the outcome. We feel that it is hardly necessary to consume further time."

Graham's heart leaped, but his features preserved a granite repose. His calmness surprised himself. He opened his docket, selected a pen with nice care, and bent to the work of writing the fateful entry. When that was done, he spoke.

"Under ordinary circumstances the practice would be to take the case under advisement. But I am not disposed to do that. I am amply satisfied upon the legal propositions involved, and think it best for all concerned to have a decision at once." From the page before him he read the formal entry: "People, *ex rel* Oscar Peterson *vs.* Consolidated Ice Company. Hearing in chambers on application for writ of injunction. Argued by counsel for plaintiff, defendant waiving argument. Upon consideration whereof the writ is denied."

There was a rustling movement at the table and subdued murmurs. Doty stood up, flushing with surprise and dismay.

"Your Honor!" he began, but Graham interrupted.

"You will be given the usual time, Mr. Doty, for filing your motion. There is nothing further, gentlemen?"

With the exhilaration of victory fresh upon him, he went at once to the street and picked his way through the crowd to the building where Winthrop had his office. Doty was before him, waiting at the bottom of the elevator shaft. They entered the car together, but each ignored the other until they stood in Winthrop's presence; then Doty tore off his coat and hat and threw them from him across the room.

"Well!" he growled. "You've played hell, haven't you?"

Winthrop's glance was turned from one to the other of the oddly contrasted faces.

"What's he done now? Anything extra hazardous? The case isn't over yet, is it?"

"Let *him* tell you," Doty blurted. "I ain't equal to it."

Graham laughed aloud in sheer relief.

"Yes, the case is over, and decided on its merits in favor of the company."

Winthrop pushed his chair back from the desk, adjusting his bulk upon the cushions, the broad expanse of his features wrinkling in perplexity. He drew a thick cigar from his pocket and trimmed the end precisely. He was minded to deliberate before committing himself to speech, but Doty's tongue was not so easily restrained.

"Of all the fools!" he burst out. "I've rubbed up against a good many of 'em in my time, but you walk over the whole bunch!"

"Don't get excited, Mike," Winthrop said, placidly. "It's Graham's funeral; and I reckon he knows what he's doing." He occupied himself for a needless length of time in getting his cigar aglow, while his shrewd wits were busy, his shrewd eyes full of light. "I reckon you've counted the cost to yourself, Judge? You know it practically means official suicide."

"Yes," Graham agreed, in a manner very like exultation. "I shall go very willingly to my official death, too. I'm done with it all, I suppose, and nothing remains for you fellows except to bury me. But I've had my resurrection day already, in advance. I've risen."

"Yah!" Doty taunted. "Don't you spring any high morals gags on us. They won't go down. All that ails you is you're a —— coward!"

Graham brought his clenched fist down upon the desk in a blow that stained the strewn papers with a spatter of blood. "Not another word from you!" he shouted. "You let me hear of your opening your mouth again on this subject, and I'll put you in a place where you can be sorry at your leisure. You dastard!"

Doty sprang up, quivering with a spasm of rage and lusting for violence; but what he saw in Graham's attitude made him change his mind. Sullenly he picked up his hat and coat and left the room, banging the door behind him.

Winthrop indulged a subdued chuckle.

"Man, man! You've got nerve left, any-

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way. But it comes a little late, doesn't it? You ought to have done that last night."

Graham brushed to one side the massed litter on the desk and seated himself upon the cleared corner.

"Bob," he asked, "did you think I'd do what was demanded of me?"

Winthrop closed his eyes, as though for a little strictly private meditation, while his fat fingers played with the folds of his chin. "No-o," he conceded. "Really, I didn't think you would." His heavy lids opened far enough to release an amused twinkle. "You see, I have the honor of knowing Mrs. G. It's funny what a wife like yours will do with a man. I had the thing sized up pretty well. I reckoned you'd go home and get your courage patched up. What's more—just between you and me, you know, and not for publication—I'm rather glad you didn't. I couldn't tell you so last night. It was for you to decide, anyway; but I'm rather glad you didn't."

Graham walked to the open window and leaned over the sill, looking down upon the swarming creatures in the street. From that height they appeared curiously foreshortened and misshapen, and not much like human beings. As he watched them scuttling about, each intent upon his own little errand, hot with his own little desires, he felt himself far removed, an alien, and almost at enmity with them. What did they care, he wondered, whether he kept his integrity. After all, he had served them well in his office. Was he not sacrificing too much for an impractical ideal? The people would never know of the bitterness of his struggle in letting go his hold upon the certainty of ease and comfort to grasp at an intangible figment of conscience. But that mood passed quickly, and he turned back from the window.

"I wish to Heaven I'd never mixed in politics. It's cost me more than you know."

"Oh, no," Winthrop deprecated. "You've learned a lot of things you couldn't afford to miss."

"Such as what? I used to believe in men, but I don't now. You needn't laugh. Long after I was a man grown I had a boy's trust in honor and uprightness, and all that sort of thing; and now honor seems all but an obsolete word; the very sound of it is archaic. I'd give five years of my life, though God knows I need all I have left—I'd willingly give five years if I could abandon this sordid, perpetual distrust, and get back a little of my old faith."

"Oh, come, come! You take it too hard. You'll get it back, all right, when you begin to mix with another lot of people. Politics isn't a common feeding-ground for your simple-minded, honest style of folk, I'll admit; but you'll meet 'em other places. They aren't all dead. You'll get some of 'em for clients."

The word brought to Graham a concrete sense of his new estate and what it involved.

"Clients? Yes; I suppose I'd better be setting the pins for a private practice. After this, it's hardly worth while to go on with the convention fight. Don't you believe I'd better quit?"

Winthrop occupied himself for a time in picking at his nails with the point of a paper-cutter, pursing his lips over the difficult question.

"No, I shouldn't quit. I'd make the fight. I'm talking to you now as a friend, not as a politician. I'd make the fight. I don't hold out any hope of winning; but now that you've tooted your challenge, I'd see it through. I like consistency. I'll be with you for one, as far as I can. We'll see how things develop. My notion is we oughtn't to turn you down; but maybe I can't make the boys see it. I'll try. You can count on me till the jig's up."

. . . . . .

When the judicial convention assembled in August, there was a fighting chance. So much was known; but no sane man felt assured of the outcome. Winthrop had done his best; his great strength had been used to the uttermost.

The floor of the convention hall was a vortex of excitement and the contagion had spread to the spectators' gallery, arousing it to a shrill clamor. The heat of the afternoon was intense, and most of the delegates had thrown aside all but the merest essentials of dress. The air reeked with the odors of perspiring men and tobacco.

Winthrop sought Graham in the crowd. His collar and shirt-front were in a damp ruin, and his big face was purple with discomfort; but he shone with the virile joy of conflict.

"Say, Judge," he bantered, "you'll have to pension me when this is over. Look at me! Positively, I'm in a decline. My waist has shrunk three inches this last month."

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"You've done too much, Bob," Graham returned, anxiously. "And to no end, I'm afraid. It looks pretty blue to me."

"Tut! It isn't time to say that till the votes are counted. Don't you weaken. Say, you'll be called on for a speech pretty soon—the psychological moment, you know. Give it to 'em straight; understand? Short, and right to the point. Hit from the shoulder and don't stop to ask anybody's pardon. It's the last whack we'll get."

The convention was organized in due time, in the old, noisy fashion. The committee on rules was sent out for a final conference, and the delegates lounged at ease. Over the hubbub arose a shout: "Judge Graham! Graham! Speech!" The cry was taken up on the instant by fifty stout voices in chorus, and before the opposition could set its wits to work, Graham stepped to the platform. From the Duffield forces there came a few belated jeers and cat-calls; but the metallic ring in Graham's first word wrought silence.

"Gentlemen! I ask you, friends and enemies alike, to consider that I have made a man's fight for this nomination. You are soon to declare your opinion of my course. You all know the opportunity that was given me to bring shame and discredit to my party, my office, and myself, that I might make my position secure in this convention. I chose not to take the opportunity. In all the days of preparation for this hour I have turned not one dirty trick. I stand before you now with clean hands and a clear conscience. I have fulfilled the trust given me by the people. I ask nothing more than that those of you who approve of my conduct will vote for me. Whether that brings victory or defeat, I shall be content."

The first ballot had been taken, and the tellers were at work. A pencilled sheet was passed to the chairman, who adjusted his eye-glasses and glanced at the footings.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he purred, smoothly, "I announce the result of the vote. For the Honorable Horace Duffield there have been cast ninety-one votes; for the Honorable John Graham, eighty-eight votes. Gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you your candidate for the district judgeship, Mr. Duffield."

Graham stood erect, altogether heedless of the pandemonium which shook the walls. His face, radiant with hope and courage, was turned toward the gallery, where in the front row sat a matron in gray and a girl in airy blue looking down upon him, waving their handkerchiefs as for a victory.

Youth

By ROSINA HÜBLEY EMMET

MADAME, why cast those eyes upon me so,
Why blame me for these wayward tears and smiles?
Can you not see seductive Nature's wiles
Cast out to lure me, 'til I needs must go
Onward as aimlessly as south winds blow
And follow, follow, over brooks and stiles
That wanton creature whose sly art beguiles
My spirit with her humor's ebb and flow?

Who is this creature? What her secret power?
Why would she draw me in her magic net?
Madame, why shines the sun from hour to hour,
Why weep the rivers 'till their banks be wet?
Oh, restless tears, that such strange joys impart,
Oh, fierce desire, oh wild, ungoverned heart!

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The Man Behind the Machine

By THEODORE WATERS

"AND now for Barney Oldfield."

This came simultaneously from ten thousand anxious spectators in the Grand Stand and about the fences of the Empire City racing track in Yonkers, N. Y., as the signal was given for the fastest automobilist on earth to make his appearance. The great throng had waited hours for this moment, enduring much which ordinarily would have been thought exciting, but which in view of what was coming seemed prosaic enough. It was a thrilling moment in the history of the automobile. Three hundred and three horseless carriages were packed in rows between the Judges' and the Grand Stand, and Fashion stood erect upon the seats as upon drags at Ascot. There were present many for whom automobiling is a passing fad, others for whom it is a passion, and still others who were merely lovers of good sport, whatever its vehicle. Near the finishing line an automobilist with goggles on his hat-front was telling one not so equipped all about Oldfield.

BARNEY OLDFIELD.

"Oldfield is a daredevil on the track. He holds most of the records for all distances under ten miles, and it is expected that he will beat them all to-day."

"I suppose it is all in the machine," replied the other man, who was not an enthusiast. "It isn't as though it were horse-racing."

"Isn't? My dear sir," began the enthusiast, more in sorrow than anger, "you were never more mistaken in your life. Why—"

His pained utterance was drowned in the honking of horns and cries of "There he is—there's Oldfield!" as a red-striped machine ran out on the track and chugged away to the seven-furlong pole, where it turned and awaited the starting signal. It was a crude appearing piece of mechanism, about as much like a modern road machine as Ericsson's Monitor was like the men-o'-war it sank. Four wheels and a frame on which was mounted an engine, a cooler and a seat. No oiling system, no muffler, no crank case, no differential gear, no reverse, no rear springs, no governor. Nothing but the ability to make records. Oldfield crouched in the seat, wiped his face with a bit of

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cotton waste, and grasped the T-bar handle.

"Oldfield built that machine himself," said the enthusiast. "He knows every bolt and nut in it. Tends it like a baby. His life depends on it. Suppose something should break while he was going a mile a minute."

"Whose record is he trying to beat?"

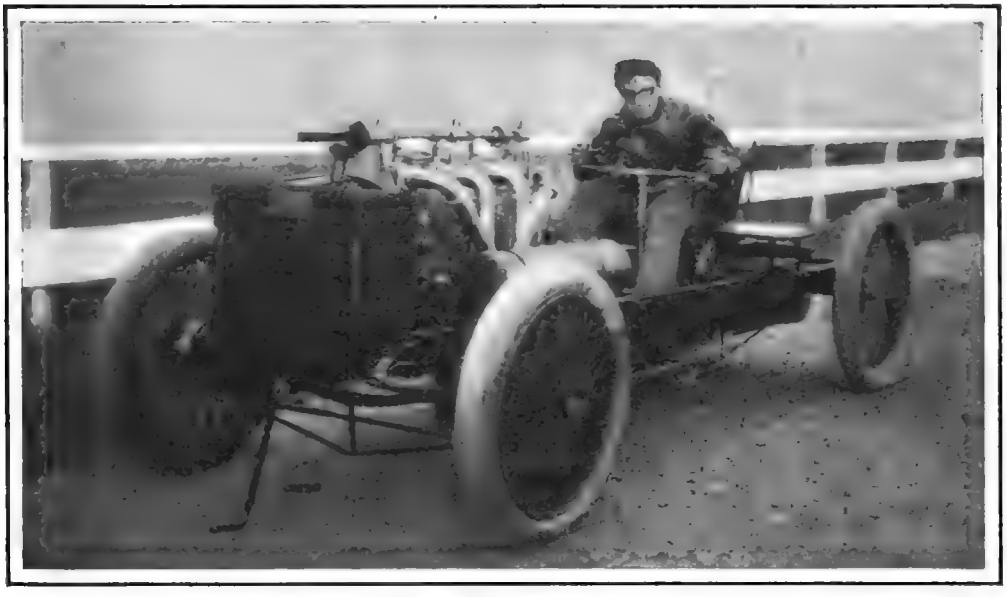
"His own. He has already lowered the record twice this year. Winton held the record last year. He made a mile in 1 minute 2⅕ seconds last September in Cleveland, Ohio. Early in the present season, in Detroit, Oldfield lowered it to 1 minute 1⅘ seconds. Later in Columbus, Ohio, he again lowered it, getting around the track in less than a minute. The time was 58⅘ seconds. He is going to try to beat that record now. Whew! Here he comes."

Oldfield had nodded to the judges, and at the drop of the flag his machine shot forward. The run up from the seven-furlong pole was merely for the purpose of acquiring speed. As he passed the line, Starter Picard fired a revolver, but the sound was drowned in the roar of voices and the noise of the machine.

"Why—why!" It was the skeptic. "He is making for the outer fence. He'll lose time."

"You watch him," said the enthusiast.

Barney was clinging to his crossbar like a steersman on a fire truck, and his home-made machine was making diagonally across the track toward the outer rail. Just as he was about to collide with the fence, he suddenly threw himself upon his bar and the machine swerved sharply to the left. The effect was startling. The front wheels took the curve truly, but the rear wheels skidded or slid fifty feet, raising a cloud of dust that obscured the machine and left the Grand Stand in doubt as to whether or no it had overturned. During that brief interval a sound very like a groan rose from the people. But it changed to a hysterical cheer as out of the cloud shot the daring chauffeur, actually taking the curve at full speed.



BARNEY OLDFIELD, IN HIS RECORD-BREAKING MACHINE, "999."

The skeptic was waving his hat and yelling with the rest, regardless of his friend, who was trying to tell him that had Barney hugged the inner rail after the manner of other chauffeurs he would have had to slow down on the curve, and so he chose to risk the sudden turn from the outer fence, etc.

"He did the first quarter in fifteen, and there goes the half in twenty-eight seconds," exclaimed a man with a stop-watch.

True. In less time than it takes to tell of it, Oldfield was past the turn and speeding down the back stretch literally like the wind. It was too far off to see, but everyone knew instinctively that he was again making diag-

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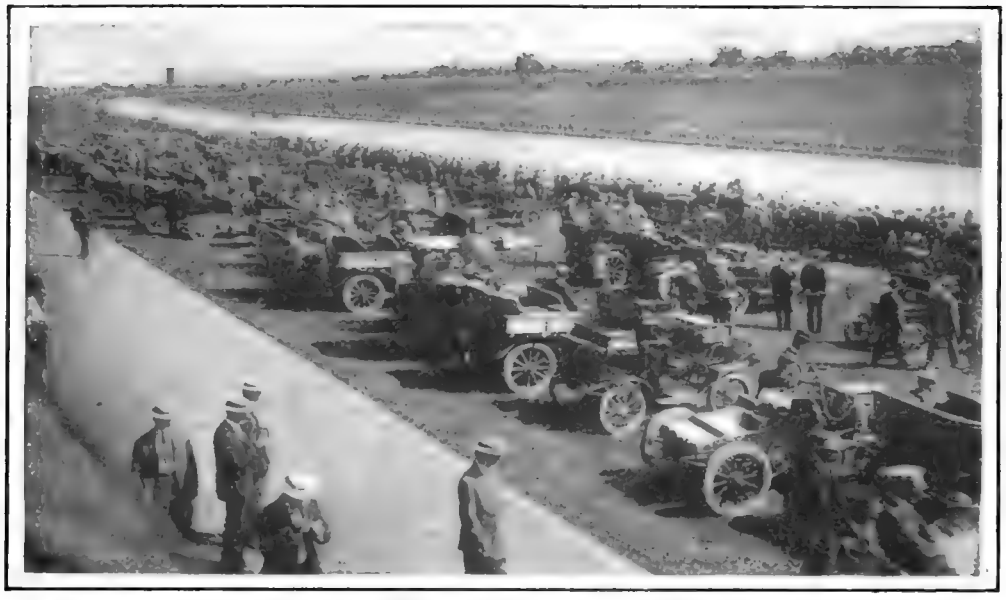

AUTOMOBILISTS AT EMPIRE CITY TRACK WATCHING THE OLDFIELD-LA ROCHE RACE.

onally for the outer fence, and all eyes were eager for the convulsive twitch of his body that would send the machine into the three-quarter turn. The suspense was nerve-racking. Rather than slow up, Oldfield had practised this manœuvre again and again, until he was able to take advantage of the very last inch of ground before avoiding the fence, and then to jerk the bar over just enough to give the wheels the exact curve of the track. A moment's hesitation, a little too much twist, and his life would be the forfeit.

Again he leaned over the bar, again the skidding wheels raised the dust cloud, again the crowd groaned, again he emerged, and—came down the stretch like a projectile from a great gun, passing under the wire in $55\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, the fastest mile ever made by an automobile.

The crowd was on its feet yelling and screaming its approbation, and among the rest was the skeptic. "I take it all back," he cried. It was the man — the man behind the machine. Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The man behind the machine was the calmest of them all. He let his racer slow down, and came back to where three hundred and three auto horns were honking like a great flock of geese. Then his friends got him, and what they said to him within the next five minutes was enough to turn the head of one less strong-minded. But Oldfield merely smiled politely and repeated that it was nothing—"just nothing, you know," a statement which his streaming face and his still nervous expression belied. When he could get away from them he went on the track again and engaged in a five-mile-heat race, best two in three. His opponent hugged the rail, and Oldfield with his peculiar method won the first two heats easily. He ended the day possessor of every record under ten miles.

Barney Oldfield is a native of Detroit, twenty-six years old. He began his track career as a bicycle racer, and took up automobiling when that sport became general. It is his ambition to enter into competition with European racers on their own ground, as he believes that on a straight-away course on French roads he can do a mile in thirty-five seconds.

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Reform That Reforms

By ALFRED HODDER*

THE reform movement in great cities of the United States has been described as an epileptic fit of virtue. When conditions in one of the great cities have become intolerably indecent, and have been exposed, shrewd politicians, it is said, take thought for a reform movement; and by a reform movement they usually mean and expect the citizen to understand a movement in the interest of economy. The inspiring popular cry of the party of reform is economy. It is taken for granted that every public official is an evil, that every penny spent on the public service is a penny taken almost by violence and certainly by intimidation from the taxpayer, that a public official is, so to speak, a successor of the old-fashioned knight of the road, who levied toll upon all merchants passing through his territory; and the remarkable series of articles which have recently appeared in the monthly prints in regard to the administration of St. Louis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and other cities go far to justify the citizen in the feeling which he already possesses that every public official is in a great measure a licensed pirate and that, as a tax-payer, what he should choose at the polls is the least audacious plunderer.

SETH LOW, MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Frederic Colburn Clarke.

At the time of this writing the main question which is being asked in the City of New York of the partisans of the present reform administration is one which relates to the expenditure of public money: "How much cheaper has Mayor Low's administration been than Mayor Van Wyck's?" The only other proposition which the man in the street is in the least inclined to press, is the vague one: "What has the reform administration done?"

The implication is somewhat amusing—that the evidence of an honest and intelligent administration of city affairs must produce results that are striking to the man in the street. Beyond the discovery of large sums peculated from the public moneys and the prosecution of the guilty officials, the right and decent administration of the public business, even of so great a city as New York, offers few dramatic situations. The really great and praiseworthy good that the present administration has done is of an inconspicuous kind, as the really great and blameworthy harm that the previous administration did was of an inconspicuous kind. In every department of the city government under the present administration the head of the office has been obliged to create a new

* Alfred Hodder is author of "The Fight for the City," and "The New Americans," and collaborated with Josiah Flynt in "The Powers That Prey."

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ERNST J. LEDERLE, COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH.
Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Frederic Colburn Clarke.

tradition among his staff, has had to repair buildings and furniture allowed to fall into decay, has had his time taken up with a thousand and one details which would never have been brought to his notice if his predecessor had kept his force alert and efficient.

The documents which record these inconspicuous services are not easily accessible to the public and are about the most unalluring reading in the world. The indomitable investigator may, however, learn by perusing the books of the Charities Department, whose budget is a million and eight hundred thousand dollars per annum, that under the last administration the hospitals and asylums and other institutions under its control had been suffered to deteriorate; that the superintendents of hospitals were employing cooks, waitresses, and other servants in their own homes at the city's expense; that a man was not even permitted to die in peace in the hospital to which he had originally been taken, but was transferred under one pretext or another, when once his case had been pronounced fatal, to some other institution in order that the statistics of his first place of refuge might show a low death-rate; that even when he was dead his friends were not allowed to choose the undertaker who should embalm and bury him; and that the male patients on Blackwell's Island were given a change of socks about once in four weeks.

Few men care passionately whether or not someone else is permitted to bury his dead in what manner he chooses, or whether or not someone else has a change of socks; and no political party can hope to win by the correction of petty frauds and abuses in the department of charities; and yet it is in the attention to precisely such details that in the great majority of cases a public officer proves himself worthy of his trust.

The procedure by which the friends of a patient who dies in a public hospital were deprived of the right to select an undertaker is interesting. There was an association for purposes of mutual profit between a certain number of undertakers and the employees in the city hospitals. Upon the death of an inmate of a department institution a member of the association was informed, who would immediately call upon the relatives of the deceased, often presenting himself in advance of official notification or death certificate. If the undertaker could not make a satisfactory arrangement with the relatives, the death certificate was put into his possession, and in nine cases out of ten, the fact that he had the certificate was accepted as proof that he had been duly authorized to take charge of the body and to bury it. If the relatives held out for a rival, the certificate was returned, but only upon payment for alleged services rendered. In the case of veterans in war, for whose burial the city makes an appropriation of thirty-five dollars, the undertaker, after exacting payment of funeral services from relatives of the deceased, was in the habit of collecting the thirty-five dollars.

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During the years when the undertakers' trust existed, the following facts are also on record: One George Britton, secretary to the Board of Commissioners from 1879 to 1896, embezzled about sixty-five hundred dollars. The exact sum, it seems, could not be discovered, which suggests certain reflections in regard to the book-keeping of the department. One Jarvis, who had the luck to be employed as acting assistant-secretary during Britton's illness, embezzled $800; one Stuart, property clerk in the department in 1896 and 1897, embezzled $6,500; one Blake, superintendent of outdoor poor from 1870 to 1897, was found short $3,500 in his accounts during an illness; one Alden, acting treasurer, treasurer, and private secretary to the commissioner from 1898 to 1901, embezzled some twenty thousand dollars.

When the private secretary of the present commissioner, Homer Folks, took charge of the funds, some two thousand envelopes, supposed to contain property of the inmates of various institutions, were found in the office. These envelopes were not numbered, classified, or recorded, but in the words of the commissioner's report, care had "been taken first to extract the cash." Commissioner Folks has personally seen that the buildings under his charge are properly in order; the cooks, waitresses, and other personal servants of the superintendents of hospitals have been discharged or put to work for the city; fatal cases are no longer transferred from one hospital to another in order that statistics might be juggled with; and the male patients on Blackwell's Island now secure at least once a week a change of socks! Commissioner Folks has broken the undertakers' trust and —extraordinary achievement—actually introduced into the administration of his department honesty and a great many other things besides, which the curious may learn by turning the pages of one of the least readable little books in the world.

At this point in my writing I asked a man who for five years has been drawing his pay from the city government, "Who is the present Commissioner of Charities?" And he said he did not know. No more does the public!

GENERAL FRANCIS V. GREENE, COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.
Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Frederic Colburn Clarke.

No more does the public—the man in the cars—know who is the Commissioner of Health, though Ernst J. Lederle's departmental budget is a million dollars per annum. If anyone takes the trouble to inquire into his powers, the first item which is likely to meet his attention is that it lies in the Commissioner's discretion to issue permits to yard cattle, swine, sheep, geese, or goats, to cart edible fat; to cook pigs' feet, tripe, and tongue; to scald calves' heads; to disinter bodies, or to sell milk.

And here the man in the cars probably will stop: he does not want to yard cattle, swine, sheep, geese, or goats; he abhors edible fat at the mere name of it, though he does not know what the name means; he does not want to cook pigs' feet, scald calves' heads (this seems cruelty to animals), or to disinter bodies *and* sell milk! The man in the cars should keep his sense of humor in control and read farther.

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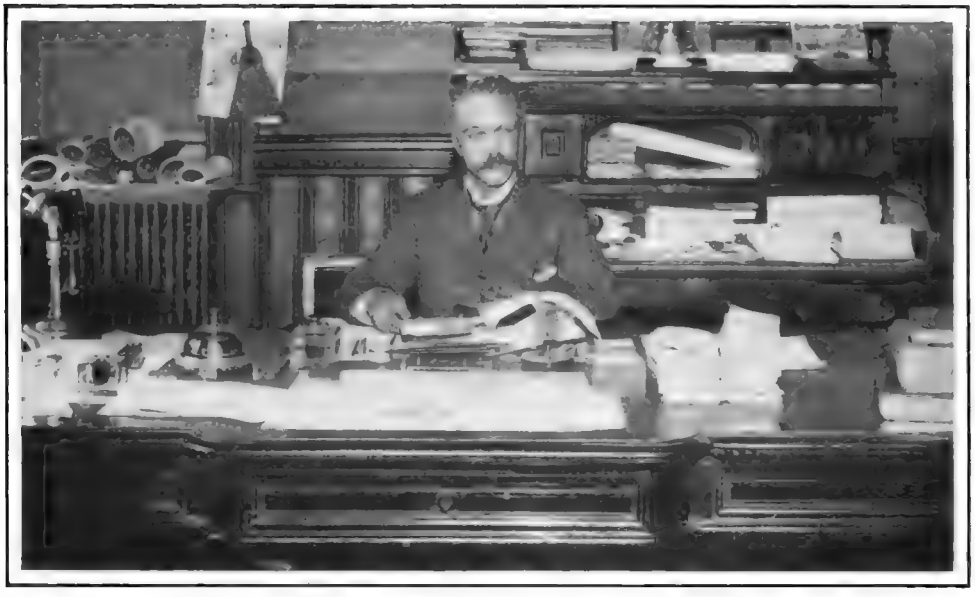
Dr. Lederle is a chemist with an enthusiasm for the duties of his office and no respect whatever for persons who impede him in the exercise thereof. I happened to be in one of the great city offices shortly after the appointment of Dr. Lederle, and observed the tremendous flutter created there by the visit of his inspectors. At the time he was sworn in, there were a number of cases of small-pox in New York, and Dr. Lederle determined to vaccinate the entire Borough of Manhattan. At least, that was the impression that possessed the men acting under his orders. The occupants of the office of which I was



THOMAS STURGIS, FIRE COMMISSIONER.

speaking did not wish to be vaccinated. They hurried about from room to room to avoid the inspectors, but in the end they were found; they cursed the inspectors, but in the end they were vaccinated. In 1901 the number of vaccinations in the city were 373,636; in 1902 there were 810,280. During the first six months of 1903 the cases of small-pox reported in this city were 44, of which 18 arrived at Quarantine from incoming steamers. The total number of deaths from the disease during that period was 3; during 1901 the cases reported were 1,964 and the deaths 410. The figures speak for themselves.

Dr. Lederle collected several hundred samples of the whiskey sold in the lowest Bowery and sailors' boarding-house resorts and submitted them to analysis. He collected also samples of the best liquors vended in fashionable clubs and expensive restaurants. It had been his idea that the cheap whiskeys sold were not whiskey at all, but were practically poison; he found that the cheap whiskey was not whiskey, but that it contained less poisonous matter than the drinks served over fashionable bars in uptown clubs. Naturally, no prosecution was instituted in regard to this matter and the public was and is entirely unaware of it. He was given to believe that druggists of repute in the city were selling under the name of phenacetin a substitute called acetanilid, a dangerous heart depressant. Of 373 samples bought from druggists in Manhattan and Brooklyn, 315 were found to be adulterated or entirely composed of substances other than phenacetin; 58 only were pure. The wholesale price of phenacetin is about one dollar an ounce; the wholesale price of acetanilid is about twenty-five cents a pound. Both are white powders very similar in appearance.

I am almost afraid to disclose how many druggists Dr. Lederle, as a result of his investigations, summoned into court, but I am permitted to set down that a number of them and several important members of the medical profession remonstrated with him for not having given them warning and for having

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exposed "the tricks of the trade," so to speak, to the public. True, Dr. Lederle is not a doctor of medicine; he is a doctor of science; but the mere letters "Dr." before his name, it seems, should have bound him to a certain *esprit de corps*. The sale to the public of dishonest drugs is a small matter in comparison with the maintenance of an *esprit de corps*. Dr. Lederle, however, is inspired with an almost holy enthusiasm in this matter of purity in drugs. It is a delight to hear the man talk on the subject, and to see his face light up with indignation at this business of adulteration on the part of brother chemists which his investigations have disclosed. I myself know nothing of the difference between wood and grain alcohol, but when Dr. Lederle explains that he has discovered forty druggists using wood alcohol instead of grain alcohol in making Jamaica ginger, and spirits of ammonia, and that wood alcohol is a poison and causes St. Vitus's dance and paralysis and total blindness, and that until the said forty druggists and their fellow-adulterants are behind the bars with their heads shaved and in striped clothes, no man is safe in sending a prescription to be filled at a pharmacy, I share his indignation and am glad that he is Commissioner of Health.

HOMER FOLKS, COMMISSIONER OF CHARITIES.
Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by Frederic Colburn Clarke.

The conditions under which carbonated waters were manufactured and bottled were never made the subject of inquiry by the Health Department before 1902. Upon investigation it was discovered that in many instances they were produced and put up in tenement-houses, cellars, and stables; there was a lack of proper drainage; ceilings and walls were covered with dust; the water used was not pure; the tanks and receptacles in which it was stored were not clean or covered; the bottles, prior to filling, were not cleansed with washing soda or other alkaline substance; the floors were not water-tight and not connected with a public sewer. Dr. Lederle investigated all these places and refused a permit for the manufacture and bottling of carbonated waters in any place in which the conditions were not sanitary. Similarly, in regard to the inspection of milk. Of 3,970 samples of milk taken from milk-dealers for analysis early in 1902, 2,095 were found to be adulterated; the shops in which milk was sold were often found to be connected with the living-rooms of the vendor's family; the cans in which the milk came from the dairies to the retailers were not cleaned. Inspectors were sent out-of-town to the sources of the city's milk-supply in New York and New Jersey, and, by the courtesy of the local Boards of Health, the dairymen were forced to ship milk in good condition, and the dealers in the city who

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ROBERT W. DEFOREST, TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMISSIONER.

adulterated it were prosecuted. The immediate effect was a drop in the percentage of adulterated milk from 52 $\frac{77}{100}$ per cent. to 39 per cent., and the inspection and prosecution have been continued. And so on and so on, through a thousand details down to the discovery that a baking-powder offered at a low price by a large department-store contained thirty per cent. of ground rock to the revealment that the eyes and the heads of the school-children of the city most sadly needed inspection.

The latter discovery caused a certain amount of indignation—seemingly the parents did not object to their children having vermin in their heads or diseases of the eye; they objected strenuously to the fact being made public. All school-children have been examined by competent physicians during Dr. Lederle's administration once a week; four hundred cases have been treated daily; during the past year—the figures seem to be preposterous but I am assured of their accuracy—half a million children have been treated for a single contagious disease of the eye—trachoma—which when neglected results often in blindness. This of course means that over and over again the same child has caught the contagion of this disorder. After all this, one is not surprised to learn that during Dr. Lederle's administration the rate of mortality from consumption has been reduced 40 per cent., and that the rate of mortality from diphtheria has been reduced from 37 per cent. to less than 11 per cent., or that in spite of the fact that there has been an epidemic of small-pox and dysentery, the percentage of the death-rate in the city is the lowest on record. Surely this is an achievement worth while.

I have said that the aim of reform government is not essentially economy, but efficiency. Whether the present administration has or has not cost the city less than the previous administration I do not know, the report from the Comptroller's office at the time of this writing being not yet complete. Indeed, in the case of a city as rich as New York, the matter is really one of small moment; the question should be not how much money has been spent, but whether it has been spent honestly and wisely. What the citizen really wants in the administration of his government is work well done; the people of New York are willing to pay, and to pay liberally, for any service that they demand and that is rendered to them. The records of the two departments of which I have written teem with evidence that the employment of higher-priced men results in economy—largely through the detection and exposure of petty frauds. Commissioner Folks, of the Charities Department, discovered that under the system of contracting for supplies in bulk a great many large specialty houses were excluded from bidding, so that a few wholesale drug-houses had practically a monopoly in furnishing drugs to the department. By an order permitting bids for single items there was a saving of from 18 to 25 per cent. in the former price of drugs and chemicals. Since the establishment of the general drug department twenty years ago, taxed alcohol has been used; since November, 1902, the department has been receiving, and might have been receiving during those twenty years, tax-free alcohol. In 1903 this change resulted in a saving of $21,000. The department now buys alcohol

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at thirty-four cents a gallon, as against the former price of $2.42 a gallon. Absolute alcohol formerly cost the department about $5.75 a gallon; the present cost is fifty cents a gallon.

The Charities Department uses between two and three millions of pounds of meat a year. It is the practice to estimate how many pounds of each kind of meat is likely to be needed, and upon this statement the bidder makes his offer—so many cents a pound for "beef chucks," so many cents a pound for "beef extra diet," so many cents a pound for "mutton chucks," and so on item by item, according to the amounts indicated, the contract going to the lowest bidder on the gross amount. Payment is made, however, not for the quantities bid upon, but for the quantity of each item used at the price bid. It is obvious at a glance that if the estimate contain large quantities of expensive meats, and if the department uses small quantities of expensive meats, and large quantities of inexpensive, there is an opportunity for the contractor to make low figures on the expensive meats, and to bid high on the inexpensive, with the result that, though the lowest bidder on the estimates, he would still be the most expensive retailer for the meats actually taken. This is precisely what has happened. In 1900 the bid of the Armour Packing Company for supplying the department was $176,000; the bid of Sayles, Zahn & Company, to whom the contract was awarded, was $168,563; for the meat actually used Sayles, Zahn & Company were paid $188,060; for the same meat, according to their itemized bid, the Armour Packing Company would have charged $152,424.02; that is to say, some $35,635 less—an anomalous condition, surely.

An examination of the items in detail shows that in every case in which the quantity advertised for was largely increased over the quantity used, both in 1900 and 1901, during which years Sayles, Zahn & Company were the lowest bidders, and in every case in which the quantity advertised for was much less than that used, Sayles, Zahn & Company were technically the lowest bidders; but actually to the amount of thousands of dollars the highest bidders. Columns of statistics are seldom good reading, but if the citizen insists upon economy, he will find the following an exception. They are taken from a report of the purchase of supplies in the Health Department:

GEORGE L. RIVES, CORPORATION COUNSEL.
Photographed for EveryBody's Magazine by Frederic Colburn Clarke.

		Price 1900.	Price 1902.
Gasoline	Per gal.	$ .19½	$ .17
10-gal. water-coolers	Each	10.00	6.00
⅝-in. white rubber tubing	Per lb.	4.00	2.25
Machinery oil	Per gal.	.65	.45
Wood alcohol	" "	1.00	.65
Sulphur	Per lb.	.03½	.02 1/10
Astral oil	Per gal.	.20	.14
Black fire-hose	Per ft.	.93	.40
10-in. electric fans	Each	29.66	14.00
Galvanized netting	Sq. ft.	.12	.02½
Alum	Per lb.	.05	2.01 9/10
Portland cement	Per bbl.	4.75	.50
Naphtha	Per gal.	.20	.15
16-foot row-boat	Each	110.00	47.50*
Rubber hose	Per ft.	.16	.09
Carbolic acid	Per lb.	.30	.16
Salicylic acid	" "	1.30	.40
Elix. iron, quinine, and strychnine	Per gal.	4.50	2.30
Bals. Peru	Per lb.	2.25	1.60
Surgeon's lint	" "	.54	.40
Phenacetin tablets, 5 gr.	Per M	14.50	9.95

I am informed that at present in the retail trade owing to business conditions prevailing all over the country, the prices generally range higher than in 1900 and 1901.

* A better lot than that bought in 1900.

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I have chosen to write of these two departments because the services that they rendered are, as I have said, inconspicuous. A negligent or a corrupt government naturally does not advertise its failures or set them out prominently where the public can scrutinize them. Appropriations are obtained by a department for the maintenance of the buildings and rolling stock and animals within its charge, and the buildings are allowed to drop into disrepair, and the rolling stock to fall into decay, and the animals to be improperly fed and imperfectly housed and cared for. Negligence, even when not corrupt, is essentially secret, and the repair of negligence is essentially inconspicuous. The praise of the present reform administration in New York is based for the most part on the fact that its executive officers have been attending to business; they have been, so to speak, mending the fences which their predecessors had allowed to fall into decay.

JOHN McGAW WOODBURY, COMMISSIONER OF STREET CLEANING.
Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

There have been great and conspicuous services rendered by the District Attorney's office, for example, and by the Street Cleaning Department and by the Police Department, but the main work done even by these departments has been in the change in the morale and personnel of the staff and in their courtesy and prompt attention to business.

Mr. Jerome, the District Attorney, has become celebrated through the newspapers as an outspoken and fearless public officer, equally ready upon any evidence presented to him to risk his political future by prosecuting the chiefs of a great corporation like the Metropolitan Railway or the leader of a labor union like the Bridgemen and Housesmiths. What is not known is that he has proved himself an admirable administrator in detail; that he has taken an office in which negligence and procrastination and venality were almost the rule, and that from the work of the chief of staff to that of the book-keepers and stenographers he has put it on a business basis distinguished by promptness, efficiency, and courtesy. The records of the office show that he has disposed of more work and that more promptly than any of his predecessors; but what is really his greatest service is one which cannot be recorded. When he speaks from a public platform he has a gift for getting the audience "with him"; in private life he has a gift also of getting his assistants with him; he has won over the deputies in his office to something like his own passion for integrity and efficiency in the public service. The men take a pride in their chief and a pride in belonging to the office; rightly or wrongly they think themselves a crack regiment, and so far as work is concerned that is one of the most wholesome convictions that a body of men can possess. An anecdote may perhaps make plain what I mean: Two members of the office recently secured the appointment of a third. I overheard one of them say to the other: "We got him in and now it is up to us; he has got to do his job and we have got to make good and to see that he is a winner." They keep one another up to the mark, and when a man tends to grow slack in his work he is made to answer for it by his associates.

In a great measure it has been this inconspicuous introduction of an *esprit de corps*,

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this sense among the men in each department that they are a crack regiment, a sense long established in the Fire Department, that constitutes the main service of the present administration. Colonel Monroe has infused it into the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity—absurd as it may seem that men employed in supplying water, gas, and electricity should have an *esprit de corps*. The budget of the department is something like two millions of dollars per annum, and the number of men who are working together and whose self-respect depends upon the efficiency with which they do their work is about twelve hundred. Colonel Partridge and General Greene, largely with the aid of Captain Piper, have done much and more than could have been expected to revive the same spirit among the New York police. The newspapers have celebrated Captain Piper's introduction of the London system of preventing blockades in thickly crowded streets, which, it is said, has increased by twenty per cent. the service of street railways, and has presumably increased by more than twenty per cent. the service of trucks and vehicles not confined to a railway track; but it is doubtful whether or not this saving is at all comparable with the effect of Captain Piper's decisions in a number of police trials brought before him, or even of a memorable stroll that he took from the Battery up Broadway to Headquarters.

"I am Captain Piper! Put your heels together and salute your superior officer! Stand up as if your clothes fitted you! Which of you two is off post?"

These became and have remained in the department, words to conjure with since Captain Piper took office.

The official records of an administration tell little of its story, and to the great mass of the public the official records only of an administration are accessible. Official records, so far as trustworthiness is concerned, are precisely on a par with party platforms, and a corrupt party could not exist for a day if there was not some man in it who could give an excellent and striking account of its past services and of its future intentions. The difference between a serviceable and an unserviceable administration of the city's business cannot be found in a comparison of the reports of the respective officers. It can be found only in the fact that the one administration has done the work, and done it smartly and efficiently, and that the other has left it undone, or done it negligently. Mr. Woodbury's predecessor reported quite as many horses and carts and sweepers in the service of the department, and quite as many miles of street cleaned by them as Mr. Woodbury can report. The fact is that under Mr. Woodbury's administration the streets have been cleaned, the horses and carts have been in good condition, and the employees have done the work for which they were paid; while under his predecessor the streets were not cleaned, the horses and carts were in poor condition, and the employees of the department in a great measure neglected their work. No official report in regard to the cases disposed of by Mr. Jerome in the District Attorney's office could show a striking increase over the records of one of his predecessors, but the cases disposed of by Mr. Jerome have been honestly and faithfully worked over, and the public cannot know and cannot be expected to take the trouble to learn that under a previous administration indictments have been brought down into court in bushel baskets and dismissed as fast as the names could be read off and recorded. Some two thousand cases have been disposed of in this manner, I understand, in one day.

The people of the United States are not essentially more perverse and wicked than the people of any other great nation; but in the matter of municipal government they are in their own expressive phrase "new to the business." As inhabitants of great cities they have become a great nation, inadvertently they have taken themselves by surprise. More than forty per cent. of the people of the United States live in cities of 25,000 inhabitants and upward, and in each of these closely populated districts the problems of administration are practically the same as they are in the city of New York. I have chosen to write about the quiet men of whose work nobody ever hears, because it is by such men that the work of the administration of great cities must in the long run be done, and because it is by keeping such men in office, when once they have been found and proven, that the work of administration in great cities can be properly done. The next election will show whether or not the mixed population of a city like New York is ripe for the appreciation of such work as these quiet men have done. It is in their work and in the continuity of their service that lies the Reform that Reforms.

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The Princess and the Puma

By O. HENRY

With illustrations by J. A. Williams

THERE had to be a king and queen, of course. The king was a terrible old man, who wore six-shooters and spurs, and shouted in such a tremendous voice that the rattlers on the prairie would run into their holes under the prickly pear. Before there was a royal family they called this man "Whispering Ben." When he came to own 50,000 acres of land and more cattle than he could count, they called him O'Donnell, "the Cattle King."

The queen had been a Mexican girl from Laredo. She made a good, mild, Colorado-claro wife, and even succeeded in teaching Ben to modify his voice sufficiently while in the house to keep the dishes from being broken. When Ben got to be king she would still sit on the gallery of Espinosa ranch and weave rush mats. When wealth became so irresistible and oppressive that upholstered chairs and a centre table were brought down from San Antone in the wagons, she bowed her smooth, dark head, and shared the fate of the Danae.

To avoid *lèse-majesté* you have been presented first to the king and queen. They do not enter the story, which might be called The Chronicle of the Princess, the Happy Thought and the Lion that Bungled His Job.

Josefa O'Donnell was the surviving daughter, the princess. From her mother she inherited warmth of nature and a dusky, semi-tropic beauty. From Ben O'Donnell the royal she acquired a store of intrepidity, common sense, and the faculty of ruling. The combination was one worth travelling many miles to see. Josefa while riding her pony at a gallop could put five out of six bullets through a tomato-can swinging at the end of a string. She could play for hours with a white kitten she owned, dressing it in all manner of absurd clothes. Scorning a pencil, she could tell you out of her head what 1,545 two-year-olds would bring on the hoof, at $8.50 per head. Roughly speaking, the Espinosa ranch is forty miles long and thirty broad—but mostly leased land. Josefa, on her pony, had prospected over every mile of it. Every cowpuncher on the range knew

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her by sight and was a loyal vassal. Ripley Givens, foreman of one of the Espinosa outfits, saw her one day, and made up his mind to form a royal matrimonial alliance. Presumptuous? No. In those days in the Nueces country a man was a man. And, after all, the title of cattle king does not presuppose blood royal. Often it only signifies that its owner wears the crown in token of his magnificent qualities in the art of cattle stealing.

One day Ripley Givens rode over to the Double Elm ranch to inquire about a bunch of strayed yearlings. He was late in setting out on his return trip, and it was sundown when he struck the White Horse crossing of the Nueces. From there to his own camp it was sixteen miles. To the Espinosa ranch house it was twelve. Givens was tired. He decided to pass the night at the crossing.

There was a fine water-hole in the river-bed. The banks were thickly covered with great trees, undergrown with brush. Back from the water-hole fifty yards was a stretch of curly mesquite grass—supper for his horse and bed for himself. Givens staked his horse, and spread out his saddle blankets to dry. He sat down with his back against a tree, and rolled a cigarette. From somewhere in the dense timber along the river came a sudden, rageful, shivering wail. The pony danced at the end of his rope and blew a whistling snort of comprehending fear. Givens puffed at his cigarette, but he reached leisurely for his pistol-belt which lay on the grass, and twirled the cylinder of his weapon tentatively. A great gar plunged with a loud splash into the water-hole. A little brown rabbit skipped around a bunch of cat-claw, and sat twitching his whiskers and looking humorously at Givens. The pony went on eating grass.

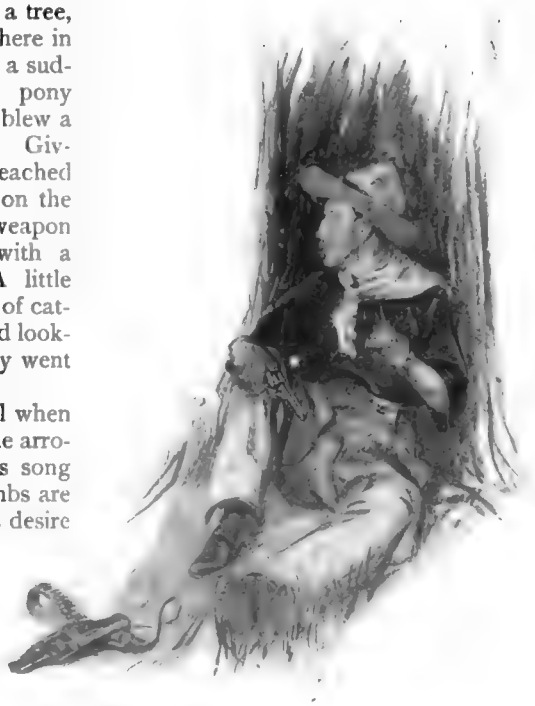
It is well to be reasonably watchful when a Mexican lion sings soprano along the arroyos at sundown. The burden of his song may be that young calves and fat lambs are scarce, and that he has a carnivorous desire for your acquaintance.

In the grass lay an empty fruit can, cast there by some former sojourner. Givens caught sight of it with a grunt of satisfaction. In his coat pocket tied behind his saddle was a handful or two of ground coffee. Black coffee and cigarettes! What ranchero could desire more?

In two minutes he had a little fire going clearly. He started, with his can, for the water-hole. When within fifteen yards of its edge he saw, between the bushes, a side-saddled pony with down-dropped reins cropping grass a little distance to his left. Just rising from her hands and knees on the brink of the water-hole was Josefa O'Donnell. She had been drinking water, and she brushed the sand from the palms of her hands. Ten yards away, to her right, half concealed by a clump of sacuista, Givens saw the crouching form of the Mexican lion. His amber eyeballs glared hungrily; six feet from them was the tip of his tail stretched straight, like a pointer's. His hind-quarters rocked with the motion of the cat tribe preliminary to leaping.

Givens did what he could. His six-shooter was thirty-five yards away lying on the grass. He gave a loud yell, and dashed between the lion and the princess.

The "rucus," as Givens called it afterward, was brief and somewhat confused. When he arrived on the line of attack he saw



IT IS WELL TO BE REASONABLY WATCHFUL WHEN A MEXICAN LION SINGS SOPRANO ALONG THE ARROYOS AT SUNDOWN.

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a dim streak in the air, and heard a couple of faint cracks. Then a hundred pounds of Mexican lion plumped down upon his head and flattened him, with a heavy jar, to the ground. He remembered calling out: "Let up, now—no fair gouging!" and then he crawled from under the lion like a worm, with his mouth full of grass and dirt, and a big lump on the back of his head where it had struck the root of a water-elm. The lion lay motionless. Givens, feeling aggrieved, and suspicious of fouls, shook his fist at the lion, and shouted: "I'll rastle you again for twenty——" and then he got back to himself.

Josefa was standing in her tracks, quietly reloading her silver-mounted 38. It had not been a difficult shot. The lion's head made an easier mark than a tomato-can swinging at the end of a string. There was a provoking, teasing, maddening smile upon her mouth and in her dark eyes. The would-be-rescuing knight felt the fire of his fiasco burn down to his soul. Here had been his chance, the chance that he had dreamed of; and Momus, and not Cupid, had presided over it. The satyrs in the wood were, no doubt, holding their sides in hilarious, silent laughter. There had been something like vaudeville—say Signor Givens and his funny knockabout act with the stuffed lion.

THERE WAS A PROVOKING, TEASING SMILE UPON HER MOUTH.

"Is that you, Mr. Givens?" said Josefa, in her deliberate, saccharine contralto. "You nearly spoiled my shot when you yelled. Did you hurt your head when you fell?"

"Oh, no," said Givens, quietly; "that didn't hurt." He stooped ignominiously and dragged his best Stetson hat from under the beast. It was crushed and wrinkled to a fine comedy effect. Then he knelt down, and softly stroked the fierce, open-jawed head of the dead lion.

"Poor old Bill!" he exclaimed, mournfully.

"What's that?" asked Josefa, sharply.

"Of course you didn't know, Miss Josefa," said Givens, with an air of one allowing magnanimity to triumph over grief. "Nobody can blame you. I tried to save him, but I couldn't let you know in time."

"Save who?"

"Why, Bill. I've been looking for him all day. You see, he's been our camp pet for two years. Poor old fellow, he wouldn't have hurt a cottontail rabbit. It'll break the boys all up when they hear about it. But you couldn't tell, of course, that Bill was just trying to play with you."

Josefa's black eyes burned steadily upon him. Ripley Givens met the test successfully. He stood rumpling the yellow-brown curls on his head pensively. In his eyes was regret, not unmingled with a gentle reproach. His smooth features were set to a pattern of indisputable sorrow. Josefa wavered.

"What was your pet doing here?" she asked, making a last stand. "There's no camp near the White Horse crossing."

"The old rascal ran away from camp yesterday," answered Givens, readily. "It's a wonder the coyotes didn't scare him to death. You see, Jim Webster, our horse wrangler, brought a little terrier pup into camp last week. The pup made life miserable for Bill—he used to chase him around and chew his hind legs for hours at a time. Every night when bedtime came Bill would sneak under one of the boy's blankets and sleep to keep the pup from finding him. I reckon he must have been worried pretty desperate or he wouldn't have run away. He was always afraid to get out of sight of camp."

Josefa looked at the body of the fierce animal. Givens gently patted one of the formidable paws that could have killed a yearling calf with one blow. Slowly a red flush widened upon the dark olive face of the girl. Was it the signal of the shame of the true sportsman who has brought down ignoble quarry? Her eyes grew softer, and

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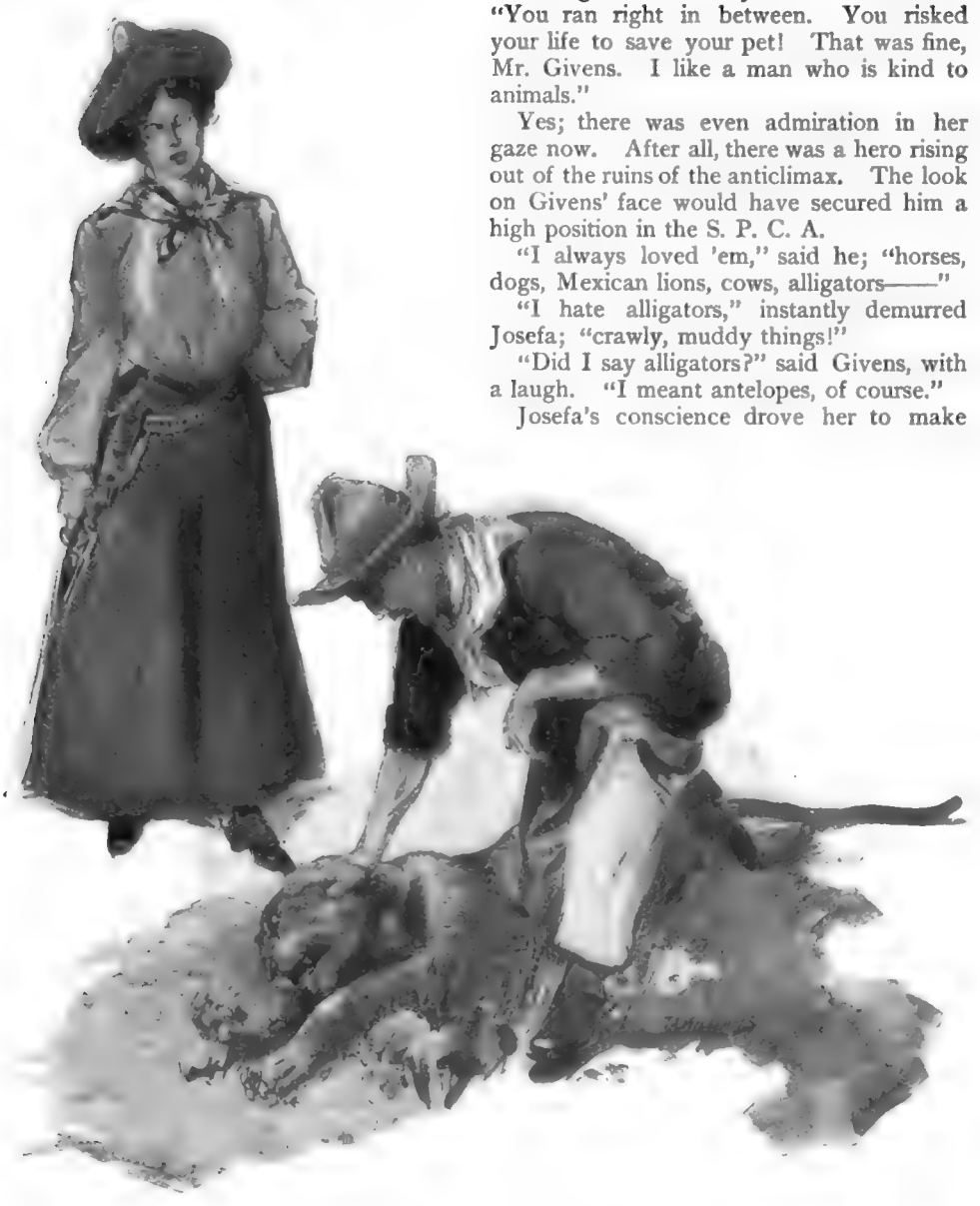
the lowered lids drove away all their bright mockery.

"I'm very sorry," she said, humbly; "but he looked so big, and jumped so high that——"



"POOR OLD BILL!" HE EXCLAIMED, MOURNFULLY.

"Poor old Bill was hungry," interrupted Givens, in quick defence of the deceased. "We always made him jump for his supper in camp. He would lie down and roll over for a piece of meat. When he saw you he thought he was going to get something to eat from you."

Suddenly Josefa's eyes opened wide.

"I might have shot you!" she exclaimed. "You ran right in between. You risked your life to save your pet! That was fine, Mr. Givens. I like a man who is kind to animals."

Yes; there was even admiration in her gaze now. After all, there was a hero rising out of the ruins of the anticlimax. The look on Givens' face would have secured him a high position in the S. P. C. A.

"I always loved 'em," said he; "horses, dogs, Mexican lions, cows, alligators——"

"I hate alligators," instantly demurred Josefa; "crawly, muddy things!"

"Did I say alligators?" said Givens, with a laugh. "I meant antelopes, of course."

Josefa's conscience drove her to make further amends. She held out her hand penitently. There was a bright, unshed drop in each of her eyes.

"Please forgive me, Mr. Givens, won't

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you? I'm only a girl, you know, and I was frightened at first. I'm very, very sorry I shot Bill. You don't know how ashamed I feel. I wouldn't have done it for anything."

"Please don't speak of it any more, Miss Josefa. 'Twas enough to frighten any young lady the way Bill looked. I'll explain it all right to the boys."

"PLEASE FORGIVE ME, MR. GIVENS, WON'T YOU?"

Givens took the offered hand. He held it for a time while he allowed the generosity of his nature to overcome his grief at the loss of Bill. At last it was clear that he had forgiven her.

"Are you really sure you don't hate me?" Josefa came closer to him, impulsively. Her eyes were sweet—oh, sweet and pleading with gracious penitence. "I would hate anyone who would kill my kitten. And how

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daring and kind of you to risk being shot when you tried to save him! How very few men would have done that!" Victory wrested from defeat! Vaudeville turned into drama! Bravo, Ripley Givens!

It was now twilight. Of course Miss Josefa could not be allowed to ride on to the ranch house alone. Givens re-saddled his pony in spite of that animal's reproachful glances, and rode with her. Side by side they galloped across the smooth grass, the princess and the man who was kind to animals. The prairie odors of fruitful earth and delicate bloom were thick and sweet around them. The sky, fire-spangled, fitted the rim of the world like a turquoise cover. Coyotes yelping over there on the hill! No fear. And yet——

Josefa rode closer. A little hand seemed to grope. Givens found it with his own. The ponies kept an even gait. The hands lingered together, and the owner of one explained:

"I never was frightened before, but just think! How terrible it would be to meet a really wild lion! Poor Bill! I'm so glad you came with me!"

O'Donnell was sitting on the ranch gallery.

"Hallo, Rip!" he shouted—"that you?"

"He rode in with me," said Josefa. "I lost my way and was late."

"Much obliged," called the cattle king. "Stop over, Rip, and ride to camp in the morning."

But Givens would not. He would push on to camp. There was a bunch of steers to start off on the trail at daybreak. He said good-night, and trotted away.

An hour later, when the lights were out, Josefa, in her night-robe, came to her door and called to the king in his own room across the brick-paven hallway:

"Say, Pop, you know that old Mexican lion they call the 'Gotch-eared Devil'—the one that killed Gonzales, Mr. Martin's sheep herder, and about fifty calves on the Salado range? Well, I settled his hash this afternoon over at the White Horse crossing. Put two balls in his head with my 38 while he was on the jump. I knew him by the slice gone from his left ear that old Gonzales cut off with his machete. You couldn't have made a better shot yourself, daddy."

"Bully for you!" thundered Whispering Ben from the darkness of the royal chamber.

"SAY, POP, YOU KNOW THAT OLD MEXICAN LION THEY CALL THE 'GOTCH-EARED DEVIL' WELL, I SETTLED HIS HASH."

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Successful Men Who Are Not Rich

By FRANCIS BELLAMY

WITHIN the memory of young people who are not yet thirty, a momentous change has come over the prevailing ideal of life in this country. It is the altogether new importance that nearly everybody now attaches to success in getting wealth. It is a new definition that Americans are now giving to success: To-day, to succeed means to get rich.

Here is a frank avowal of this new creed; observe it carefully, for it is significant both for its candor and for its discrimination:

"*Brains may be more important than money, but nowadays the best way to convince the world that you have brains is to make money.*"

This remark was made within a year, not by the head of a trust, but by a distinguished and scholarly lawyer, prominent in national affairs, before a class of law students.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"His private income is said to be only from $5,000 to $7,500."

Copyright by Arthur Hewitt, New York

It was a very neat way of putting an almost unanimous conviction; it has only to be stated for nearly everyone to give it a smug approval. It is hard work to find practical divergence from it.

The newspapers are a daily demonstration that the big wealth-getters are, in our minds, our most interesting citizens. The head-lines and the leading position in their columns belong chiefly to millionnaires and their operations.

Thirty years ago the country at large didn't know the names of very many of New York's rich men, or Boston's, or Chicago's. For instance, in 1870, the ordinary newspaper reader of Lockport, N. Y., or Canton, O., or Springfield, Ill., if asked to enumerate twenty of the richest men in the country, probably could not have named five. But to-day almost every reader of the daily press could name, without stopping to coach himself, from twenty to forty of the very rich men of the United States. They are blazoned. They are in the lime-light. They are our romantic figures. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hill, Mr. Gould, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Belmont, the Vanderbilts, Marshall Field, the Armours, Senator Clark, the Crockers, Mr. Gates, these are our demigods.

These men are our heroes of Success. When magazines give accounts of successful men, it is the heroes who have subdued competitors in the acquirement of vast financial power. The successful men of to-morrow, as the editors pick them out for our anticipatory interest, are the virile handlers of business.

All this is because we, the people, now believe in our hearts and confess with our mouths, that the getting of wealth is the most fascinating operation in the world, and that the getters of wealth are the most interesting personages in the world, and that their success is almost the only success that is imperative. It is because [illegible] the only thing

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that a young man of brains thinks worth doing is to get a lot of money. Also, it is because about the only kind of husband that an ambitious girl now thinks of marrying, is the man who can swing large business operations.

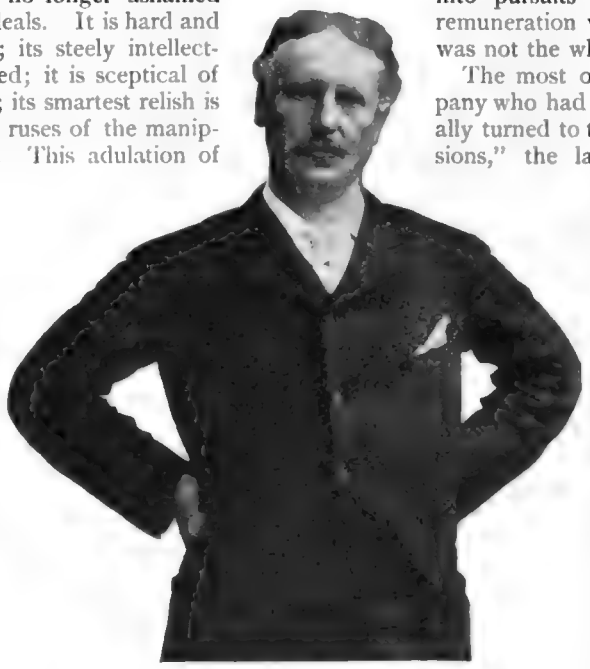
We have fallen under a universal witchcraft. A sense of the power and luxury in money, beyond all the wonder-tales of the fables, has suddenly come to us. It has turned our fashionable society into a materialism which is no longer ashamed of its poverty of ideals. It is hard and merciless of heart; its steely intellectuality is easily bored; it is sceptical of unworldly motives; its smartest relish is for the strokes and ruses of the manipulators of finance. This adulation of the money-force has spread outward through all social grades in our cities, and has largely upset the old traditions in our country towns.

But a qualifying distinction must be made here, and what has just been said will be even more significant because of the qualification. It is this:

Of course, money-getting is no new passion. From the beginning, nineteen-twentieths of our American population have had no other mastering purpose than to make money. They have been bread-winners, fortune-getters, by the lines of least resistance, without dreams of success in the professions, or in the arts, or in patriotic politics. No slightest reproach applies to these masses who have always toiled for money. They had to do it. Their necessities required it. Their native gifts and their early training provided no other aspiration. Their arduous and intelligent labor has made our American prosperity.

But there have also been, up to recent years, a remnant, a select few, a company of enlightened and gifted people who have put ideals ahead of money-getting.

In earlier days, this company of enlightened and gifted people had broader ideas of success than they have now. They did not put money-making ahead of the development of their tastes or the carrying out of their convictions. They got a higher education in order to strengthen themselves in their tasks and for their convictions. Many of them were also determined to follow their ideals into pursuits where the money remuneration was incidental but was not the whole thing.



REV. DR. W. S. RAINSFORD.

"A man of the world with a personal power over the most distinguished men of the world."

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The most of this select company who had aspirations naturally turned to the "liberal professions," the law, medicine, the ministry, teaching, journalism.

Similarly alluring were art, invention, scientific investigation, in which one might sometimes accidentally stumble into money, but where the great thing to be thought of was the joy of succeeding in a congenial pursuit.

True, all these professions are still here; but there is no doubt that formerly they were regarded in a different degree both by the public and by the young men who chose them. The chief success expected in them was good achievement, power, and distinction; money must also come, for a man must live, but the success of the work itself stood first. The public recognized this, and without hesitancy gave its largest admiration and honor to these men of the professions whenever their work was successful.

This lofty view of the real success to be won in the various professions is illustrated by the well-known traditions, repeated to class after class, concerning men who put devotion to their calling above the temptation to turn aside to make a little more money. There was Agassiz, who refused to

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THOMAS A. EDISON.
"He would never let himself be ranked for his money."

lecture at $500 a night because he was too busy to make money. Charles Sumner declined to lecture at any price because, he said, as senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts. Spurgeon refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at $1,000 a night, saying he could do better; he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls. Emerson steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond $1,200 because he wanted his time to think.

Such stories of fine haughtiness did not seem quixotic to the young men in college thirty years ago.

Those were really good times for young men to grow up in. The distinguished names they talked about among themselves were Webster, Clay, Lincoln, George William Curtis, Thoreau, Emerson, Beecher, Dr. Holmes. Men who were merely accumulators of wealth were not frequent subjects of conversation; they were not interesting enough.

WHEN IDEALISM WAS BIGGER THAN WEALTH

A generous idealism was abroad, and it was unashamed. While it impelled perhaps a majority of the educated young men into the liberal professions, it infused a certain high-mindedness into business itself; educated men who chose business careers felt that they must maintain their claim to distinction in other ways than by making money.

For enlightened Americans had more or less of a creed that aristocracy was a state of mind. So men of education who entered business instead of the professions claimed for themselves a period of leisure and contentment after a competence had been gained. They were satisfied to be the best in their own town. That made them peers of the best everywhere. They had a number of aristocratic traditions which they were sure of and which all agreed in.

It might be only $100,000, or $50,000, or even less, that made their fortune; it was enough if it enabled them to make good their pretensions to the habits of gentle-folk. The money was a means to that end. The main thing was the sense of inward superiority, the pride in having parents who were somebodies, the possession of a poised and gracious manner, the having of a culture fitting for their rank—these were the important points, and these did not depend on the relative size of the pile.

You can see this good fashion of life still surviving in many parts of the country, particularly New England and the South, where the prevailing madness for wealth has not yet subverted the older customs.

TWO OLD-FASHIONED PATRICIANS

Senator George Frisbie Hoar is a venerable instance of this patrician success independent of wealth. He is easily the most distinguished figure in the Senate. One may suddenly realize the possible dignity of a senator of the United States by watching this scholarly man of the world in his seat, usually with some choice book of general literature to while away the tedium of the routine, yet aware of all that passes, and alert to enter the debate with the readiness of a Webster. You may disagree with some of his views, but his convictions, you accord, are always ruled by some ideal; you never see him lift his musket in defence of anybody's graft. His library of 10,000 volumes is one of the best private collections in the country, abounding in expensive rare editions of the classics, and is his principal

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SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.
"He says he cannot afford to go to the seashore."
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PRESIDENT CHARLES ELIOT.
"Teaching was of more importance than getting rich."
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asset. For this most honored citizen of Massachusetts is a poor man. His private income is some $2,000, and his senatorial salary is $5,000. His Worcester house is on a fine avenue of mansions, quite a distance from the centre of business: but while all his neighbors have equipages, the senator keeps no carriage. He says he cannot afford to go to the seashore, and so he spends his summers at home. He has just bought a house in Washington, for he says that his wife and he are now too old to live longer in the boarding-houses; but he had to borrow the money he paid for the equity from a Worcester bank, saying that when he retires from the Senate the rise in property values should take care of that debt.

Really, is there anything more beautiful than this serene success? Or, going afar South, is there a finer dignity of success than that of General Joe Wheeler?

A patrician of his state, this soldier came out of the war the most celebrated cavalry general of the Confederacy. Though impoverished like all other Southerners, he cared more to voice his convictions in Congress than to build up the fortune which he might. As fiery in Congress as on the field, he was, nevertheless, during his long service there, the most beloved man in the House. With the Spanish War came his latest glory, and his present generalship in the regular army was one of the most popular appointments of the late administration. Enough to live on in simplicity was all the money this old aristocrat demanded; but he could not do without the distinction of following to the end, with unwasting impetuosity, the ideals of his youth.

Indeed, it was a very sane view of the distinctions in success which was maintained by the aristocracy of our towns and cities up to a recent period; and through the influence of this aristocracy the same standards were accepted by all.

It was a comely aristocracy that prevailed, even in old New York.

As still are within the sacred horizon of Rittenhouse Square of Philadelphia, so there once were old squares in New York where certain distinctions might count for more than wealth. Frugal Wendell Phillips might be welcomed. A Governor Seymour, from a provincial city of the State, could be a social hero. A Martin Van Buren, never rich, was socially honored because he had been President. Officers of the army and navy, if men of breeding, were ever favored. A Southern statesman might be sure of patrician recognition if he deserved it.

A CONTEMPTIBLE ARISTOCRACY

On the other hand, we see to-day in New York a fashionable society which has no place for statesmen, authors, scientists, editors, unless they are very rich. Newport is still more frank in this rigorous exclusion. The multimillionaire set each summer ignores the naval officers as their ships lie in the harbor. Even

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President Roosevelt was suffered to visit the place without social recognition; in spite of his high and ancient lineage, he is not rich enough to be in the social swim. Once it happened that Speaker Thomas B. Reed, while at the climax of his power, when he was perhaps the most notable statesman in America, was on a friend's yacht in Newport Harbor. That night a social function was going on at a house where Mr. Reed was known and honored, but an invitation to him could not be ventured; unimportant personages could be smuggled in because they were readily forgotten; but the giant could not be bidden, for the social break would be too conspicuous.

RICHARD MANSFIELD,
"Who might be a rich man if he had not poured his large receipts back into productions of better art."

Last winter a theatre-party of thirty or forty exclusive society people was having a little supper at the Waldorf-Astoria. They had been to see an actor of exceptional talent, a man, too, of undoubted breeding, who prided himself on his honorable family. This actor was a guest at the supper. As one of the women of the party, a famous leader of society, was putting on her wraps in the corridor, a man of the party who knew her well, taking the distinguished actor in tow, came forward to introduce him.

"Mrs. ——, I don't want you to go away without letting me present Mr. ——."

Without turning her face from the young girl she was talking to, the woman said, rapidly: "Glad to meet you, I'm sure. Blanche dear, were you saying the carriage was at the Thirty-third Street entrance?"

One properly shrinks from reproachful generalizations, but evidences accumulate daily that mercilessness is an essential note of the modern New York aristocracy of successful wealth.

HOW BOYS AND THEIR PARENTS HAVE CHANGED

The new standard of success is fully and frankly avowed. It is signally observable in the universities. Men whose sons are now in the university went to college themselves (if they went), in the sixties and seventies. Look back to the personnel of your old class; how few of those boys were "going into business." Three-fourths, maybe, were bound for the liberal professions, or for art, or for literature. The minority who were destined to be only money-getters used to speak of it almost apologetically:

"What am I going to be? Well, I'm going to be a plain business-man. I probably shall go in with my father."

But now the college youths have changed their tack; they do not sail into the wind. To-day it is the minority in the university who are bound for the professions or the arts; and that minority does not include the brightest men. The preponderance, both in numbers and in brains, in every graduating class is bent toward the spots where the money is.

Thus, jobs in business offices at three dollars a week are now desirable prizes for university men, because of the promotion possible to positions of big opportunity. Even of those who still choose the professions, most do so with an eye for the chances of large wealth which they now afford. Mining, engineering, and electricity are popular because of the sudden lifts to fortune to be found there. The law school opens the door to fortunes in serving mammoth corporations. The medical school now offers to the cleverest the vast fees of the specialists. The making of books and periodicals is still attractive to active young mind, if they can get at the money end of the publishing business.

For even lads in college now comprehend that mere brains are the cheapest thing that can be hired; and that the most obvious way to prove you have superior brains is to know how to use the brains of others in making money for yourself.

Two New York business-men were meeting for the first time since their college days, thirty years ago. They fell to discussing their sons' ambitions. One remarked:

"I must confess that my boy wants to be an artist. He is all for sketching. He writes his letters by pictures, like the old Egyptians,

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Here is his last letter—see, about fifteen words, and four pages of pictures."

"Don't let him be an artist," said his friend. "There's nothing in it. Even if he makes a success as an artist he can't more than scrape a bare living."

"I know all that," replied the first father, "but what can I do? He doesn't care a hang for business. I'm fearfully disappointed. I suppose I shall have to pension him."

The fathers of those men, thirty years ago, would have been highly tickled at the birth of art in the family.

At a dinner at Delmonico's, a man was expressing to a mother his admiration for the very intelligent face of her fifteen-year-old daughter.

"Yes," said the mother, "but she is a most perplexing child. She wants to develop all that is in her, as she calls it. She wants to 'do things.' She wants a career with a big *C*. What would you do?"

"Oh, let her think she is going to go on without your opposition," said the man, "but put her in the right company and pray for Cupid with gold wings. We can't let her throw herself away on a career."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY,
"Who has preferred his own ideals to exploiting opportunities of gain."

We feel thus about the success which we want our children to strive for, because we ourselves have been drifting, many of us, farther and farther away from the serenities of life. We had dreams once of a tranquillity where we could be contented with just being ourselves, and spending our income to satisfy the tastes which belonged only to ourselves.

But that fresh dream of living with our own ideals seems a long ways past with most of us. We see everybody else getting his fun out of things bought by large sums of money; and instead of now turning to the inner opulence of our own individual spirits, which the years might have been fetching, we turn outward and always outward to the new lugs and traps which we have to draw our checks for.

"I am going to leave New York for good and all, next week," said a well-known woman the other day. "There is no place for me here to live *my* life. I'm not stout enough to stand against the stampede to the lee side of the deck. If I stay here I shall conform more, and feel that I must have more and more money to spend for new things.

"So I'm going away to some isolated place where I can live with my books, and with my ideas, and with the friendly trees. And I shall bring up my babies with a sense of the resources that may be inside of them. All the children of all the people that I know are poor; they learn everything in the schools, and have every accomplishment; but they are without resources for contented happiness unless they are rich."

"I don't know," she added, "a young man of thirty who has saved his spring and vivacity. Business and rich men's sports have eaten up his soul. He rushes about in his automobile; he rides his horse; he allots so much time to his yacht; he does his dinners and his dances—it's all in his systematic routine; but I fail to find the strenuous young business-man who has any real spontaneity. He has already lost something, a kind of glory, an open vision. He is rich and clever all in one line, but he is awfully incomplete as a man. Can I make you understand what I mean?"

Yes, lady, a good many still understand your point of view. But in your sweeping pessimism you have judged at too close range. If you had looked closer, certainly if you had looked farther, you might have found many who have not gone over to the apparently universal servitude.

For there is another side to all this.

In spite of all the change that has taken place in the popular estimate of success, there is a great multitude of hardy souls who have refused to be swerved from their own ideals of a success which is unrelated to money. In the very face of the insolent as-

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sumption that only by acquiring wealth can a man prove that he has brains, there is a vast cloud of witnesses who must be acknowledged to be successful though not rich. They are too busy to deplore the changed attitude of the public mind toward success without wealth; they have too much to do to run away, like our lady who would escape to her books and her trees.

These men stand out in splendid protest. The more pronounced the public adulation of mere wealth, the more virile is the quality of the men who ignore it for the ideals they have set before them. It has been, indeed, in order to make by contrast the superior quality of these modern heroes of success that the false scent, which the public is now following, has been pointed out with such detail.

Who are some of the reassuring men of this day who are really successful without being rich?

They are of many types, and in many stations.

THE ARISTOCRATS OF ART AND SCIENCE

There are, we are aware, writers, artists, musicians, and actors, in large numbers, now achieving a superlative distinction, who are not amassing wealth. Some of the most popular, it is true, are making large incomes; but the incomes are incidents, and none of them are really rich in the modern sense.

These people are all cherishing a certain ideal of excellence. We like to think of Mr. Howells, for instance, who has a standard of work infinitely more important to him than his now handsome remuneration. St. Gaudens got $20,000 for his statue of General Sherman at the gate of Central Park. But he was three years making it, and he was a lifetime in making himself able to do it. Money bears no relation to this man's faith in his genius; he works with calm for the approval of coming centuries. With him is an earnest company of American sculptors and painters who have set before them the highest possible ideals and have not been turned aside from their highest possible work by the tardiness of public appreciation, or by the stinginess of those who take advantage of their needs to underpay them. The line of difference between an artist's most conscientious work and the more popular work which he might get more money for is often very slight, and is a constant temptation. Browning has pilloried Andrea Del Sarto for prostituting his art for greater gain, though his divergence from the best standard was exceedingly subtle. The artist who refrains from mere prettiness, who will not drift into making catching pictures, because of his devotion to the higher success—is he not as interesting as a millionnaire?

The now venerable Elihu Vedder sits in his plain lodgings in Rome and roars against the tempting American publishers who beseech him to illustrate their new enterprises.

"Why should I? Why should I? I'm poor enough, you can see. But if I illustrate your unholy thing it won't be my best art, and I swear I won't come down."

The dramatic profession has many earnest men who work for a success unmeasurable by money. Irving and Mansfield both might be rich men if they had not for years kept pouring their large receipts back into what they conceived to be productions of better art. Young Sothern is another idealist; the idol of the romantic play, he frets at its tawdriness, and uses up the money he so easily makes as a love-making swashbuckler in staging a mystic German play like "The Sunken Bell," and in proving his conception of "Hamlet."

Even at the present, when science offers such straight roads to a blameless wealth, there are large numbers of scientists who are as jealous for the singleness of their science as artists are for their art.

We think of Thomas Edison as a man of great wealth. But he would never let himself be ranked for his money. He uses without stint his capital in further experimentation. Such a practical man of affairs as he could not have helped making large gains from the inventions he has given the world; but he lives with simplicity, differing from less prosperous scientists in being able to pay for his own experiments and failures.

Among the many others who are winning distinctive success in applied science, are Professor Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institution; Charles P. Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company, and Professor Michelson, of the University of Chicago. Professor Langley has given his life to developing the flying machine; Dr. Steinmetz has given out the theory and calculations of alternating electric currents; Professor Michelson has gained renown by his final determination of the velocity of light. The results attained by each of these men is be-

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yond computation in money, and yet they are never likely to receive much more than the modest salaries of their positions.

There are scientific experts, especially in mining, who command large fees and have frequent chances to own for no cost large amounts of profitable stock. Yet, the most lucky of these experts must put his professional honor above the chance to turn money, for they are beset with the blandishments of promoters and wreckers.

The most distinguished university president in America, President Eliot, of Harvard, lives in a modest house on a moderate salary. Had he entered on commercial pursuits, his extraordinary talents for administration would inevitably have made him one of the magnates of commerce. Even at his graduation from college, his ability in business was so obvious that he was offered $5,000 a year to manage a Lowell mill. But teaching was more important to him than getting rich.

The same greatness of choice belongs to President Harper, of Chicago, and President Butler, of Columbia. Few men in the business world equal these two educators in organization, in energy, and in the mastery of details. President Harper is a phenomenon of organization, energy, and detail. With his friend, John D. Rockefeller, there would be apparently no limit to the wealth he might amass. But he has preferred to teach Hebrew and organize a vast university to being a millionnaire. President Butler, likewise, is a man of enormous practicality. The qualities required to make Columbia a fit university for the metropolis of America would have made him a power like Mr. Morgan if he had gone down to Wall Street. But this extraordinary man sees something he wants more than wealth.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER.

"But this old aristocrat could not do without the distinction of following to the end the ideals of his youth."

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The Rev. Dr. Rainsford is another of the same type. He has qualities of organization and administration equal to those of the great captains of industry. He is a man of the world with a personal power over the most distinguished men of the world; it is instructive to go to St. George's and observe his staunchest supporters, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and the Mayor of New York passing the offertory plates through the vast congregation. Yet twenty years ago he came from England to St. George's, when that old downtown church was empty and stranded. I believe there were then fourteen families left in the parish. After three weeks of preaching his views of what a church ought to be he had preached seven of these fourteen families out. But his practical views commended him to such men as Mr. Morgan, Mr. Low, General Tracy, Mr. Swayne; and these men said:

"You are right. You are a man of the present and of the future. Go ahead and we will stand by you."

It may not be that Dr. Rainsford has had during these twenty years of wonderful success, a definite offer to go into business. I do not know of any man in New York who would have the temerity to make such an advance to him. But it is as plain as a skyscraper that if he had turned himself to business his peculiar talents would have won a corresponding distinction as a wealth-getter.

But he, like thousands of other ministers, who have business ability, prefers the success of the spirit.

In the editorial profession are several men who have preferred their ideals to exploiting opportunities of gain, and who enjoy an honorable distinction before the public and among their fellows. Take, for an instance, the versatile St. Clair McKelway, of Brook-

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lyn. I do not know whether the Vanderbilts feel the need of him, or whether his keen wit would be desired at one of Mr. Harry Lehr's dinners, where a monkey is said to have sat as guest. His vocation in life is the writing of editorials, and his remunerations have been the very measured ones that go to brains that can be hired. But his culture is broad and influential; his custom and conversation are of the finest American caste; wherever he goes his personality is imposing and dominant. Mr. McKelway's success presents a distinction and dignity worth any ambitious young man's emulation.

Another of the same calibre is Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, who unites to his skill in his profession a personality so pleasing and accomplishments so varied that he is, perhaps, the most sought-after man in the Quaker City.

Who can doubt that President Roosevelt, if he had gone into business twenty years ago, would to-day have been a man of enormous wealth? Yet he has so stubbornly followed another ideal of success that his private income is said tc be between five thousand and seven thousand five hundred dollars.

Another distinguished New Yorker who is not rich is District Attorney William Travers Jerome. Here is a man who has been pursued from his earliest start with invitations to become rich. He belongs to one of the best known of American families—one which has won distinction both in society and in business. His father and uncle were men of fortune. His present family connections are peculiarly eminent. Every example set before him was of wealth.

Yet when young Jerome began his career as a lawyer he was possessed with notions of doing certain things at the expense of wealth. When he became, years ago, an assistant district attorney under the old Tammany régime he would not pull in the easy Tammany traces. One day he had a case to try where the evidence was conclusive but the culprit had a pull. Notice was brought him from the district attorney himself that it would be appreciated if he did not obtain a conviction.

"There is merit in the evidence I have, and I think there will be a conviction," was his reply, and his square jaw set tighter.

He got the conviction, and why he was not summarily dismissed, he never knew. But the risk he took was pretty great for a young man of aristocratic connections, for he had a wife and babies and his salary was $3,000 a year.

That was typical of the man's whole career up to the present. He has been steadily turning away from open doors to wealth, for the sake of his ideals. A few years ago when he ran for judge on the reform ticket, he was chided for throwing great legal opportunities away.

"Why," said a friend, "do you take this little judgeship with its meagre salary, when with your valuable connections you could make a fortune in a few years by staying in your practice?"

"Well," he replied, with characteristic plainness of speech, "why shouldn't I? I know there's no money in it. But my kid will inherit all that's good for him, probably more. My wife will have enough when I die. And I ought to be able to make enough to pay my board; and, if I can't, why I can live cheaper."

WHAT THESE SUCCESSES SIGNIFY

What do these few names stand for? What does the glorious company of kindreds of names, from which they have been snatched at random, stand for?

They are witnesses, for one thing, that idealism is not dead in our country.

If the newspapers give their head-lines only to millionnaires, there are other men every whit as acute in brain who care more to do their honorable work than to be conspicuous.

If the modern aristocracy of wealth refuses social recognition to the great unless they are rich, there is a nobler aristocracy of mind, without blazonry, that despises the poor rich man's foolish standards.

If people in general have apparently scuttled over to the new bigotry that the only success worth winning is the getting of wealth, there are still plenty of men, of vigorous mind, who have a saner view of life and happiness.

If parental ambitions have so changed that boys are now encouraged only to go in for the achievements of money, there are still larger numbers of young men who are very earnest indeed for other ideals, and have enough vigor to stand out against the general pressure.

Another thing is obvious. When the popular estimate of success favored the men who sought distinction without regard to

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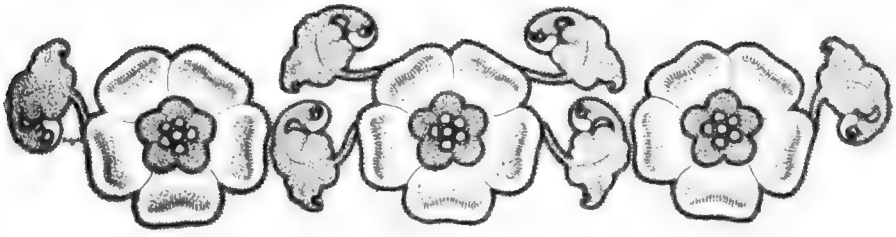
wealth, it took no great heroism for young men to enter such pursuits. But now, in the face of the apparent unanimity of opinion that wealth is the main thing, it requires extraordinary fibre for a youth of ambition to choose a line of success where money is not the attraction.

The men who to-day dare to undertake pursuits where distinction of mind, or the glory of doing a fine thing, or personal influence in a wholesome direction, is the chief attraction, have certainly a true perspective on life. They have a correct world-sense, at least. If they succeed they can't be cornered out of their resources. And it is a good deal to escape heart-burn.



The Good Bacteria

By EUGENE WOOD

OF all the discoveries made by science it seems to me that the most disheartening is the discovery of germs, microbes, bacteria, bacilli, micrococci—call 'em whatever name you like, they're all after our lives. When men go to war and begin shooting at one another, they kill a lot of people, but the quiet unassuming microbe without a West Point education is sixteen times as efficient a murderer as the bullet. It may get us who have heard our country's call—and stayed at home—just as it gets the brave boys in blue who have gone to the front so as to have some excitement without being arrested for disturbing the peace.

Microbes snatch at us from around every corner. They mean to kill and eat us if they can. They swarm by millions on everything we eat and drink and wear. The air is alive with them. Nearly every disease is a germ disease. It used to be that we thought we were safe from pneumonia if we kept out of a draught when we were warm and perspiring. Now we know that we are all the time breathing in pneumonia germs, and it will be just our luck to be down with it any moment. The flies get typhoid-fever organisms on their feet and track all over everything, and the mosquitoes give us hypodermic injections of malaria bacteria from their insides. We understand what the signs in the street-cars are up to when they say we will be sent to jail for a year if we spit on the floor. It isn't only because it is low-bred to do that, but the Board of Health is trying to save us from consumption bacilli if it can. We leave off drinking whiskey because it is bad for the health and take to drinking milk, and then we find out that milk kills one-eighth of all the people born into the world, just because it is so hard to keep microbes out of it. That clear and sparkling water may have cholera germs in it. You can't tell. Supposing it is filtered; a mass of micrococci as heavy as a drop of water contains 250 times as many germs as there are people on earth. If you boil the water, the moment it is exposed to the air other germs drop in and multiply much faster than they would in plain raw water.

We can get on the good side of a dog by patting his head and we can please the cat by scratching her under the chin (if she doesn't scratch first). We can tame other animals by giving them food or by putting the weight of our hand on them. If they

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won't be petted or tamed we can pick up a rock and let them have it between the eyes. But when a creature has no tail to wag and nothing to purr with, how can we pet it? How can we, without getting a crick in the neck, stoop down far enough to say "Pretty microbe!" to something that is to us as a grain of sand is to Mont Blanc? If it comes to exterminating them, what chance have we with a creature that every two hours breaks into two pieces, each of which is a perfect organism, ready in another two hours to break in two again, and each of these halves to break in two in another two hours, and so on and so on until in three days the progeny of one single bacterium numbers 4,772 billions? Nobody can keep up with that rate of increase.

However, things are never as bad as you think they are going to be. Come to look into the matter, we find out that only in circumscribed places and for very brief intervals of time is this rate of increase kept up; that unless they get frequent supplies of fresh food bacteria quickly die; that the products of their own labors restrain their increase; that oxygen and sunlight slay them; that some kinds are so sensitive to germicides that they will not consent to live upon their proper food if it happens to be in a silver cup; that they do not exist deeper than four or five feet in the ground, so that all drinking water drawn from that depth is pure of them unless contaminated by surface drainage; that even such virulent germs as those of Asiatic cholera are quickly destroyed in putrefying matter; that the Seine, twenty miles below Paris, is really cleaner than it is above Paris, and before all that sewage was poured in; that bacteria cannot live long in the air, though their sporules can, but that these have no power of motion and cannot disengage themselves from moist surfaces, so that we might have a pipe from our bedchambers directly down to the sewer where flowed a feculent tide seething with germs of scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid, and what not, and yet we be absolutely safe from contagion.

Furthermore, if these enemies beset us on every side in countless myriads, the castle of our bodies is by no means undefended. Bacteria in vain assail the unbroken skin. Let them fly into our nostrils and mouths, since we cannot help it. They will find there a mucous membrane up to all their tricks and knowing one or two good ones of its own. They may go on down into the digestive tract, but they will find that the human organism is in a way a Trust of microbes, each member of the combine secreting unorganized ferments after the same manner as the intruders.

Any germ of consumption that tries to get into the lungs of a man that always breathes through his nose might as well give it up first as last. Though sometimes we inhale as many as 14,000 mixed germs in an hour, expired breath has practically none, and we need not fear the most fearsome cases as far as expired breath is concerned.

And not only are the defences of the castle almost impregnable from without. When the invading host does effect an entrance it meets a garrison equally implacable: little wandering particles in the blood that drift up and down on the crimson tide looking for trouble. As soon as the invaders get inside the walls of the skin, the defenders form a phalanx there in such numbers as to make the place swell with them, reddened and inflamed. Whether the defenders gulp the invaders down whole, or whether they fight with chemicals till they kill them and carry off their corpses, is not certainly known, but fight them they do, and if they do not always win, it is because they are not properly reënforced and supported by the War Department of the body.

Look at it another way. The bacteria are good friends of ours. They may kill us once in awhile, but you mustn't mind that. It's just their way. Besides, we all have to die sometime anyhow. If we didn't, what chance would there be for all these young men and women coming on with their blue-ribboned sheepskins and their ambitions and their idealisms and their good looks and all? What chance would they have against the oldsters if these should keep living on and on, adding shrewdness to shrewdness, as they took term after term of lessons from old Professor Experience, the most expensive, because the most instructive of tutors? No; if we men would live, we men must die. That we came from the ground beneath is plain to see. It is true that we have not the keys of Mother Earth's pantry cupboard; we cannot go directly there and measure out the half-cup carbon, two cups hydrogen, one cup oxygen, teaspoonful each of calcium, phosphorus, sulphur, and so on; bake in slow oven, according to the recipe of our make-up. But the plants have the keys, and when they have made up their cake we take

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it from them and eat it ourselves. Or we eat another animal that has robbed them. If it were all take and no give, the pantry cupboard would soon be empty. So we die, either once for all or bit by bit. But our discarded bodies and exuviæ, if left only to wind and sun, would dry up, and only in the course of slow centuries would oxidize to ashes. Bacteria are lords of the way back to earth. Without them there could be no living thing upon the ground. They defend the present from the past. If "good" means "good for us," and our being alive is to our benefit, then all bacteria are good bacteria.

An exhibitor at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago paid for floor-space on which to show milk preserved in far-off Uruguay and still sweet and drinkable. One can, however, was insufficiently sterilized and the milk spoiled utterly. Bacteria spoiled it. Were they good bacteria or bad bacteria? You can guess what the exhibitor's estimate of them was. But Professor H. W. Conn saw a fine opportunity to study lactic-acid organisms from a foreign shore and took cultures of the germs with which it swarmed. There was a huddle of the creatures that turn milk sour, and those which turn it bitter, that make it ropy, and that make it red—all the whole tribe that try to get the good of the milk instead of our getting the good of it, as we have every right. (The calf? Oh, bother the calf!) He succeeded finally in getting a pure culture of one kind of organism that he called No. 41. Just that germ and nothing else. He worked with it and got certain results and then he sent out specimens of No. 41 to every butter-maker that would pay any attention to him. He gave directions about putting a pellet of No. 41 into cream and told what temperature the cream must be ripened at and what temperature it must be churned at—just the fussified and old-maidish particularity about the instructions that you would expect from a scientific man. A good many of the butter-makers were men that knew their business—practical men, you understand, and not carried away with every fool idea that might come into the head of a college professor. These calmly threw the pellet away and went on about their business. Others tried it and did as Professor Conn said, and the butter made from that No. 41 brought from half a cent to three cents a pound more than the best butter made in the regular way. Even in the winter-time No. 41 butter tasted as if the cows had been cropping the sweet, tender grass of May and early June. It had a better grain and it kept longer than other butter. Was this a good bacterium or not? It all depends on the view-point; some people don't believe in selling their patriotism for even three cents a pound, and will stand by their "Star-Spangled Banner" native microbes in preference to imported pauper microbes from South America.

Moisture and warmth favor the growth of germs, so if you wet flour and mix it up into a dough and set it behind the stove overnight, bacteria floating around will be stirred up with the warm, wet starch and set to work to convert it into sugar and then into alcohol and various substances.

A gas is given off in the process, in the main the same as that which makes the inside of your nose tingle so after you have been drinking soda-water—carbonic-acid gas. Bubbles of it get snared in the tough and sticky dough and thorough kneading breaks them up into very small and evenly distributed pores all through the mass. When the "sponge" is all nicely puffed out by the gas the dough is put into a place just hot enough to kill the germs, evaporate the alcohol, cook the starch in the inside of the loaf, and turn some of it on the outside into the same stuff that makes postage-stamps sticky. As any bacterium that happens along is made welcome it comes about that some of them are what are called "gas-makers" and flavor the carbonic-acid gas with various essences with sulphur in them, that resemble eggs that have long ago given up all hopes of ever turning into chickens. It will be remembered that the old-fashioned "salt-rising" bread did not exactly resemble roses and violets during part of its baking.

Possibly on account of this, housewives gave the preference to certain selected germs that in the fermentation distilled really delicious fragrances. If cultures were made of these germs and they were introduced into the flour in sufficient numbers to starve out the "wild" germs, it seems to me that this exactly corresponds to our practice in regard to good-tasting vegetables and animals, which we have domesticated and improved, and I make no doubt that thousands of generations of barm-growers have immensely improved the yeast from what it was originally. Is yeast a good bacterium or not? It gives us bread; but be careful not to answer too suddenly, for it is exactly

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the same organism that gives us beer. If bread smells good in the baking and tastes good in the eating, perhaps it is because brewers have had to be very careful to exclude "wild" yeast and all the other fermentative organisms that produce what Pasteur has well called "diseases" in beer.

Organisms similar to yeast are found on the stalks of bunches of grapes and they change the sugar in the grape-juice into alcohol, the various flavors of wines depending upon the nature of the fermenting germs, which disengage certain ethers and volatile essences. It is possible to make beer of grape-juice and wine of wort if the proper ferments are used.

But though the alcoholic bacteria get done when alcohol appears, other organisms keep it up and produce aldehyde and acetic acid. The aldehyde we do not care for, but acetic acid is most important, since it is vinegar.

I have said before that but for bacteria there would be no living things upon the earth. But for string in one form or another, civilization would be impossible. And but for the bacteria that "ret" the stalks of fibrous plants, like flax and hemp and jute, separating the threads from the woody core, the pith and the resin, as no machinery devised by the wit of man can, we should have almost no string at all.

If there are not many in the long list of micro-organisms that we knowingly make use of, remember that it is not so very long ago that we did not know they existed at all. The United States Department of Agriculture has just reached the point where it can ask Congress for an appropriation to carry on a series of experiments with the bacteria that have the power of assimilating the nitrogen from the air. Those which gather in nodules on the roots of peas and beans and clover perform a work of the very greatest value. Can these nodules be made to grow on the roots of corn and wheat and oats? If so, the danger, not far away in point of time, that not enough wheat can be grown to supply white men with bread will have been removed forever. Oh, there's plenty of wheat out West, you say. They don't grow wheat there; they mine it. They take out nitrogenous matter from the ground and they don't put it back, and unless bacteria can be induced to snare nitrogen from the air, it never can be put back, and then—no more wheat.

When we were boys, we used to plan how we would scare some other fellow half out of his wits with "fox-fire" from a rotting stump. In the dark, he'd think a spook had come to get him. Just the other day I read how a miner's lamp had been invented that was entirely safe even in the midst of inflammable gases, because its cold shine came, not from combustion but from luminiferous bacteria feeding upon a culture similar to decaying wood. So, with inveterate and unconquerable optimism, we may well believe the wit of man will turn these servitors of death into lamps to light the path of progress. Whether we look outward to the farthest reaches of the universe, or inward to where the microscope falters and turns back, we find tremendous forces working. We may hitch our wagon to a glowing star or to a glimmering microbe, but we shall get on in either case, if only we be set on getting on.

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Strange Gods

By EDNA KENTON

KIRTLAND finally reached the place for which he was looking: the second floor of a Washington Street Pure Food restaurant. Tourgoff, a Polish socialist who had asked him over to this café, had telephoned at the last minute that he was detained, and Kirtland, who happened to be exceedingly weary of his usual luncheon place, decided to come incognito, as it were.

From his table he glanced idly about the room. The whole atmosphere was different from downstairs. He had been told that up here only was "atmosphere." Downstairs there was the quick-lunch scurry, the tense bolting of hastily served food, the rush in, the madder rush out. Up here the tables were both larger and smaller. Across the room Kirtland recognized among a gay and leisurely group a newspaper artist whom he knew slightly. He had heard that different groups had their own tables here where they gathered club-wise daily. At the opposite end of the room he saw a long table, stretching almost the width of the rather narrow room. He recognized that at once as the Single Taxers' Club. Everywhere was a restful absence of rush and hurry.

When a red-haired waitress came up to him, he picked up the bill of fare, and ran through its list of health foods and vegetable cutlets and nut preparations. At last, at a venture, he ordered something that sounded like the *ultima thule* of vegetarianism, and when it was brought to him he picked at it speculatively, and continued his observations.

A slender and fitful stream of people came in through the doors that led from the antiquated elevator in the hall without. Short-haired women, long-haired men; feminine men, aggressive women; as well as their more common opposites; all were represented. Above the clatter of dishes he caught sentences from tables near him: "New Thought brings all mankind into touch with the Infinite—"; "Mrs. Eddy's defence of her tenets means destruction to all her enemies—"; "Ethical Society by-laws clearly state—"; "Sanyassi has one step higher to climb before Nirvana is attained—"; "A single tax means freedom for the toiler, salvation for—" And, in addition to all this, floating names: Kant, Hegel, Hubbard, Mangasarian, Dowie.

Kirtland smiled at the riff-raff of stray phrases. He was not a young man, nor yet an old one. Forty perhaps; dark, with his black hair just frosted at the temples; with eyes keen and clear, and still young. He had lived in Chicago all his life, except the few years embracing his Eastern collegiate and law training. Women liked him, but he had been long since set down as a man with a past romance, an incurable romance to his credit.

He at last gave up the food combination before him as utterly impossible, and at the same time discovered the mere tasting of it had killed his appetite as with the blow of a hammer. He sent the waitress off for another cup of coffee, and, while he was waiting for that, he leaned suddenly forward and looked intently at a woman coming toward him. It was late and only a few stragglers were coming in. The woman had cast a hurried glance over her shoulder at the rear of the room where stretched that long table lined with ardent single taxers, and then had made quickly, nervously, in the opposite direction. She glanced about her, and then dropped, without looking at him, into the chair across from him.

Kirtland drew an amazed breath. After all these years, with a continent and an ocean and all the States between them most of the time—that it should happen at last like this! His quick eye took in all the plain, worn details of her simple costuming, and then those darkening eyes came back again to her face, pale and weary and lined with care.

Kirtland leaned across the table. The woman was scanning the menu, evidently to fill in by apparent absorption a vacant moment. He touched her hand gently.

"Jeannie!" he said, softly. "Ah, don't be so startled!"

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For she had started nervously, with the start that is so exhausting after the cause has gone or been explained, the start that shows beyond all hiding the wreck of nerves. Kirtland did not for one instant flatter himself it was the effect of his voice on her.

"You!" she whispered. "You!" Then the instinct of womanhood and the breeding of years caught her back. She held out her shaking hand.

"I had heard you were here," she said, in a curiously hesitating voice that yet gave one the impression of rapid speech. "I knew, of course, you were here. One—meets—people—curiously."

Kirtland took her hand. One blue vein—he remembered it from years back—it stood out now against the thinness like a blue, knotted cord. He laid the hand gently down, and took up her words before her hesitating stop had trailed into nothingness.

"Yes," he said, cordially, "one meets people in curious ways here. Will you let me send an order back with yours? This stuff—I ordered it without due reflection, and the upshot of my reflection since is that I cannot eat it."

Mrs. Dare smiled. It was like a ray of sunlight penetrating the covert of years and care to the hiding-place of her youth.

"Some of the menu *is*—queer," she said, with a second's search for a just word. Kirtland caught the change it subtly showed. Years before, Jeannie Carson would have said the menu was—anything, so that she did not have to wait for a word. Somehow that tiny pause gave him a clew to her developed character. It was an evolution of impulse into justness, the forced weighing of many sides by a nature to whom quick intuitive action was the natural thing, a nature whose faith and confidence in impulse and intuition had been forever crushed down and out.

At first they talked of many things. Kirtland deliberately led, kept the talk rather, from personalities. Finally, she asked a timid question about his life, and he answered her simply and fully. Then in the pause that followed he bent forward.

"And now," he said, "won't you tell me something about yourself; your life since—the Danvers told me of Paris."

Mrs. Dare flushed so slightly that it might have been a shadow merely which passed over her face. But her thin hands tightened as they lay on the table before her, and her eyes hurt him as she raised them to his. They were the eyes of a woman who never wept, yet which held, through all the years which separated her from an emotional youth, the traces of passionate tears shed then. Kirtland spoke again, quickly.

"Don't tell me a word—if it hurts you so—yet. You know how I asked, and why. But let it all rest if it is better so."

"The Danvers knew much," she said, quietly. "I can let that part rest. Things came quickly to a crisis—after the baby died. We left each other—we decided it was all no use. Richard was—peculiar." Again there was that second's pause for a word. This time Kirtland was not satisfied with the choice. "Yes, he was—peculiar. I didn't understand him then. He hurt me with every word he uttered. After the baby died—" Her voice sank and she stopped.

"That was ten years ago," she went on steadily enough. "I went home at first, but there—they were not quite in—sympathy. They were indignant—they wanted me to get a divorce. They said incompatibility was enough—in this case more than enough. But——"

"Yet you got it?" Kirtland demanded sombrely. He had known Richard Dare had known him well.

"No!" she said, faintly. "No!" she said again. She faced his condemning gaze proudly. "There was no fault, nothing that either of us could help. He could not help being what he was. I couldn't help it that I didn't understand him. God knows I tried. I say there was no fault. Faults there were in plenty on both sides. But the sort I mean—the deeper, inner sin against one's self, against others—his was not that sin, nor was mine. We had set each other free. No court could make me freer. For nothing but legalizing another marriage." Her lip curled.

"Yet," she went on, quickly, as Kirtland would have spoken, "Richard has always known he was free—to do that—when he desired it. Yet he has never made any move toward applying for one." Her eyes glowed with a pathetic spark of happiness. "And I have never said I would not do it myself. Indeed, there was a time two years ago, when—ah, I felt fettered, bound—I would have given worlds to be free—and I began to wonder if the court decree could give me that feeling with all it would cost my pride the very spirit of me——"

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From an etching by Power O'Malley

"YOU!" SHE WHISPERED. "YOU!"

"Well?" said Kirtland, patiently, as she paused. She flushed.

"It was just at that time," she said, softly, "after ten years' silence—it was most wonderful, Maurice—I heard directly from Richard."

"Ah!" broke from Kirtland's tightly compressed lips.

"He wanted to see me again," she said, painfully. "He had heard I was coming out here—I had what seemed a good business chance then—and he wanted to meet me and talk things over. Well, I met him. We talked everything over, Maurice. And somehow, it made all the eating pain of those years go away, almost. I felt tender toward him, almost protecting, as if he were a child. People like Richard should never marry. They are not fit for marriage. He has had a hard time of it these ten years. He could never make money. What little he made he could never keep. He urged me to stay here, to break away from the little Eastern towns where I had been living. He understood how it was I wanted to be independent, and he helped me to get established here. A single tax society needed a secretary, and he got me the place. Then—there have been other things—and I managed."

"You have managed!" Kirtland broke out, bitterly. "You! And what does—he does what?" Then he could have bitten his hasty tongue out. Yet she answered him without anger, and it made him realize to the full the incalculable relief this hour of confidence was to her.

"He is out West," she said. "He has not much. And if he had millions, I could not take one penny from him. It is not that sort of thing at all," she urged. Her eyes followed her finger as it nervously traced out a knotty grain in the wood of the bare table before her.

"You see," she said, "we were both so young, and we did not know that neither of us had the key to the other's self nor to marriage. Richard cared for music, first of all, but he cared for other things too, many of them foolish and absurd, as it seemed to me then. I was not born with much temperament. I had to study very hard to un-

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From an etching by Power O'Malley

SOON SHE WAS SPEAKING OF RICHARD.

derstand things, single tax and socialism, and theosophy and magnetism, and all the things he delighted in. But I did try, after I realized I must. And afterward—I went on with it because I had to do something to keep from thinking. Richard was surprised when he saw me. He had not thought, I suppose, that I would go on growing in his direction. One thing he made me take from him, some courses in philosophy at the University. I could not manage it myself, and he urged it so that at last I consented. That seemed right. It has been a struggle, sometimes, but I have conquered. Since that first time I have seen him twice. We are friends at last, friends! You can have no idea of what that means to me. What it may lead to, I don't know. I don't plan; I don't hope. I only wait in contented patience. If it means that this problem must be worked out apart in this sphere, and that somewhere else we may grow together all the closer because of the separation here—" She looked at him with her sentence unfinished. Her eyes were shining. Her trouble for the moment seemed gone.

Kirtland averted his eyes. He was frowning slightly when she stopped, and the frown deepened. "Well, Jeannie," he said, gently, "I'm glad there's a lift somewhere. I had heard so little, and that little was so hard to hear. I wish—" He stopped, hopelessly. "Where are you staying?" he asked. "I can't lose track of you now—again."

The blood rushed to her face. "No," she said, in cruel embarrassment. "That is, I live on the West Side, on West Adams Street, but—it is not pleasant there—for callers. There is no parlor—" She gave him a glance that caught all the ease and success of his life.

Kirtland got up. "That is quite right," he said, cheerily. "Boarding is a bore. I have boarded all my life." He bent quickly down to her. "I can't thank you for all you've told me to-day. You may feel regret later for having opened your lips—I know your reserve. But when a man has wondered for years about the fate of one woman it is a great comfort to hear from her own lips that her life still has within it hopes for a happiness greater than she has known."

Kirtland will never forget the look she gave him then, and he thanked Heaven for the power to say those half lies he had just uttered.

"Sometime," Kirtland went on, cheerfully, "I am coming here again. You come frequently? Tourgoff, then—yes, he was to have sponsored me to-day, down yonder."

"I sit there," she said, "but I—could not have stood it all to-day. I was not in the mood. Mrs. Withrow would be disgusted with me."

"Mrs. Withrow?" questioned Kirtland. She looked astonished.

"The great mental scientist," she explained. "She has undertaken me."

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From an etching by Power O'Malley.

"OH," SHE SAID, BREATHLESSLY, "I WAS COMING—ALMOST—TO SEE YOU."

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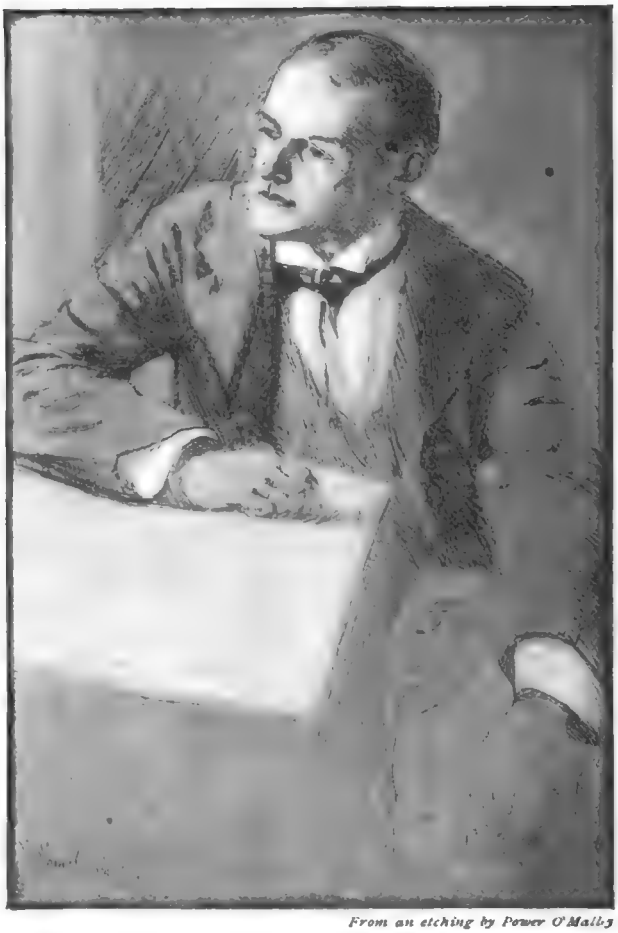
"I am an old back number," smiled Kirtland. "Well, good-by. And ask services of me, Jeannie. You have forbidden me to keep track of you, otherwise I should find ways without your asking them."

She watched him go downstairs with only a faint memory of that day twelve years before when she had sent him away from her. A pitiful rejoicing filled her that through all her halting words he had caught the spirit of change that had come over Richard Dare, the spirit that bound them together now. Kirtland had never liked Richard. She was so glad that she had been brave enough to patch out the squalid tale of that year in Paris, to tell this man of all others, that after long years she and her husband were friends.

Kirtland went the next day to the same café with Tourgoff. He did not expect to see Jeannie there, and his instinct was a true one. He found the table rather interesting. Of them all, Tourgoff was easily king. There was a small Russian Jew who talked avidly on the student outrages; an Italian who seemed consumed with chronic rage; an Englishman, and two Frenchmen, the only two who provided anything of a relief to the deadly serious aspect of things the others catered to. There were women—Kirtland passed up all the women, aggressive with the worst form of aggressiveness. How in the name of wonders did Jeannie Dare hold her own with them—with any of the queer clan that changed rapidly week by week!

Suddenly he found that her name was on everybody's tongue, that she had become the topic for talk. He listened as they analyzed her with conscious pride in their analyses; as they spoke of her timidity, and her fight against it; the hold she was getting on mental science. She was a member of the Ethical Society, having only recently discarded theosophy as empty and meaningless.

Kirtland turned at last to Tourgoff, the only man among them all of the real stamp after which these people were striving. Tourgoff was another Tricotrin, and beside him the rest looked pitiful and affected.



From an etching by Power O'Malley

HE DECIDED TO GIVE HER A TASTE OF SPRING.

"Do you believe a person can sincerely educate himself up to this sort of thing?" Kirtland asked, whimsically.

"No," said Tourgoff, quickly, "There is no one here. Everyone tries to get the vernacular, not the real thing. I should like to see in all your country," said Tourgoff, pathetically, "one woman who is really one of us; built on big, generous lines. These—! The freedom microbe gets in the blood, and the women begin to run after the gods they feel they should adore, and they become what you see. This little woman, I am much interested in her, Mrs. Dare. She should be at home, petting babies, adoring some great, kind, handsome fellow of a husband. Instead—" He shrugged his shoulders. "I know her husband; a fellow—oh, well enough—a dreamer;

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a man of several talents; one who has frittered his life away on many things instead of one. There has been much unhappiness there. What there is now I do not know. Two years ago he came and asked me to get her something to do, something that would bring her into contact with thinkers. Poor child, she does not want thinkers: though she is no fool, this little Mrs. Dare. But she is bewildered, moulded by cruel force into unnatural existence. She has been pulling at this tangle of marriage for years, and she hopes at last to come into peace. The mistake is too fundamental. They should never have married. She comes here nearly every day. She has a child-like directness that often discomfits our most ardent faddists. She is among strange gods, yes. As are most of these here. Only they are not sincere and she is. Here comes the man I want you to meet. If you permit me——"

Kirtland found that, in addition to the secretaryship, Mrs. Dare did copying at odd times, and so through an agency he managed to send her many briefs and much legal matter, no sheet of which he used. He found by accident where she lived, and one night, at a late hour, he walked out there. It was on West Adams Street as she had told him, a district that was once the abode of wealth and is now the haunt of squalor. Kirtland put it quite that sternly as he walked down the ill-paved, ill-lighted, and ill-smelling street. This was where she lived, the sort of thing she had been brought to by that precious fellow she had chosen. That she should be here, the woman whose powerlessness to love him had made his whole life lonely and loveless! He was no misanthrope. He did not know to-night how much or how little, or if any at all, of that old love still lingered in the secret places of his heart. But he had been lonely, pitifully lonely. That she should be here! And he over there, beyond reach of the smoke and factory stenches—he almost hated himself for a selfish brute.

He thought of her with cruel deliberateness. She had been lovely in her early youth. Now at thirty she was barely attractive. Her eyes were—scared. Life, poor child, had been brutal to her. And the pathos of it! her attempts at consolation, the vain effort to soothe that aching mother heart, to fill that vacant life with what-not, scraps of ologies and isms, theosophy and mental science! Mental science here! And her last feeble clutch at happiness—this thing of friendship with her husband. Kirtland turned on his heel and strode viciously back to his hotel. What was the use! All he could do was to send her some copying now and then, to be paid for at regular rates, with the agency fee deducted.

Six months passed after their first meeting before he met her again on State Street. Her eyes were strained. He could not mistake their quick relief as she lifted them to his.

"Oh," she said, breathlessly, "I was coming —almost—to see you—to ask you something —that worries me."

"Have you had luncheon?" asked Kirtland, readily. "Neither have I. We can talk very well this way." He touched her arm imperatively, for she hesitated. After they were seated and he had ordered with more modesty than he desired, he looked directly at her. "Now," he said, "for the matter you want to see me about. I shall find out what it is before we go, so hesitation is useless."

"It is so shameful," she said, tremulously, "that I could not get courage immediately to come and tell you, and I needed to know, and there was no one but you. It is my landlady. She overheard some things one night in my room—when Mrs. Withrow was there—she is a superstitious Irishwoman—she claims I am a medium, and that I must give up my room, a thing I am only too glad to do. Only she demands a month's rent in advance, and says she will carry it to court if I don't pay it instead of the month's notice. And she will not let me stay a month. No woman ever talked to me as she did. I never knew a woman could talk so." She shivered. "It would be dreadful, all such a woman might say in court—" She was evidently overcome with a horror of the unknown processes of law.

"Yes," said Kirtland, as he took some swift addresses.

"It isn't a pleasant part of town," added Mrs. Dare, shrinkingly.

"No," said Kirtland, briefly. "Now, Jeannie, I'm going to arrange a good many things all at once; this woman, and your new boarding place. Lawyers have cards that fit like puzzles. There is a nice little woman in Hyde Park, alone now, her daughter has just gone East for the year. She wants someone there. Don't crucify yourself by going into details, Jeannie. I know everything you would tell me. Let me leave you to telephone, and in three hours, if all goes well, I shall take

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you to your new quarters. And every detail you shall know and approve."

She watched him go with worry and unrest. How could she tell him that she *must not* pay one cent over what the Irishwoman was getting, and how could she pay that only, and live elsewhere?

Kirtland came back shortly. "Mrs. Murray accepts my recommendation," he said. "Your room and dinner will be ready for you to-night. Her terms will be what you have been paying. I have just sent my clerk to your Irish lady. And let this fish check your too abundant thanks for too little a thing. You are an intense little woman, Jeannie, too intense for happiness. Callousness is a great good sometimes."

"If you knew," she said, in a strained voice that cut through him, "how hard I have battled that the place might stay sensitive, how hard I have struggled to stay convinced it was wisdom to keep it so——"

And soon she was speaking of Richard, with eyes that were strangely staring, almost hypnotic looking. "I am struggling to bring our very souls into sympathy," she said, with an earnestness that seemed to Kirtland awful. "I have the strangest experiences. Sometimes it seems our thought waves must be in absolute harmony. I can almost hear his voice. I can see him, actually see him. Richard does not write often, perhaps not so often as at first, but when he does—it is almost uncanny, the thoughts he touches on, the ways he expresses them. He believes this, too, mental suggestion. But I haven't dared write about it. I don't write much. I want him to feel perfectly free."

A woman might have cried at the smile that flooded Mrs. Dare's wan face at her last words. Kirtland, being only a man, put away pathos in anger. Yet he managed to hide it from her. "Do you expect him soon?" he asked, directly.

"He hasn't said much about it of late, has not been writing much, as I said. But that is right. There is no compelling force on either of us. He writes when he feels like it, and I answer as wisely as I can."

Four hours later Kirtland left her in her new home. He broke hurriedly away from her almost speechless gratitude. It was only ordinary comfort he had given her, but it was that at least. He was glad, angrily glad, that with all her pinched resources she had not taken one cent from her husband. After all, there were friends and friends.

One lovely May day, six months later, Kirtland shut up his desk at noon. The parks were just green, he knew. The lake called to him as he caught its indigo blue from his office window. He decided to go out on the south side, on the chance of finding Jeannie at home. Then if she were there he would give her a taste of spring, even though it were a city one. He did not go out there frequently. But when he did he was grateful that she always seemed glad to see him, glad to ask and receive advice. They talked less and less about Richard, and she grew to volunteer less and less. He found himself chafing and fretting under the uselessness of the strain she was bearing. The conviction grew in him that she no longer loved Dare. He had doubted at first; but she had ideas on marriage, duty, honor, and, with the sweet stubbornness of a tender woman, she clung to their shadows long after the substance had dropped away.

When she came into the little parlor to greet him, all thoughts of holidays and Maying fled his mind. He had not seen her for almost a month. Her face was gray. Her eyes were sunken. Her shoulders were bent.

"I—heard—this morning—from Richard," she said, breathlessly. "He—wants to be—free. There is a woman—a girl—he wants the—divorce—himself—her people object anyway—they might not object—so much——"

"Damnation!" said Kirtland, savagely. He had caught her swaying figure. She weakly wrested herself free and stared at him painfully. Suddenly she laughed shrilly, with utter feebleness.

"All the time," she cried, her laugh rising higher and higher, "I was thinking—we were —in sympathy, longing after the same things —in sympathy—sympathy—sympathy——"

Kirtland caught her again, and laid her gently down.

"What are you going to do—before I call Mrs. Murray—contest?"

"Never!" she cried. All the unnatural laugh was gone from her voice. In its place was unnatural horror. "Never! His freedom has always been his to take. I should degrade myself to contest."

"Then I shall manage it all," said Kirtland, compellingly. "You must have representation. And I am desperately afraid you are going to be ill."

"Oh!" she cried, in pitiful panic, "I can't be ill, I—can't be—ill!"

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"You shall be ill," said Kirtland, savagely still. "You shall be very ill, my poor girl, without a care or fear."

And ill she was for many weeks, weeks that gave Dare his freedom, and Kirtland two or three added years of anxiety. During her illness, and even in the days of her convalescence he did not see her. At last, in the advancing days of her recovery he went boldly in, unannounced, to her little sitting-room, and while Mrs. Murray's guilty footsteps died away in the hall without, he stood and looked at her. He was shocked at her appearance. As she saw him she rose with great trembling, and held out her hand with a stiffness and reserve she had never shown him.

"I wouldn't see you before," she said, with the old breathless catch in her voice, "because I wasn't well enough—to think—but now—you must—you *must* help me to some way of repaying—everything——"

It may well be asserted that no offer of marriage was ever made that a woman did not precipitate. Certainly Jeannie Dare, when she came to think it over, decided justly that Kirtland could not be expected to do other than what he did. For he talked for many minutes, while she sobbed weakly and murmured incoherently from time to time.

"But it seems—awful," she said at last. "So soon—and I don't want marriage—ever again." He caught at the note of surrender.

"If you must have ethics," he insisted, "there never was true marriage. And all these years, in what there was, there has been only steadily widening separation. Dear, you must be made well. All the doctors say a voyage is the thing. You will not take it from me any other way. And you must have it. You are so altogether helpless, and the pathos of it all is more than I can endure. You are a woman of ideals—you cannot get out and struggle with men. You have repeated one thing time and again, and I am going to be a cad and notice it at last. If there be a debt you owe me, there is only one way of cancelling it, only one."

The moon of a month later was riding high in the heavens. A great steamer was cutting through the waters its foamy path. In a sheltered corner of the deserted deck, lying back in her chair, well wrapped in rugs, a woman watched with soft, eloquent eyes a man standing at some distance from her, idly sending smoke wreaths over the railing. Many minutes passed. At last he turned abruptly, and looked toward her. For a few moments he stood so; then he came over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"It's glorious, dear," he said. His voice, for Kirtland's voice, was curiously hushed and vibrant. "But it's very, very late."

"Maurice," his wife said, impulsively. Her eyes were shining with an old eager, strained light that carried him back to that day he met her a year and more before. "Maurice, I want to ask you one question—don't laugh at me. But there seemed so much in it once. Did you, just then, feel drawn here—toward me—the power of my own longing compelling you?"

Kirtland looked into her eager eyes that had their old hypnotic, unhealthful gleam. A good deal of their future was concerned in what happened then.

"Will you put me down forever as a Philistine, dear," he said, with a little laugh, "if I should tell you that a spanking breeze caught me suddenly, and I fled for shelter?"

He had drawn her gently to her feet. Suddenly he caught her close to him. That old love, the love he had pondered over for so many months as to whether it were dead or alive or only sleeping, the love that in the face of her great need became lost in tenderness and pity—it had not been all pity for helplessness, all tenderness over wasted sweetness; or, if it were, it was a gloriously tender pity, one with love itself. It came to him like a revelation; it hushed him with joy. At last she spoke.

"That question was a test," she said. "A test of myself, not of you. I sha'n't ever ask you another like it. I suppose we can imagine almost anything—if we think we should. If you didn't come then across those feet of space because I called you, you never will come, unless you want to, all yourself."

And suddenly a laugh broke through her soberness, a laugh bubbling with amusement and contentment and youth. Kirtland's lips had parted in eager speech, but at the sound he closed them resolutely. She looked merry, young again, and happy. Fittingly, through falsity, her false gods had died. Confession had been on Kirtland's lips, confession at whose purport he was unutterably amazed. For he had turned to her across those intervening boards with longing in his heart, longing that had come in the midst of idlest dreamings, like an electric flash from the clear sky. And the still night had yet to know a chilling breeze.

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A Hero of the Hour

McEvoy, of Truck No. 3

By PAUL SEVERING

IN the New York Fire Department all acts of heroism are compared with what Jim McEvoy did that Sunday morning in May last when he carried his partner McNally, a living torch, out of a burning tenement. That feat is considered by Commissioners and men alike to be the bravest yet performed by a fire-fighter. McNally died after days of agony and his funeral was one of the biggest tributes of respect that firemen ever paid a dead comrade, for he was brave, as brave as McEvoy. Had he lived, it might be a question which of them would be most entitled to the highest honor medal of the year—the difference being that McNally was brave with the recklessness that knows no fear, while McEvoy is of the kind that counts the cost of each step, then plunges in. Here is the story:

FIREMAN JAMES McEVOY

A pot of lard boiled over in a bakeshop in the first story of a New York East Side tenement, and in a few minutes the building was in flames. They are hard workers, these tenement dwellers, and Sunday morning is their time of rest; so when the policeman on the beat rushed up through the house he found most of the tenants in bed. He hammered on door after door, and seeing retreat cut off from below, commanded the frightened people to follow him to the roof. They did, making their escape through the scuttle, across the roofs and down through neighboring houses to the street. Then it was found that one man, a cabinet-maker, had been forgotten.

Truck 3, to which McNally and McEvoy belonged, had arrived by this time and a ladder was put up toward the window of the cabinet-maker's room. But the fire had gained such headway that it was deemed unwise to order the firemen to mount the structure. It did not seem to those in authority that anyone could enter that building and live. But they calculated without McNally. He found out that there was a man in the building, and without waiting for orders he mounted the ladder and disappeared through the window. It is said that no one saw him go, which might easily be, for the smoke was thick and the excitement intense. And he might have burned to death then and there but for the merest

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chance. Jim McEvoy had started for the truck, which was around the corner, to get his rubber boots. As he ran he looked up at the building, and as his glance swept across the blazing front he saw at the window above the ladder, a face. It was the face of McNally, but McEvoy did not know that; he thought it was the face of the cabinet-maker. It was but a fleeting glimpse, for the face disappeared almost instantly. McEvoy forgot his boots and, running forward, he too climbed the ladder. He was too far up before they saw him or could order him down, and so another fireman, Shaugnessy by name, backed him up by climbing after him.

McEvoy mounted steadily toward the window, from which the flames were belching as from a furnace. During an interval when the blast seemed less severe he caught the sill and dived through. No one expected him to reappear, but in a minute he was back with what looked like a huge torch in his arms. The torch was McNally, who was aflame from head to foot.

The window was at the head of a flight of stairs, and, as near as can be ascertained, McNally, when he entered, missed his footing and fell headlong downstairs into the fire. Nevertheless, he managed to crawl up to the window again, and it was at the moment when he looked out that McEvoy had seen his face. Being unable to crawl out, he fell back to the landing and lay there until McEvoy reached him. The flames had eaten through his rubber coat and he was burning up. To touch him was like handling a hot brand. Nevertheless, McEvoy put his hands around the brand and lifted it through the window. The flames from McNally set fire to McEvoy, but he never flinched nor did he drop his burden, although the firemen below, thinking that he might, spread the life-net to catch them both. "Somehow or other," as he says himself, he managed to pass McNally down to where Shaugnessy was waiting, and together they got him down while the stream from the hose played on them to keep them from burning to death.

This man had just performed the bravest deed in the annals of the department. No one can hug a hot brand without feeling the contact of the flame. Yet, when McEvoy got his burden to earth and they were waiting for the ambulance to take them to the hospital, he must needs elude the eye of his chief and rush around to help rescue the cabinet-maker, who, after all, had succeeded in escaping from the opposite side of the building. They had to put him under guard to keep him quiet until the ambulance came and he went to the hospital under protest, swearing that there was nothing the matter with him, although the skin was off his arms from wrist to shoulder. Then when his arms had been dressed he must needs go home at once, "for fear his wife would worry," and when he got there he explained to her quite minutely how he had "just scratched himself" from falling through a hole in the floor of a building. And it was only when the newspaper men came and told her about it that Mrs. McEvoy learned what a hero her husband had been.

James McEvoy is twenty-six years old and has been less than two years a fireman. He is not yet a medal man, but that is because medals are distributed only at the end of each fiscal year for work done during the preceding twelve months. But when medals were last distributed, he stood in the reviewing stand beside the Governor and the Mayor and the Commissioners, and the approval that was showered upon him came no less fervently from the officials present than it did from the mob in the street. Battalion Chief Burns is quoted as saying:

"It was absolutely the greatest piece of nerve I have ever seen, and I have been a good many years a fireman. It was not the climbing he had to do, for every rescue means more or less of that, but it was the dive into that open window that might just as well have been the door of a furnace, knowing all the time that outside of that window every other means of escape was cut off. No man who saw that exhibition or the exhibition that followed while McEvoy held on to his comrade, will ever forget it."

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World-old Handicrafts

By ANDREW APPLETON

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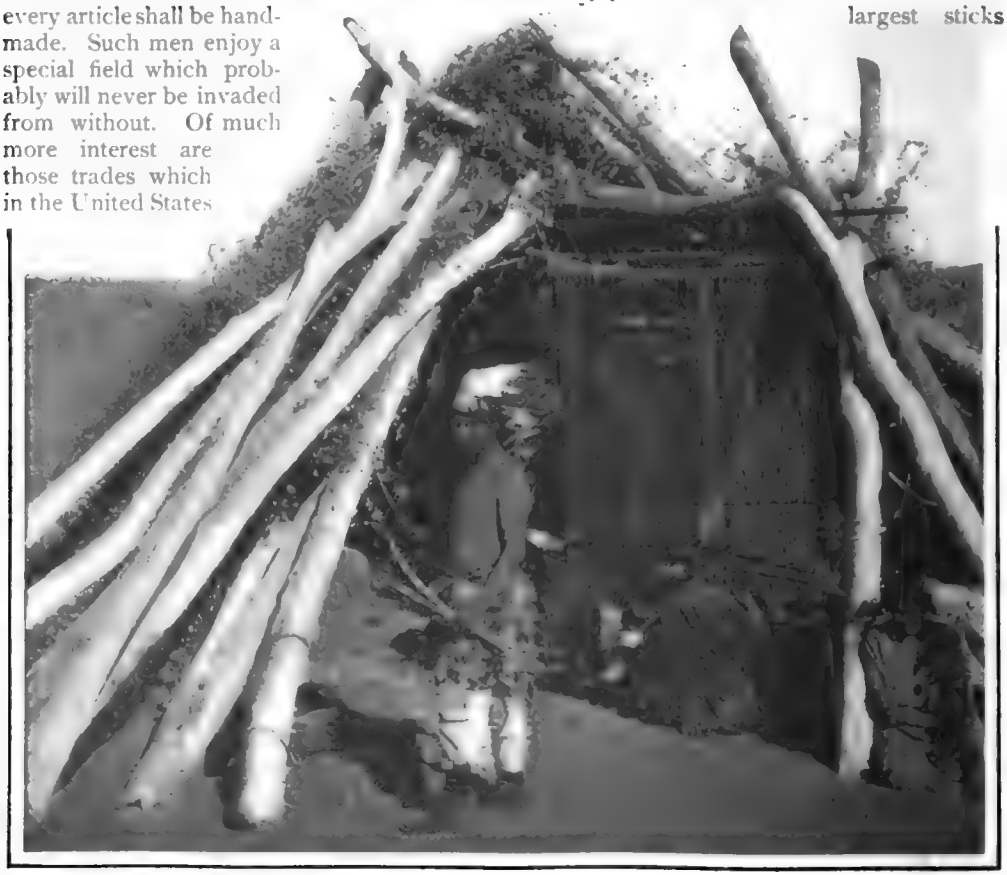
IN countries east of Suez, where centuries of tradition make the introduction of new methods extremely difficult, there may yet be found many tradesmen plying vocations as they were plied two thousand years ago, and many others whose work is so truly the outcome of local conditions that it will doubtless never be menaced by the machine-made article. In some of these countries the old-style craftsmen derive their chief support from art collectors and from relic-hunting tourists to whom it is of first consideration that every article shall be hand-made. Such men enjoy a special field which probably will never be invaded from without. Of much more interest are those trades which in the United States have felt the revolutionizing process, but which in other countries are still pursued in the old manner. Merely to see these tradesmen at work is to realize the measure of our own progress.

In our big lumber mills they think nothing of reducing great pine sticks to kindling wood in a few minutes, and the mill-man is merely required to see that the stick is secured straight in the carriage. Such a man would be bewildered if compelled suddenly to follow the Philippine method of lumber reduction. There the largest sticks



A NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVER, ARIZONA.

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THE MORNING PROCESSION OF MILKMAIDS AT KIEF, RUSSIA.

AN ONION VENDER IN SUNNY PORTUGAL.

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are sawed by hand. Even woods as hard as teak are set up on a frame, and two laborers monotonously pull a big band-saw through its tough length for days and days until they have produced the slabs of which Eastern furniture is made. Yet, in spite of the length of time necessary to achieve such a result, these woods are exported to civilized countries at good profit. Photographs on page 634 show the Eastern lumberman at work with his band saw, while the Western steamers lie near at hand waiting for a cargo. The same methods obtain in China.

After the lumber is cut into comparatively small pieces by the bandsawers, it is sold to the native carpenters and builders to be erected into houses. But the native carpenter has a task before him that calls for the exercise of greater skill than is required of his fellow-craftsman in the United States. The

SELLERS OF HOT PEPPERS AT CORDOBA, MEXICO

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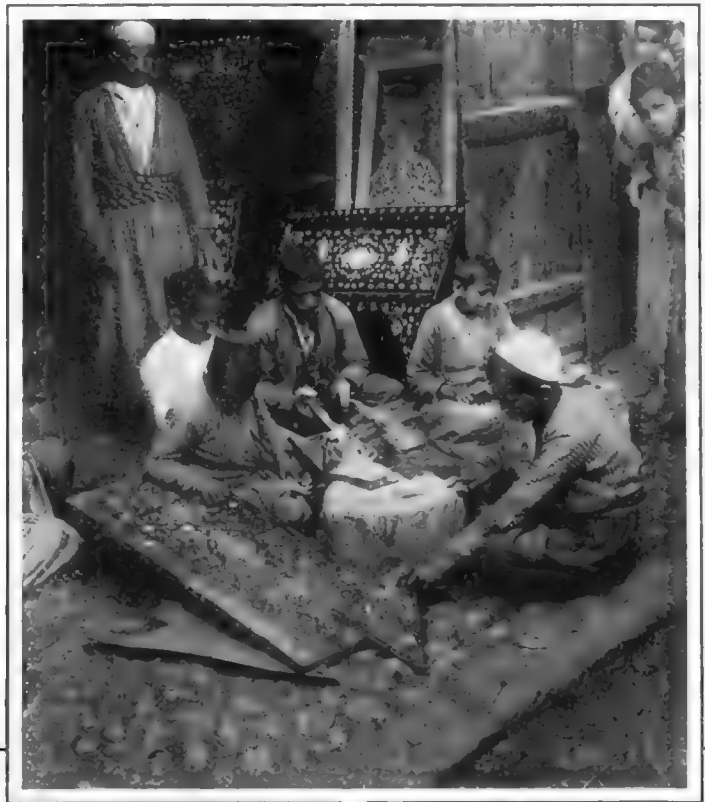
modern carpenter is little more than a joiner of parts. The intricate mouldings and beadings used in our houses are made in mills by machinery, and come ready finished to the joiner's hand. All he has to do is to put them together.

The carpenter of the Far East receives the wood in the rough, exactly as it is left by



PEARL SALTERS, SHAWL MAKERS, AND WOOD TURNERS OF DAMASCUS

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NAZARENE MAT MAKERS.

A CARPENTER SHOP IN NAZARETH.

the bandsawer. He, or a fellow-tradesman, must carve his moldings before they can be placed in the houses. In India, China, Turkey, Syria, and adjacent countries these clever artisans may be seen working with tools as primitive almost as those used in the days before America was discovered. Occasionally an enterprising native will introduce a small piece of Western-made machinery, but not often. Lathes are everywhere employed, but they are not the steel article exported from the United States. The wood to be turned is secured in a spindle; a cord attached to a flexible stick is given a turn or two around it; the other end of the cord is drawn taut, and the resulting bow is worked backward and forward. The effect of this is to whirl the wood rapidly, when it may be easily shaped by means of knives and chisels.

Even this crude contrivance is disdained by the inlay workers of Syria and Persia. One may walk along the streets of Damascus and see these skilful craftsmen cutting intricate designs in hard wood and inserting bits of pearl and ivory therein with tools for which the word primitive is descriptively inadequate. And these tools are made by smiths whose method is just as crude. The Japanese ironworker does indeed use an anvil of Western shape, but his bellows is a curious affair worked by a small boy, and the

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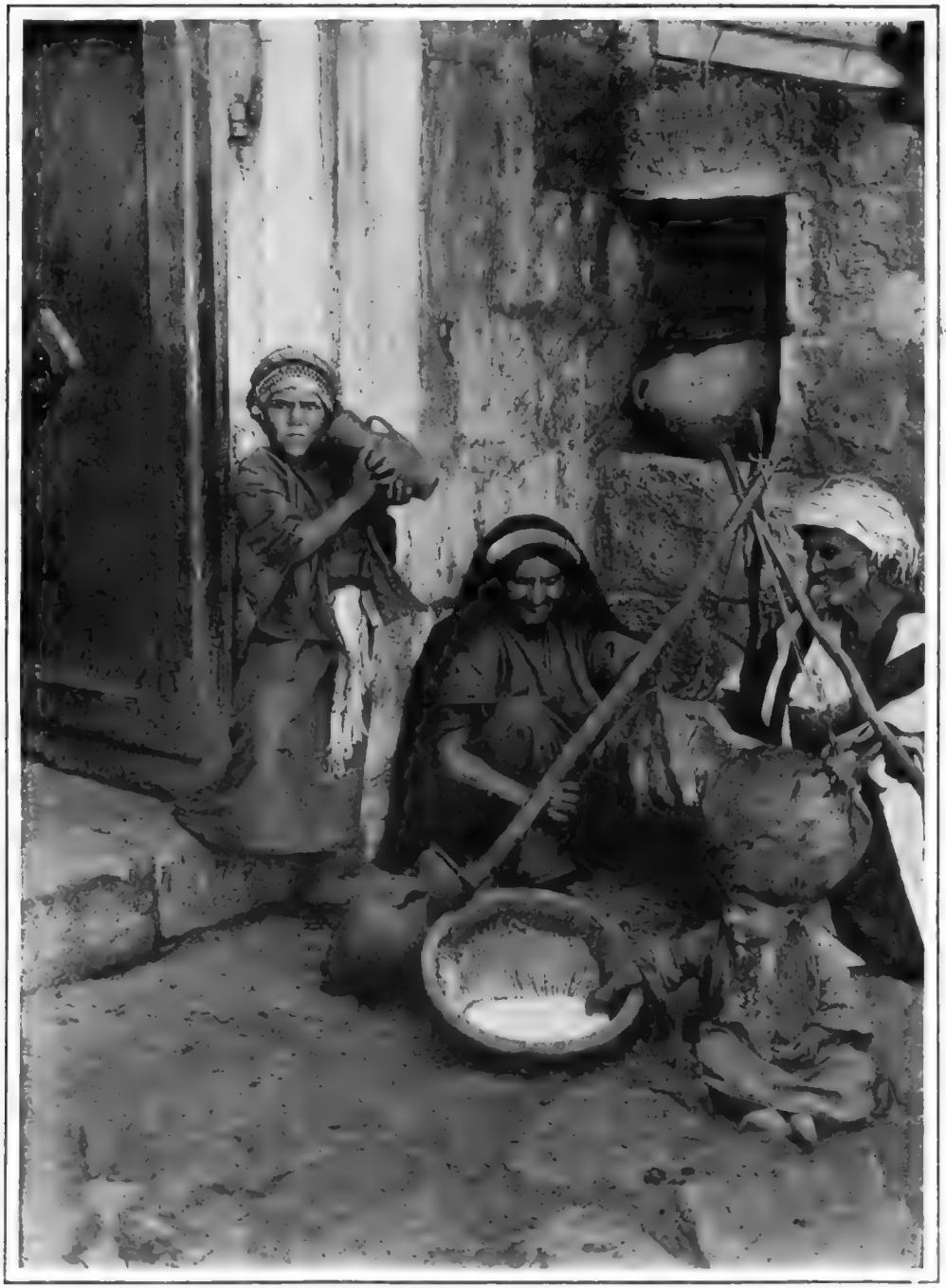

CHURNING BUTTER IN A GOAT-SKIN, BUROTH, PALESTINE.

smith himself sits, or rather squats, on the floor while he fashions his products. Yet it cannot be denied that the work of the Eastern smith is of as good a grade and of as fine a temper as any turned out of our own machine-shops. Witness the swords of Damascus, which enjoy a centuries-old reputation and are as well made to-day as

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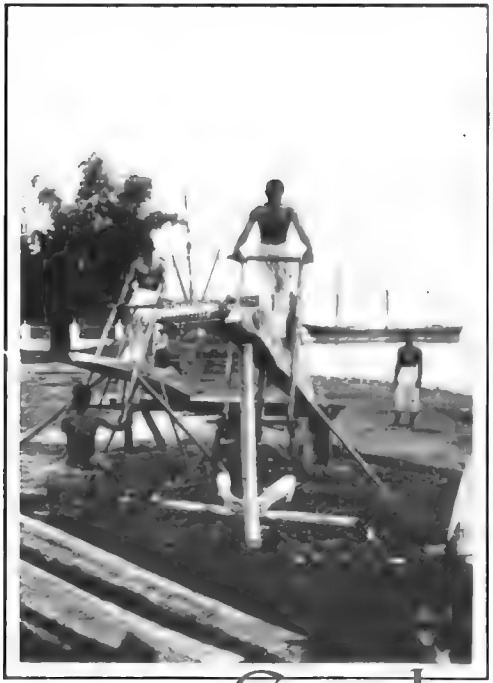
A CHINESE FISHING OUTFIT NEAR HANKOW.

ever they were. On page 631 the sword maker is shown at work in the same manner and with the same tools as employed by his forefathers in the days of the Crusaders. The scabbards of the swords are in themselves art products which only these Eastern inlay workers seem able to execute.

Even in the United States the jewelers' trade has not felt the inroads of the labor-saving machine so much as have some kindred crafts. In the East this has not been



A SWORD MAKER AT WORK.

SAWYERS IN A CHINESE LUMBER MILL.

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felt at all. Examine closely the illustration showing the Kandyan jeweler at work. Although surrounded by the evidence of his handiwork, carvings, repoussé and inlay work, yet the character of his anvil and forge is simple in the extreme. The latter seems to be little more than a brazier, the flame of which is quickened by air-pressure from the mouth applied through a thin tube. And the delicate bits of art are handled with a pair of tongs large enough and coarse enough to find welcome in a blacksmith's shop. Another illustration shows the crude grinding tool used by the Ceylonese moonstone polisher. His outfit is operated on much the same principle as the Syrian lathe, the rope being a hand belt by means of which the grinding wheel may be made to whirl with considerable speed. Yet the product of these Eastern jewelry shops frequently brings fabulous prices.

FLAG VENDERS AT KOBE, JAPAN.

Even the methods of producing the necessaries of life seem to have changed little in the East under the stimulus of Western teaching. The modern churn is comparatively unknown in Palestine. There they make but-

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GRINDING MOONSTONES AT KANDY, CEYLON.

ter by enclosing the cream in a goat's skin, which is hung to a tripod and violently shaken back and forth. This does not appeal to one as an over-clean process, and yet it is probably as sanitary as the condition of a modern churn would be after the latter had been used by such people for a short time. When these same people make bread, however, the sanitary principle is upheld perforce by the fact that continued heat is necessary to accomplish the primary object. Here again we are impressed by the difference between the bake-oven in actual use and the modern cook-stove which might be used. Yet of course there is an even greater gulf between the method of these Syrians and that of the Africans shown in another picture. The blacks grind their corn by rubbing it on a flat stone and cook it in an open fire.

Between the mat makers of Palestine and those of Spain there is a wide gulf, as wide in fact as there is between the rope-walk of Spain and that of the United States. Yet their methods have in common a picturesque quality not to be found in the modern Western establishment.

There is one trade of the Far East which modern machinery will probably never invade. That is Japanese umbrella-making. We have long since reduced the making of our own

NATIVE GOLDSMITHS AT WORK, KANDY, CEYLON.

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AN UMBRELLA-MAKER, KOBE, JAPAN

rain umbrellas to an exact science, but the making of the paper sun-shades of the Japanese is an art which the Westerner may try in vain to acquire. Paper umbrellas are indeed made in the United States, but Japanese workmen are there employed in the production, so that the art still remains of the East. The slicing of the bamboo, the delicacy necessary in joining the slivers, the dexterity required in pasting the sheer covering on the sticks, are obstacles in the way of Western enterprise. But the Japanese make little ado about it, judging by the very slim wages earned by the native workmen.

A JAPANESE SWITCH

And after the wares of the Eastern craftsman are ready for sale, the method of offering them to the public differs materially from our own. There is no middleman to add another profit to the goods: the maker is generally also the retailer, and his prices, governed entirely by the exigency of the moment, are often far from stable. A photograph on page 635 shows two little merchants of Kobe, Japan, literally drumming their wares along the highway. Doubtless, in this case, they have only helped to make the flags which they offer for sale; but the customer would still be getting the goods at first hand.

The "hot pepper" seller of Mexico is a merchant who derives his livelihood from the fact that the Mexican must have his pep-

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pers, whatever else he may deny himself. They are brought to his door by the countryman, or he may go to the market-place and find them spread out for sale on matting. It will be noticed that the marketman, while dressed inexpensively as far as his bodily garb is concerned, wears in nearly every instance an elaborate head-covering. Some of these Mexicans own hats that cost as much as the rest of their wardrobe. The pride of the white man in his Panama is not to be compared to that of the Mexican in his sombrero. It is a racial characteristic which finds its counterpart in the apron of the Portuguese onion-seller. Her occupation may be lowly, but her apron might be that of a woman of higher degree. In the one pictured it is made of plush edged with fur.

ONE OF THE STREET MERCHANTS OF TUNIS.

Another fair merchant is the lady shown of the Tunisian bazaar. She is of the East, Eastern, and her general ensemble is even more gorgeous than that of the onion-seller. Judging by the expectancy of her pose there is probably a group of American tourists approaching from the right. The open door of the native barber-shop gives just enough contrast to bring her figure into strong relief, and the Moorish decorations of the house-front add specific character to the scene.

BA-ROLONG WOMEN GRINDING CORN, SOUTH AFRICA.

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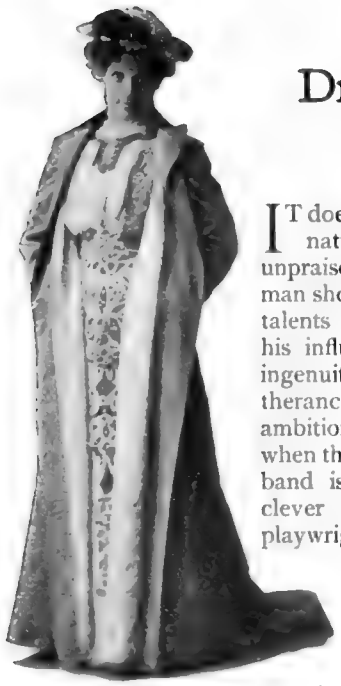
Dramatists' Wives

By F. ELDERKIN FYLES



LOUISE ALLEN
(Mrs. William Collier).

IT does not seem unnatural, or even unpraiseworthy, that a man should devote his talents and his time, his influence and his ingenuity, to the furtherance of his wife's ambition. And yet, when the devoted husband is a peculiarly clever and valuable playwright, doesn't it seem rather a misfortune for him to limit his conceptions and even jeopardize whole creations to satisfy the ambition of a mediocre actress? And wives of clever men are usually remarkable for their mediocrity.

It is doubtful if the casual play-goer, or even the more frequent, realizes how many dramatists boost and shove and haul and push their inadequate wives into exalted places, far above and beyond those more talented actresses who have failed to reckon the advantages of matrimony in their schemes for professional progress. If Anne Hathaway had utilized the advantage of being Mrs. W. Shakespeare in the direction of a stage career, her name would have come to us as the patron saint of leading women. Think of figuring in theatrical history as the first *Juliet*, or as having (in stage parlance) "created" *Rosalind!* And yet, had Shakespeare limited himself to writing for a single personality, even supposing it to have been in one line, would his heroines not all have been as near akin as *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, and *Desdemona*, touching no such diversified extremes as *Portia's* analytical mirth, *Viola's* subtle poetry, or the selfish, dark duplicity of *Macbeth's* lady? In modern instances, might not Carton and Esmond be the peers of Henry Arthur-Jones and Fitch, did they write for women as varied in temperament as do those authors?

CECILIA LOFTUS
(Formerly Mrs. Justin H. McCarthy).

VIRGINIA HARNED
(Mrs. E. H. Sothern).

This marital fidelity among playwrights is more common in England, although we have shining examples here. Indeed, who could do more than our late Charles H. Hoyt, who kept two wives in stardom through his own wit rather than any talent native to themselves? But of the American husband-dramatists there have been no scanty number. Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Mrs. James A. Herne, Mrs. William Collier, Mrs. David Higgins, Mrs. E. M. Royle,

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Mrs. George M. Cohan, Mrs. Russ Wythal, and Mrs. Otis Skinner are some who come to mind as having played their lords and masters' heroines, and always in those same husbands' companies.

In one play, the notorious "Margaret Fleming," Mr. Herne gave his wife the predominant part, figuring only incidentally himself. The last play in which she acted with him, or indeed with any one, was the splendidly serious and sane war drama "The Reverend Griffith Davenport." In his only play between that and his death, Mr. Herne wrote for his daughters, Chrystal and Julia, instead of his wife. Mrs. Royle, known on the stage as Selena Fetter, has acted conspicuously with Royle in his "Captain Impudence" and "Friends," and also appeared at the Garrick some years ago in his oddly named "problem" play of "1 + 1 = 3." The Wythal plays for mutual domestic effulgence were "For Fair Virginia," "Vagabondia" and several one-act pieces, and of the Higgins dramas, in the writing of which Mrs. Higgins is supposed to have actively participated, the best known are "Up York State" and "At Piney Ridge." Louise Allen Collier had her best husband-sent part in "Mr. Smooth," while Beatrice Cameron (Mrs. Mansfield) fared but ill in the Mansfield "Don Juan" and "Scarlet Letter" dramatizations. Mrs. Otis Skinner, professionally known as Maud Durbin, has had but little chance to show New York what she can do. The Skinner dramatization of "Lazarre" (written with Aubrey Boucicault) never reached New York, and when his stage version of "Prince Otto" came to Wallack's, Mrs. Skinner gave up the principal part to a more prominent actress, contenting herself with an insignificant rôle.

ELLALINE TERRISS (MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS).

GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAURICE MAETERLINCK)

But among Americans the most difficult case is surely George M. Cohan's. Here is a young man who supplies himself and four others of his family with parts, and has the further complication of a brother-in-law as manager. It was all very well when the Four Cohans were in vaudeville, a rather clever family, supplied with what they could do by a bright son. But children will grow up and marry, and George took unto himself a Levey, while Josephine married Fred Niblo. They all came into the firm, and

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trouble broke upon the clan of Cohan. A mother and daughter could amicably adjust "leading lady" honors, but a daughter-in-law complicated things to the extent that half of last season sister Josephine did not appear as one of the Four Cohans, and this season Mrs. George M. will disregard that fact entirely, and figure in the public eye as Ethel and all, kissed and embraced when bowing to encores, and in a box sat a young Cohan, fondly waving a rose to "mamma" when she appeared in male attire leading a street parade.

However, it is in England that the situation is most interesting. There we see women, professionally obscure, lifted into glaring

Photograph by The Otto Sarony Co., New York.

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY (MRS. GEORGE ARLISS).

Levey, star. When this popular family came to the Fourteenth Street Theatre with "Running for Office," the press agent stood in the lobby on the first night and handed typewritten slips to the critics, assuring them that there was only one "leading lady" among the Four Cohans. Miss Josephine and none other had right to claim that title. But if indications of stormy weather showed in the lobby, not so on the stage. Cohans, one

prominence by their husbands' writings. As soon as the dramatist has gained a position to dictate, his wife comes to be a clause in the contract. Henry V. Esmond and R. C. Carton, who stand most noticeably in this, take, by right of brain, places second only to Pinero and Arthur-Jones among the modern Londoners. When George Alexander buys a play by Esmond, Fay Davis must needs give up her place as his leading actress at the

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SELENA FETTER (MRS E. M. ROYLE)

St. James's, and abdicate to Mrs. Esmond. And what is the result? Through attractions vested in her by her husband's play, the brilliant comedy of "The Wilderness," Mrs. Esmond becomes a London favorite, is retained in leadership for the succeeding piece by popular demand, and is now a fixture at the St. James's as surely as the theatre's actor-manager himself.

Another instance, nearer to us in that the power of this pen was felt in New York as in London. A year ago Florence Montgomery was unknown. George Arliss, her husband, sells his farce of "There and Back" to Charles Hawtrey, a sure means of bringing it before England's play-going best. No; Jessie Bateman or Fannie Ward may not have the principal female rôle. That is Mrs. Arliss's by right of a hoop of gold—and she becomes a London personage in a night. But England is not the theatrical universe, and when the author's fame was extended to us by an American production, he insisted that his wife go with the manuscript—and in this case it is not ungallant to liken her to the chromo with a pound of tea, in that her object was grotesque comicality—an object most laughably realized. And now, "There and Back" being translated into Italian for a Roman hearing, are we to suppose the bright young niece of Professor Brander Matthews's wife is polishing up her knowledge of the language of Europe's sunny South to increase the internationality of her fame?

But return to London — especially that part of London where Charles Hawtrey acts—and consider how truly is the Hawtrey leading woman a thing of time and play; Mrs. Esmond in the Esmond comedy of "One Summer's Day"; Mrs. Carton in her husband's "Lord and Lady Algy"; Mrs. Arliss when the piece was "There and Back"; the husband's moving finger writes, the wife moves on. Mrs. Carton moves from the Court Theatre to the Avenue, thence on to the Criterion, or wherever her husband's comedies prevail—and right and left established leading women fall silently to obscurity.

Seymour Hicks used to be farce writer for the Gaiety. Then Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Hicks) shone there quite alone, sup-

CRYSTAL HERNE

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plied with all her pretty talent could cope with, overburdened with no task beyond it. So it was till Hicks turned his cleverness into grooves more serious; and at once the sprightly Ellaline sobered into semi-tearful comedy. And Mrs. Cecil Raleigh! She who gave her rather stolid acting to the provinces, bided her time, and in the year just passed, her husband's position as melodramatist-in-ordinary to the Royal Drury Lane having become secure, he demanded that she play the truly central woman mentioned in the title of "The Queen of Society." The list, in England, could be carried on almost interminably. And there, too, most wonderful of wonders, lived the late Ralph Lumley, who wrote numerous star parts for Mrs. John Wood, his mother-in-law!

But nowhere in the world, or at no time, could such examples as the Cartons and the Esmonds be found, and of the two couples the former are more interesting. A play-goer who had never seen Mrs. Carton, and none of us who has done his theatre-going only in America has, might easily guess her sort of woman, temperamentally and physically, from the leading parts in the half-dozen plays written for her by her literary half. So alike are *Lady Algy*, *Mrs. Bulmer*, *Lady Huntsworth*, and the rest, that one cannot remember them as different women, but rather thinks of them as of the Wagner *Siegfried*, or the *Vautrin* of Balzac; or as a sort of serial drama —perhaps "The Adventures of Mrs. C."

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EVA MOORE (MRS. HENRY V. ESMOND).

MISS COMPTON (MRS. "R. C. CARTON").

This typical broad-shouldered English woman scorns to attract attention to herself by figuring as Mrs. Carton on the play-bills, being known as Miss Compton, a name no more incorrect than Carton, as the couple are in truth Mr. and Mrs. Roland Claude Crichett. I have heard the Carton character called as artificially fictional a type as the gently sweet and sainted heroine of other days. Perhaps she is. Her essentials are a witty speech, an active and bright mentality, a smooth and cheerful surface, a generous and self-sacrificing heart, and a rather horsy perspective. She is the good fellow at all times, suggests emotion at about three points in each play by a catch in the throat, stifled with an epigram, and lives in a ferment of rescuing highly emo-

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tional young women from moral ruin. And thus she is, whether the sporting *Lady Algernon* or the cooking *Lady Huntsworth* who experimented. Now, if we could regard this woman as Mr. Carton's unfettered ideal, we might more patiently accept her persistent recurrence. But doesn't it rather seem as if the limitations of Mrs. Carton are a narrowing influence on her husband's art? Of course, as a matter of fact, we, on the outside, should never be permitted to know the methods, causes, and inspiration of an art creation.

In accentuating this point of points it is not necessary to discuss the Carton-Compton comedies that led to "Lord and Lady Algy," or those exhibited since the best three's third, "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment." As the Carton heroine became more dominant, the play in which she figured became less prominent (if we may accept prominence as a synonym for conspicuous success). In "Lord and Lady Algy," she was of distinctly second interest to her husband of the title; in "Wheels within Wheels" she shared the metaphorical centre of the stage with *Jim Blagdon;* in "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment" she ruled alone.

It was in the first of these that she was at her best, the unrivalled triumph of "the dramatist's wife." *Lord Algernon Chetland* and his lady could not agree. They separated; nothing simpler. No words, no ugly feeling, no divorce; simply life apart. But this model of good-fellowship could not see her husband lose his all on the wrong horse, when she knew the right one. She would not share his fireside, but she gave him a chance to share her tips. She found him apparently untrue to her, but no tears or words or even questions from sporting *Lady Algy*. She silently looked for her betting-book in his apartments, whither she returned to find it, oblivious to his many explanations, and, at the last, asked if she believed him, smilingly commented "Pickles"!

In the play's "big" act did the Carton heroine throw herself across a railroad-track to save the hero? And yet her sacrifice brought as deep a thrill and was, it seems to me, more human. She and *Algy* had had their differences, we all knew that; he had no claim on her. Yet she did not shirk the duty of common fellowship, shrink from the prying, sneering gaze of a ballroom full of gossippers; but finding *Algy* hopelessly befuddled, helplessly intoxicated, took him by the arm and led his faltering footsteps through the scornful crowd, saying simply, "Come, old man, come home." What price, *Lady Algy?* And at the end, no moonlight reconciliation for these two. Once more to his rooms came *Lady Algy*, once more to pull her husband out of a hole, but this time to stay, celebrating their reunion by lighting her cigarette from his—our last glimpse of *Lord* and *Lady Algy*.

Mrs. Henry V. Esmond is like Mrs. Carton only in having gained her forward position through her husband's creative ability rather than her own talent in depiction. Gentle, sweet, and girlish, she is the antithesis of

HILDA SPONG (THE HON. MRS. BULMER IN "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS")

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Mrs. Carton. Thus her range is far less limited. The *spirituelle* maiden can picturesquely surprise us by being wilful, wanton-wicked, or worldly wise, but plaintive pensiveness or any petty prettiness rests but ill on shoulders masculinely square and broad. To more evenly balance, though, Esmond's genius is still a bit untrained, unbridled, and impetuous. Clever as all his plays have been, only in "The Wilderness" has technical perfection kept pace with nimble wit. Mrs. Esmond, known by her maiden name of Eva Moore, has played several of her husband's heroines, and probably before these words are read will have shown London her idea of the part Fay Davis acted here in "Imprudence." This play, like most of the analytical Esmond's, was written for his wife, and then called "Billie's Little Love-Affair," but as *Billie* happened to be *Wilhelmina Marr* instead of the hero, Mr. Faversham changed the title. *Mabel Vaughan*, as played by Mrs. Esmond, was a very pleasing, but very usual and rather uninteresting sort of girl. One can't help wondering if Mr. Esmond could have seen Margaret Anglin's remarkable embodiment of this young woman —a performance subtle, heartfelt, human, and actually creative—whether pride in his truly splendid drama or in the wife of his heart would have conquered.

Above I have referred to the Hoyt oddity of supplying two wives with fictional characters. The advantage of this may not appear at first glance, but pause and consider how much more varied would be the work of Mr. Carton and Mr. Esmond did they "swap" wives occasionally. First in the Hoyt heart was Flora Walsh, for whom he wrote buxom, bright, and breezy girls of the West and South, most successfully in the case of the politician's self-willed daughter in "A Texas Steer." After her death Mr. Hoyt married Caroline Miskel, and a more beautiful woman and more awkward actress probably never trod the American stage. No better example exists of what inventive brilliancy can do for dramatic inability. If the much talked of national theatre of American classics ever becomes a fact, surely it must adopt "A Contented Woman" into its repertory, for though belittled by occasional and irrelevant songs and dances, and avowedly written to place Mrs. Miskel-Hoyt among the stars of glittering glory, it is a political satire worthy of a Gilbert.

BEATRICE CAMERON (MRS. RICHARD MANSFIELD).

But its clever treatment of Mrs. Hoyt! About her gather strong-minded women in unseemly tailor gowns, foils for beauty. They storm and rail and stump-speech for women's rights. A particularly uncouth one, carrying her harangue to a climax, cried, "Show me one contented woman!" Curtains at the back separate, and, gowned in the simplest white, her soft gold hair in womanly ringlets, her arms and bodice flower-laden, a contented woman bursts upon them, and upon an enraptured audience. And thus it is throughout, a plot of slight but buoyant brilliancy, but a very fusillade of epigram and wit, storming and scintillating about the dazzling centre-star of beauty. Occasionally the wit is hers, but never except when so sharply

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pointed that meaningless elocution is powerless to blunt it. And, lest familiarity with beauty breed contempt, we are reminded of it now and yet again. In the second act, her lines silhouetted in an evening gown of clinging black, the gold-haired candidate for mayor tries on an even dozen hats, deciding on a costume for the following day's convention. A dozen pictures, each more beautiful than the one before! Could any dramatist do more? And then, where Sardou would have put a "situation"—"a great third act"—the mayoralty maiden simply shows herself regowned, a vision for the gods, a symphony in rose-pink.

McKEE RANKIN AND MRS. RANKIN IN "THE DANITES."

Cecilia Loftus had the odd experience, a year or so ago, of impersonating, within a single week, heroines devised by her husband-elect and her husband-rejected. There is no reason to suppose that the young women about whom the stories of "If I Were King" and "Richard Lovelace" revolved were designed for Miss Loftus, unless one accepts the delightfully romantic theory that a man embodies in his heroine of fiction those virtues he most loves in his heroine of fact—his wife. If so, then the likeness of the French *Katherine de Vancelles* and the English *Lucy Sachereville*, which critics charged to a Loftus lack of versatility, may really have been due to the admiration both dramatists felt, at different times, for the woman herself. In "If I Were King" Miss Loftus acted a heroine drawn, perhaps from memory, by her former husband, Justin Huntley McCarthy, as she does again this year in the English poet's newer drama of "The Proud Prince." Mr. Sothern, by the way, will soon be among those dramatists who write heroines for their wives to act. A year hence, when Miss Loftus emerges as a star in a play by Sothern, another from the same pen will be put on by Mrs. Sothern, although no matter how proficient a dramatist our *Hamlet* may become, his Virginia Harned has long since shown her ability to stand alone unaided by aught but her own talent.

And what of the dramatist's husband? I confess I can think of only two women who have supplied their husbands with stage characters, and neither with conspicuous success. In all of Madeline Lucette Ryley's many acted plays, I think J. H. Ryley has acted in only "Mice and Men," in which his part was small and scant in possibilities. In the tentative production of "Hearts Aflame," at New York's Garrick, on the other hand, Genevieve G. Haines cast her husband for the best character in this remarkable and penetrating drama. But though at all times pleasing to the eye and in the more superficial incidents satisfying to the mind, Robert T. Haines failed in indicating the mental development and moral regeneration that his wife had drawn so strongly and yet so subtly.

In my record of the faithful dramatist I find but few in England who help no acting wife to fame. Mrs. Henry Arthur-Jones and Mrs. Sydney Grundy are not actresses, but the dramatists whose names they bear have family duties in supplying their daughters with good rôles. The author of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" has gauged his girl but poorly, so Ethelwyn Arthur-Jones is still merely her father's daughter. The best part he has written for her was in "Chance the Idol," a recent Arthur-Jones failure; though she has boldly undertaken the title-rôle in "The Manœuvres of Jane" in the provinces. But

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Mr. Grundy, with his almost unrivalled knowledge of the theatre's box of tricks, made Lily of the Grundys a London nine days' wonder. In writing the boldly named but quite mild and harmless drama of "The Degenerates," he exposed and rolled and revelled in worldliness and disease. By the middle of the second act the spectator had discarded the senses of sight and sound, usually employed for comprehension of a play, for the more simple means of smell. Indeed this drama suggested a rank odor saturated in patchouly and carnation pink. And then, suddenly, the freshness of purity, of innocent youth, of God's green fields, was precipitated into this world of vice, in the person of the girlish *Lily Grundy*, the sweet, unconscious inspiration for the regeneration of her mother. To those who looked beyond, the triumph was the dramatist's, the knowing veteran wise in playing on a guileless public. But to the average audience the triumph belonged to the simple little untrained actress who carried every heart, and eye, and mind away from acting so well-poised and admirable as Mr. Hawtrey's, Mrs. Langtry's, and young George Grossmith's to this inexperienced bit of Grundy. Verily, the dramatic genius of the father shall be descended upon the third and fourth generation.

The Alarm

By S. H. KEMPER

CLANG!
A rush in the street,
A swift tumult and noise
Of hurrying feet.
The engines!
Good men, stout and brave
To fight a good fight 'gainst Destruction,
To rescue, to save!
Fire!
Shouting and cries!—
The horses, with broad, mighty chests straining forward,
With broad, calm, intelligent eyes—
A hurling and thunderous vision!—
The roar and the beat
Of galloping hoofs dying down in the distance—
A hush in the street.

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The Reign of Queen Isyl*

By GELETT BURGESS and WILL IRWIN

THE CARNIVAL

How Sir Tomas the Scallawag brought a letter from La Beale Norine, and rescued Queen Isyl from captivity. How heralds let cry a Masque of Unreason. Of a fool who usurped the throne and wooed the Queen. Of the unmasking, and how La Beale Norine was found. THE TALE OF LOVE POLITIC.

AT the stroke of twelve Tom Parrish entered the office of the Chief of Police. Isyl was not surprised; her intuition had told her that he would not fail her. The Chief looked relieved, Bob Almeric expectant.

The young man drew a letter from his pocket, and, with a mock military salute, handed it to the boss. Almeric tore open the envelope and read the contents.

Then, striking the paper with his fist, he uttered an oath, and got up to pace the floor, his face drawn in anger, looking straight ahead under a hard-knit brow. No one dared question him, but the four witnesses of his excitement awaited in silence the coming storm, their eyes on his scowl. A word then would have been dangerous, and Tom alone dared smile. But the old man's countenance gradually lost its tension, and, after a trying suspense, they saw his eyes twinkle, and a dry, cool smile creep forth. Then he turned to them, slapping his hand upon his knee.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he cried. "If that girl of mine hasn't got the makings of a politician, all right! I've run this county for fifteen years, and nobody ever got ahead of me before. It took a girl, and a girl of my own, you bet, to do it! I'm beaten. I lay down. She's a better worker than I am!"

"What's up?" the Chief now ventured to ask.

"Never mind, the whole town will know by to-morrow," said Almeric.

"And what about the ring?" Isyl inquired.

"The ring," the boss answered, quoting from the letter in his hand, "was presented to Thomas Parrish by my daughter in grateful recognition of services rendered to her on Thursday night at Golcher's road-house, and many other favors before and since." He turned to Tom. "I understand your favors. I had the pleasure of reading a little pamphlet of yours, I believe—I was much interested in your ideas on matrimony. If Norine hadn't left it on my library table, things would have been different." He could not help laughing, nor could Tom, but Isyl was strangely puzzled.

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: On the opening night of the Fiesta, a red-headed stranger came to Golcher's road-house and hired it for the night. Bob Almeric's daughter had been elected Queen of Youth and Beauty, and the supporters of her chief rival, Isyl Shea, not consoled with her appointment as Maid of Honor, had vowed vengeance. On the eve of coronation, Miss Almeric disappeared. To crown Isyl in her stead was the only alternative. A red-headed stranger—Tom Parrish—tried in vain to help Isyl find the true queen, and persuaded her to wear a sapphire ring he carried. Riding in the procession, Queen Isyl saw the face of Norine Almeric at a window; but investigation was balked by an Englishman, Montgomery Lee, who swore Miss Almeric was not there. Isyl, accused of having made away with her rival, enlisted the Knights' aid and discovered that Norine had been staying at Golcher's, though she was now gone. Isyl was taken to the police station by order of Norine's father, and since the sapphire ring was identified as Norine's, she was in an awkward predicament until Parrish came to the rescue and promised to bring back a note from Norine within an hour.

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"Well, then, Miss Shea, I guess you can go home now. I'm glad this matter has been cleared up," said the Chief.

"I don't see that it's cleared up at all!" Isyl said. "I think I ought to have an explanation myself!"

"Your friend can explain all he wants to, on the way home," put in the boss. "I've thrown up my hands. But as for you, young fellow, you've beaten me out, and I'll see you later. You're too smart for this town, and if you decide to stay, I guess I'll have to pack up and go myself."

Tom smiled at the compliment and replied:

"Very good, sir. If I'm able to manage my own affairs as well as I do others, I'll send you my P. P. C. within a month, and leave you no rival to the title of the Smart Alec of Santa Clara County. You'll excuse me if I seem to tear myself and Miss Shea away. We have several light housekeeping questions to discuss."

"Go ahead! If you stay here a minute longer I suppose you'll get me to make you Mayór of San José." Then, as the two disappeared, he nodded to the Chief of Police, and said, "That chap will stand a little watching, Jack."

The Chamberlain had been ignored in this leave-taking, for Isyl was still too indignant at his conduct to accept his escort, even if Tom had not appeared to claim the privilege as his undoubted right. They got into the carriage, and Tom, without much trouble, gained possession of her hand.

She drew it away, however, to ask, "Tell me, first of all, Mr. Parrish, who was that Spanish-looking girl I saw you with today?"

He had tact enough to stifle a rising remark about "green-eyed monsters" and instead said, simply, "Why, that was Dolores, our nurse-girl out at the ranch. She has executive authority over my two kid sisters. At least, that's who she was. From all I have seen and heard, I strongly suspect that now she's the future Grand Commanderess—the Mrs. Ardley to be. She certainly has made a killing with the school-master!"

Isyl gave a smile of relief, and her hand again glided dangerously near Tom's.

"The Knights of the Golden Gate told me such a strange story—what was it, about her being the cousin of a Spanish heiress who had run away? How did she happen to be shut up in Golcher's alone, anyway?"

"Oh, did you hear that? We cooked up that fairy-tale on the way out, while I was heading off the Knights. It's an old Mexican folk-story, cut over and trimmed up to fit the situation."

"But what was the situation?"

"That's part of the secret that I can't tell yet. All you need to know is that Norine had to leave Golcher's in a big hurry, and it was up to me to get Golcher and his wife away, and hold the gay adventurers there till Norine was safe off. So we collaborated, said nurse-girl and I, and she did it very well indeed. That girl certainly ought to write for the 'Black Cat.'"

"But I don't understand it at all, even now!" said Isyl.

"You don't have to yet, little girl. You just give me Power of Attorney over your emotions, and I'll guarantee that they'll pay big dividends."

"I don't understand," Isyl repeated, somewhat dreamily; "and, Tom, the funniest part of it is that I don't care. It's all like 'Alice in Wonderland' to me, and I'm perfectly willing to drift along till I wake up. But don't wake me up, please, Tom! I'm not clever at all. I don't know just what you're driving at half the time, but I'm a woman and I have intuition. I know I can trust you. Why is it?"

"Don't you know why?" Tom asked.

Isyl did not reply. She did know, and she was drifting fast in Tom's direction. But she was supremely happy in his care, and the rest did not matter.

All that night she thought of it; of it and of him. The mystery of Norine's absence she did not try to fathom, but as it pointed everywhere at Tom, it was of him she dreamed.

She went through the next day mechanically, doing as she was told, wondering when and where she would meet him. Seated with her Maids of Honor at the Athletic Field Day sports, at the inevitable luncheon, on the way back, dressing for the evening festivities, it was the same. She got through with it somehow without having once seen her lover. It was a long, long day.

That night was set for the carnival which was to end the Fiesta and her reign. At this masquerade ball the Queen was to share the throne with Rex, King of Unreason, and, as it happened, a man whom she particularly disliked. She dreaded it.

By the time the royal coach and outriders had called for her, the town was running over

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with gayety. As Isyl looked from the windows of her carriage she saw a romping, costumed populace let loose upon the streets. The carnival was in full swing. Men with grotesque masks and women in domino and visor swarmed everywhere. They waved flags, showered confetti, laughed, shrieked, and danced. Fire-crackers and tin horns made hideous tumult. The coach had much trouble in passing through the crowd which had taken possession of the streets, and everywhere, as the Queen passed, she was hailed with shouts, surrounded by whooping maskers, and pelted with flowers till her outriders had to close in on rearing horses to protect her.

As she went under the electric light tower on Market Street, a Maid-of-Honor pointed to a crowd more boisterous than any that had been seen before. It was coming in a wild procession, a herd of frolicsome youths in eccentric costumes, headed by a masked captain dressed as a jester with cap and bells, hood, and parti-colored doublet. He led the way, slashing at wayfarers with a bladder on a stick, singing his orders to his motley retinue. This regiment of fools closed in behind the royal equipage, and advanced on the Pavilion, growing more reckless every moment. As they were lost to sight by a turn of the Alameda, they were marching, arm-in-arm, some twenty abreast in a wavering rank occupying the whole width of the street, sweeping all before them, the clown at their head haranguing them and inciting them to new abandon.

White with confetti, and almost torn to pieces by the madness of her welcome in the hall, Isyl reached her throne and the ball was opened. She was accompanied to the dais by Rex, King of Unreason, a collar manufacturer, whose sole qualification for the honorable position of Royal Consort was that he had subscribed a thousand dollars to the Fiesta fund.

He was fat and bald, and, the exertion having winded him, he heaved an audible sigh of relief to find himself out of reach of the mob. He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then, having paid to be stared at, he assumed as kingly an attitude as was possible, and began to bore his Queen. She would have preferred to be there alone, as she was on the night of the coronation, rather than endure this creature's companionship; but, as it happened, she had not long to suffer.

The second dance was over. Rex, having failed to amuse the Queen, was ogling her maids of honor with small success, and Isyl was greeting a group of friends who had come to compliment her, when a sudden irruption of visitors caused a tumult in the hall.

The masked jester in motley burst in at the head of his crew, shouting "Revolution! revolution!" and charged up toward the throne, sweeping the promenading couples right and left. The audience in the galleries craned their necks and gazed over shoulders, to see what new folly was to come. Followed by his insane band, the fool made straight for the dais, leaped up in front of the throne, and raised his hand for silence.

"Revolution!" he cried again. "Down with the lobster who has usurped the throne! Down with the fat skeleton of the feast! Down with the dub who rankles in our bosom! Down with Rex and up with Scallawag, King of Fools!" He made a gesture at the cowering collar manufacturer, and the revolutionists leaped up and dragged the king down to the floor. Here he was stifled under a storm of confetti, and, twisted and man-handled, jostled and hustled, he was rushed out of the hall. He did not return. They tore his crown from his head, his sceptre from his hand, and bore the emblems in triumph to the jester on the dais. A cry of "Speech! speech!" arose from all over the hall, and the tyrant stepped forth to reply.

"Friends and fellow-citizens, I thank you for this enthusiastic reception!" he commenced. "'If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me!' as Macbeth has truly said. Sorely against my will, I am compelled to accept this modest eminence and become the cynosure of all opera-glasses. Make merry, my subjects, during my brief but mellow reign! No sleep till morn, let joy be unconfined! Forget the sombre presence of the wooden Indian who sat upon my throne, in the delirious ecstasy of the twittering two-step! The Fiesta draws to an end—make that end sharp and pointed as an entry-clerk's lead-pencil. On with the dance! Remember, I see you, and every frown shall be punished with a sentence of death! Who smiles shall be made a count, who giggles a marquis, and who laughs aloud, a Duke! Make love and mischief merrily, till the gunpowder runs out of the heels of your boots! Forget sorrow while I reign here with Her Entrancing Majesty, Queen Isyl the First! Selah!!"

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A salvo of applause greeted him; the orchestra struck up to an accompaniment of laughter, and his fools scattered firebrands of mirth into the crowd till the place was afire with jollity.

At first Isyl had been terrified at the sedition, but the moment the jester opened his mouth she saw the plot and knew the usurper to be Tom Parrish. Who else, indeed, would have dared openly to defy the Court established by the "Drag"? She welcomed him with a smile and an outstretched hand as he dropped to a seat beside her and removed his mask.

"Idiot," she said, softly, "what will you do next?"

"Next? Next?" he repeated; "why, next I shall produce the royal favor and beg the promised forgiveness!" He reached inside his doublet and brought out her lace handkerchief.

"I have nothing to forgive yet. I have only thankfulness to you. This is the third time you have rescued me!"

"In the old fairy-book times," said Tom, "the youthful hero was given three quests, and—do you remember how he was rewarded after he had accomplished them all?"

"No," said Isyl, though a sudden blush convicted her of untruth.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked.

"No, no—not yet," she cried, frightened at the prospect.

"Very well," said Tom, and he looked unutterably serious for a moment, a thing that frightened Isyl still more. She knew what was coming now, but it was all so ridiculously soon that she dared not hear, dared not decide the question. She would infinitely rather it went on this way, vague and indefinite and mysterious, with a delicious prospect of possibly pleasanter to-morrows, but it was hard to put him off.

"Oh, it's not right for you to talk to me like this," she cried. "Just think what a short time we've known each other!"

"How about that blessed intuition of yours?" he asked. "Are you going to discount it now?"

"But I have common-sense as well."

"Haven't you any uncommon sense, too?"

"Yes—but——"

"Don't be afraid, little girl! I have a teaspoonful of intuition myself. It'll all come out right, don't you worry. You leave it to me, and I'll make an artistic job of the affair. You'll just let me hold your hand, shut your eyes, and it won't hurt but a moment. Then when you come to, your heart will be gone. Painless love made without the use of anæsthetics by Dr. Parrish. No pay unless cured."

"When did you first—first feel this way, idiot?" she said, continuing in spite of her resolution to suppress him.

"When I stood down there in the crowd and saw you crowned. That was the psychological moment when the lightning fell from heaven. You see, I had taken a contract to look after you, so I did it. I promised to see that you had a good time. Did you?"

Isyl dared not answer.

"But there was no limit set, and so I suppose I'll have to do it for the rest of your natural life."

"Will it always be as nice as this?" she asked, with a more daring smile.

"Mostly better. I can guarantee my affection against moths, rust, frost, mildew, and chilblains."

"What was your wish when you put this ring on my finger?"

"That you'd be willing to wear it forever."

"But you said I must give it up when I was no longer Queen," she said, purposely misquoting him, in a way women will.

"That's easy. You'll always be a Queen." Obvious as was the remark, somehow Isyl thought it sounded better on Tom's lips than on the Grand Commander's.

They were now interrupted by visitors coming to greet the royal pair. As Tom was talking to them, Isyl, who had been scrutinizing the crowd, touched his arm.

"Look there!" she said. "See those two just passing the door? It looks awfully like Norine Almeric! Do you suppose it could possibly be she?"

Tom looked and saw the couple. "Your Majesty," he said, so that all could hear, "they certainly are suspicious characters. Let us have them arrested by the Captain of the Guard and brought before us."

Isyl consented, and Tom, as King, ordered the pair haled before the throne. Two pages rushed across the hall and made known the royal command, bringing their prisoners. By this time a considerable number of spectators, drawn by the excitement, had collected about the dais. The two prisoners knelt in mock obeisance before the co-sovereigns.

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Tom arose and stretched forth his sceptre. "Minions," he said, "do Her Majesty's bidding and unmask the prisoners!"

In a second the masks were torn off. Norine stood before the throne, smiling gayly. Beside her was a tall Englishman, with a curly mustache.

"O Miss Almeric, it is you, after all! Where, oh, where have you been all this time? You must explain it now! But wait—you are really the elected Queen, you should be on the throne and wear this crown!"

"No, indeed," said Norine, kissing Isyl's hand. "I didn't run away to be caught like this, after all! But Your Majesty really is mistaken. Truly, I am not Miss Almeric!"

"Not Miss Almeric!" cried Isyl, "who *are* you, then?"

"I am Mrs. Montgomery Lee, if you please! Allow me to present my husband," and both bowed again.

Isyl turned to Tom. "Why didn't you tell me before?" she demanded.

"I couldn't. I promised to keep the secret."

"When were you married?" Isyl asked.

"The night of the coronation—at Golcher's," said the bride.

"Then it's all right? All except the ring—this is yours, isn't it?" And Isyl showed the sapphire.

"No, it is yours!" said Mrs. Lee, and then she came nearer so that the rest might not hear. "I do hope you'll keep it, Isyl! I can recommend him fully."

Tom grinned again and murmured in Isyl's ear, "Warranted not to warp, fade, stretch, shrink, or wear out at the heels."

Many people now crowded about the bride, congratulating her and asking endless questions.

The news spread over the hall like wildfire, and soon she was surrounded by eager, astonished friends.

From this tumult Montgomery Lee rescued her with difficulty. "I say," he announced, "don't you know, I expect we are getting to be more prominent than if you were Queen after all! Suppose we adjourn to the supper-room and talk it over there. I'm beastly hungry myself, and if we can only get off by ourselves, Norine will tell you the whole story while I eat."

The crowd was finally evaded, and the Queen led the way with Tom to the supper-room. But, despite Isyl's request, Norine would not take the place of honor at the table reserved for the Court.

"No, I renounced the throne and all its pomp and glory to become plain Mrs. Lee. None but a maiden should be Queen of Youth and Beauty, and Isyl shall keep her place."

The supper proceeded gayly, Norine's explanation being kept till the last. Tom sat beside Isyl, he in motley and she in her royal robes. They were so absorbed in each other, so patently happy, that more than one person at the Court table glanced at the two and smiled.

He was describing to her his ridiculous adventure in the Mirror Maze, how, darting behind the first corner, he had allowed the Grand Commander to pass him, how the Commander, absorbed in his ruse, dropping his scraps of paper, had gone far ahead and allowed his would-be victim to escape immediately—when Isyl and Tom were aroused from their conversation by the call of "Story! story!" from the Court.

All eyes turned to Norine now, and, the general talk having subsided, she began her history of her love affair with "Gummy" Lee.

The Queen-elect's Story

THE COERCION OF PAPA; OR, LOVE POLITIC

In some ways, papa's funny. He knows men pretty well—that's his business—but he really knows no more about women than a boy of ten. I suppose it's because my mother died so long ago, when I was born. Of course he thinks the world of me, and he's awfully proud of me; so much so that it's often embarrassing. When I was only four years old, sometimes he'd send up for me and have me brought downstairs, to show how smart I was. He'd put me up on the dinner-table, in my night-gown, and bet I could walk down the whole length of the table-cloth without touching a dish or tipping over a candlestick. When I was seven, I could play "Boston" almost as well as he could, and he used to be tickled to death when I beat his friends.

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But you know how it is, usually, when a father spoils his child. He gives her everything she doesn't want, and when it comes to something her heart is set on, she can't have it. That's the way it was with me; and I've had to manage papa ever since I began to take notice. Sometimes I can do it by jollying him, for papa thinks I'm funny, among other foolish things he's proud of. Until I was eleven, all I had to do, to get almost anything I wanted, was to make up an awful face, and papa'd howl at the joke and let me have my way.

But the thing I've really wanted most of all, of course, he wouldn't let me have. I wanted to go to Wellesley College, and I did my best to persuade him to let me, but he said he simply couldn't stand the idea of my being 'way off in Massachusetts for so long, and I had to go to Stanford University instead. Papa thought I didn't care when he gave me two new dresses to make up for my disappointment, but I felt pretty bad about it.

I'm glad I went to Stanford because, if I hadn't, I probably wouldn't have met Mr. Lee, and I wouldn't be Mrs. Montgomery Lee to-day. But I might have met him, and still not be Mrs. Lee now, if it hadn't been for Tom Parrish. His wedding present was the only one I got when I was married, and it was the best kind of one—a husband.

I've known Tom for a long time, ever since he was a boy on his uncle's ranch. He was two years ahead of me in college, but we were good friends there. He and I led the Junior Prom, and we had what we used to call an "Offensive and Defensive Alliance against the square-heads"—which simply meant that when I needed a man to help me out, he was ready, as I was ready to help him, if he needed a girl-friend. You know that Tom was probably the most popular man that ever went to Stanford, and for that reason, after he left, he became a kind of college myth. Every funny thing that ever happened was told with Tom Parrish as the hero, and if it wasn't true, it was at least probable, for if there was any mischief there, he was usually in it. So when he came back to the Quad, as he did occasionally, he was treated as a sort of demi-god by the undergraduates, and Freshmen would boast of having shaken hands with him.

It was in my senior year that J. Montgomery Lee came to Palo Alto to give a series of lectures on "The Influence of Greek Ideals on the Pre-Renaissance Period." You would never have thought that a madcap like Tom would become such good friends with an Oxford senior classic, but the two men seemed to take to each other from the start—I suppose it was because they were so absolutely different. Tom was calling Mr. Lee "Gummy" the second time they met. The new Englishman was introduced to me, of course, according to the rules of the "Offensive and Defensive League," and Gummy soon became a member of the alliance. He was about as far from being a typical college professor as you can get, without coming to Tom Parrish. But then, of course, Mr. Lee was never a member of the faculty, only an extra lecturer for one semester.

Tom went back to his ranch, but Gummy stayed at Palo Alto the whole winter, and by Christmas he and I had come to an understanding. This isn't a love story, but politics, so I won't say any more than that my candidate for husband was nominated and unanimously elected at the stile in Lover's Lane, over by the Stock Farm. There was very little opposition from me, and Tom Parrish ratified the election at a rousing meeting. The bill was now ready for papa to sign, and we had every expectation of a veto.

Papa had never heard of J. Montgomery Lee, of course, and so to find out where he stood upon the important question, I got him down to Stanford and insisted on his going with me to hear one of Gummy's lectures. It happened to be Botticelli and Fra Angelico that day, and, if you know papa, you can imagine what a hit Gummy made.

After it was over I waked papa up and asked him if he didn't want to meet the lecturer.

"No, I do not!" he said. "That young fellow is beyond repair."

Of course I saw that I hadn't gone about it right, but I was mad and told him how clever Gummy really was, an Oxford don and all that, which only made papa worse. He called Gummy a remittance-man, and made fun of his clothes and his accent and his eye-glass. I said he was handsome, and papa said:

"Handsome is as handsome does, and that Britisher would get handsomely done in San José!"

I said that he talked beautifully, and papa asked why he didn't learn the American language? The case looked hopeless, and I felt pretty badly about it.

I sent for Tom, then, and the "Offensive and Defensive Alliance" went into executive session. Gummy wanted to go right to San

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José to see papa and ask his consent, English fashion, but Tom stopped that.

"See here," he said, "what we've got to do is not to deal with the father, but the politician. Mr. Almeric, as Norine will tell you, is the sort of blindly doting parent that will give his daughter anything except what she wants most. This thing can't be done in an interview—it's a campaign! We've got to fight fire with fire. We've got to beat him at his own game. It will never do for you to want Norine; Mr. Almeric has got to want you! If he finds you're not for sale, he'll employ the same methods he's used for fifteen years to bring his opponents to terms. And he always wins. My motto is: 'Be coy, be coy; but not too coy!' As for you, Norine, all's fair in love and politics; you've got to disguise the naked truth, and do some scientific weeping."

He gave us his scheme, and, after he went home to the ranch he sent back typewritten instructions, bound into a funny little pamphlet with the title "How to Win a Husband Under Difficulties: A Key to Political Courtship. By T. Parrish, Esq." And, as we had nothing better to try, we took Tom's ridiculous advice.

My first move was to give papa the idea that Mr. Lee was immensely important and was made a great deal of at the University, which was mostly true, and then I told him that I had tried to get introduced to Mr. Lee, and had been badly snubbed. I made Gummy act this out, so it wouldn't seem like quite so much of a fib. This worked very well. Papa was indignant.

"Wouldn't look at you, eh? I'd like to know why my daughter isn't good enough for any English tourist that ever came over on a Cook's Excursion! Snubbed you, did he? You're too good to wipe your feet on the Prince of Wales! Dines with the Pendragons? Pshaw! Don't I dine there too? I've got Pendragon in the palm of my hand. I'll bet we dine there within two weeks."

And so we did. I don't know how papa managed it, but Gummy was there too, and if you ever saw a horrid Englishman, he was one. He acted just the way they do on the stage, except that he didn't have side whiskers, and he did wear evening dress instead of tweeds. He got into a discussion with papa, and told him just what he thought of American politicians. He said no Englishman could ever be bribed.

On the way home papa was furious. He said he'd have that Briton licking his boots before long, and there was more than one way to get hold of a man without buying him.

Among other things we talked about at the Pendragons' was some old Spanish manuscripts at Mission Santa Clara, and Gummy had said he'd like to see them. Of course it was considered impossible to obtain them, for they were thought a great deal of by the priests. But what did papa do but work his Catholic friends, and he got the books and sent them over to Mr. Lee with his compliments, and said he'd be glad to give him any assistance if he wanted to look up the early California records. Gummy was pleased, for he had use for the papers. But he was more pleased, and so was I, that papa had swallowed the bait.

The next thing Gummy said to me in fun, at Tom's request, and I repeated it to my papa in earnest, was that, while he was willing to have official dealings with a political boss, he couldn't meet him socially! Papa went up in the air when I told him. It was really awfully funny, though I hated myself for doing it. But I was bound to win. I suppose there's a chip of the old block in me.

Papa immediately wrote and invited Gummy to dinner, and Gummy sent back regrets. Then papa had him put up for membership at the Santa Clara Club, and elected over the heads of about a hundred applicants for admission on the waiting list. Gummy joined, and bowed stiffly to papa when they met. Meanwhile we were seeing each other as often as we could at Tom's ranch, and I was crazy to tell papa the truth about it, but Tom held us back. I suppose he had begun to take a kind of pride in his management, and wanted to have the fun of it. One day Gummy was driving me back in his buggy, and we saw papa coming our way. We had no time to turn round, and I had to drop down on the floor behind the lap-robe and cover myself up so papa wouldn't see me.

"Say, Lee!" he said, as he pulled up his horse, "wait a minute, won't you? Can't you come over to my place to-night and take potluck? I'd like you to meet my daughter —perhaps you'd like her better than you do me. She's a nice little girl, if I do say it. Have you ever seen her at Stanford's?"

"Why, I don't remember, really, I see so many young persons there," Gummy drawled. "Oh, she has red hair and freckles, hasn't she?"

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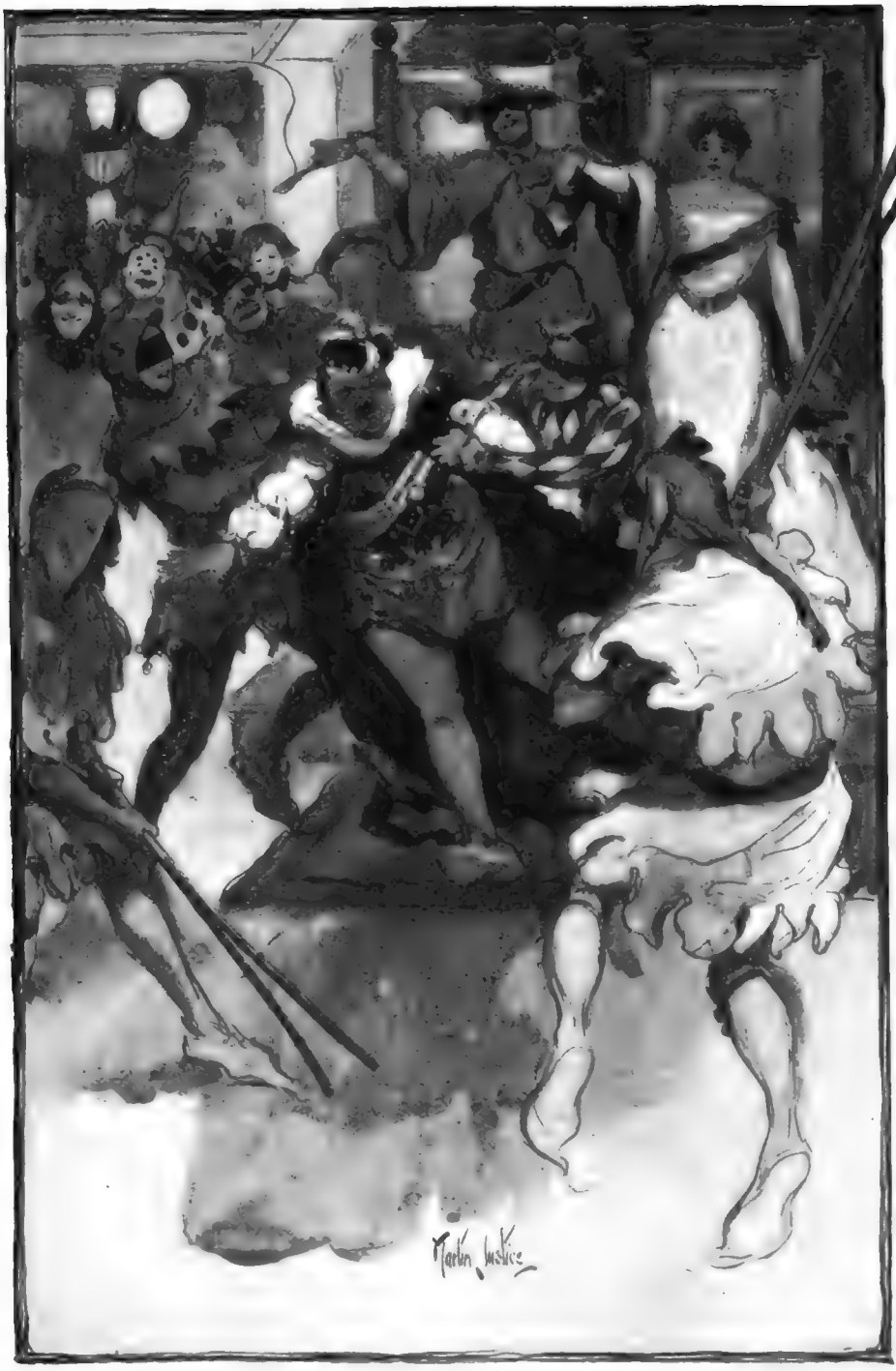

TWISTED AND MAN-HANDLED, JOSTLED AND HUSTLED, HE WAS RUSHED OUT OF THE HALL.

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I just pounded his leg and then stuck a pin into it, for it struck me he was going a little too far. I was afraid papa would strike him, too, but no—papa just took it, and acted so like a managing mamma that I was positively ashamed.

"Why, I think she's pretty," he said; "she's a tidy little woman."

"Sorry, don't you know, but really, I doubt if I can find time to-night, Mr. Almeric," Gummy said. "Women rather bore me. American girls strike me as being so frivolous, don't you think?" I stuck the hat-pin into him again, and he drove off in a hurry. Oh, I was mad! He had done it altogether too well, and he had to kiss every one of my freckles before I'd forgive him that horrid remark.

Now, you'd think that was pretty crude work, wouldn't you? You'd think that papa would be so mad he'd never have a thing to do with Gummy again. I did, anyway, and I hardly dared go home and see him. But what d'you think? Papa was more determined than ever that he'd have Gummy at the house. You see, he just *has* to have his own way, and when anybody baffles him, he thinks of nothing in the world but to win. No managing mamma with an overgrown daughter to marry off could have acted worse than he did. If it hadn't been that Gummy understood, I'd have died of shame.

Next day papa got me to go buggy-riding, and the first thing I knew we were turning into the Lees' place. Papa insisted that he had to go in on some Prune Association business. What he really wanted was for Gummy to see me, for before we started he had told me what dress to wear, and had insisted that I do up my hair over again. Just before he got to the Lees' door, he stopped and said:

"See here, little girl, I want you to invite this Lee to dinner, if you get a chance, and I guess if you do it he can't refuse. If he says he can't come, you ask when he can, and get him to set a day." The boldness of it made me positively blush, but it was only Gummy, and I didn't care much.

Well, I winked at Gummy and he accepted the invitation. Papa spent a lot of money on that dinner, and got a lot of the swellest people he knew to come, and put Gummy at my right hand. Gummy flirted outrageously with the girl on the other side, and hardly spoke to me during the dinner. After all the guests had gone, I slipped down on a sofa and began to cry. I didn't have to try very hard, either, for the whole thing was wearing on me, and Gummy did seem to be remarkably interested in that other girl.

Papa came over to me and tried to soothe me. "Brace up, little girl," he said; "he did treat you pretty bad, but he'll come round all right. You don't really care for him, do you?"

I said I did, and I tell you I was glad that there didn't have to be any more make-believe. Papa swore that if I couldn't get the man I wanted, he'd find out the reason why.

So we went on, Gummy getting gradually warmer and thawing out of what papa called his British reserve. He would have had a different idea of British reserve if he had caught us two together oftener! Papa would invite Gummy to the theatre, and leave us in the box alone for half the performance while he talked politics in the lobby. Then he began to advise me how to manage Gummy, and if I had taken his advice I would have thrown myself at his head like a shop-girl. Papa said I didn't encourage the man enough. That man didn't need much encouragement, you had better believe. We just got off the sofa in time to be on opposite sides of the room when papa came in, more than once! And papa was as innocent as a child at what was happening under his very eyes. Once while he was reading, facing us, with the newspaper in front of him, Gummy kissed me right there! And after Gummy went, papa said Englishmen were so slow they made him tired!

When papa got Gummy a political job, we thought the time had come for the denouement. He had Gummy appointed State Translator, which is the only office an alien can hold in California, and it was an easy place with a good salary. As soon as this was settled, Gummy dropped the mask and began to come to see us regularly, and finally, after a month or so, he went to papa and formally asked for my hand. Papa came to me with the news, thinking Gummy was so British that he would ask the parent's consent first. He was smiling all over, just as if he were bringing me a new doll, and I blushingly informed him that I accepted the alliance with J. Montgomery Lee. He took me up in his arms the way he used to when I was a little girl, and said, "Ah, I thought I would bring him round, if I played him right!"

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EPILOGUE

How La Beale Norine finished her tale, and the Queen was affianced before the Court

NORINE had gone so far when she was interrupted by Tom, who had seen something at the other end of the room that justified his breaking into the narrative.

"Just wait a moment, Norine!" he exclaimed. "Look over there. If there isn't old man Golcher, after all! We must have him over here in the whirl, the old cynic!"

He went over to the doorway where Golcher stood gazing jovially at the merriment, and both soon returned to the Court table. Golcher, to everybody's surprise, was in costume, and when they looked at him unmasked, they recalled the lively abandon of a masked policeman on the dancing floor.

"You must have experienced a pronounced change of heart," said Tom, as they sat down.

"I did!" said Golcher. "I did, because I had to. This ain't my doin's, it's the old lady's. She's out in the hall yonder, gossipin'. She wanted to come. She put her foot down, an' I was under that foot! So I come along, an' hired this rig, seein' I might as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb. I don't know but I'd be willin' to admit now that my ideas on Fi-estas has changed some. I ain't enjoyed myself so much since I broke my leg!"

"What converted the strategic Mrs. G.?" asked Tom.

"I expect it was what happened to the house, an' the sight o' the queen's togs an' all. You druv us out o' house an' home, an'way—we might as well come up here an' see the fun as well as go an' be talked to death over to my wife's relations, I expect. But don't let me interrupt the ceremonies. You seemed to be havin' a pretty lively time over somethin' as I looked in the door."

"Yes!" cried the Chamberlain, to Norine. "You haven't explained why you ran away with Mr. Lee, when your father was so agreeable to the match. Why did you leave us in the lurch at the last moment?"

"Ah, there's a tragic Envoy to that tale," said Tom.

Norine giggled. "Indeed there was! I happened to leave a type-written pamphlet entitled 'How to Win a Husband, etc., by T. Parrish, Esq.,' on my writing desk, and papa came across it. It looked amusing, and he read it. It was awful! It was awful! He saw through the whole scheme then."

"And the air was filled with fireworks and flying fragments of J. Montgomery Lee," added Tom.

"Yes, Gummy didn't have a leg to stand on," said Norine.

"I jolly well lost my billet as State Translator," said the young husband, twirling his mustache.

"I remember!" chimed in two or three male members of the Court. A recent mystery in local politics was thus cleared up.

"Papa was simply furious, of course," Norine went on. "He swore that I should not marry Gummy as long as he lived. I haven't seen him so mad since he lost the State Senatorship! Then he made me run for Queen of the Fiesta. I didn't want to, but I had to, and, of course, I was elected. I swore to myself that I'd never take it, and the Offensive and Defensive Alliance cooked up the scheme for me to elope that night with Gummy. First, because papa had made me be Queen just, as he thought, to keep me out of harm's way, and I wanted to show that I couldn't be managed like a child Second, because we could be sure that everybody would be busy about something else; and third, because I knew Isyl ought to be

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Queen, and she would make a prettier and better one than I would."

"And fourth," added Tom, "to save us all the trouble and expense of buying you silver ice-cream spoons and cut-glass salad-bowls for wedding presents. I tell you, many a school-marm in the county has saved her little old two-and-a-half that would have been chipped into a pool to buy you a Rogers statuette!"

"And what did Tom do?" Isyl asked.

"Everything!" said Norine.

"Except marry her," Gummy Lee insisted.

"I personally conducted the punitive expedition," Tom explained. "I hired our friend Golcher's house for the scene of the tragedy, I got Parson Jones to preside, and, when the fatal plunge was over, I hiked back to act as steering committee for the involuntary Queen, and there I met my doom."

Gummy Lee arose and held his wine-glass aloft. "Gentlemen, the Queen, God bless her!" he cried. The health was drunk with a tumult of cheering. Then, as they took their seats again, the Grand Commander, who had edged his way to the table, snapped his watch and remarked.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is twelve o'clock. The reign of Queen Isyl is over!"

Old man Golcher arose deliberately. "Young feller," he cried, and he was smiling with indulgence at the Queen and the Jester, "you happen to be dead wrong, this time, *as* usual! It looks to me like the reign of Queen Isyl had just about begun!"

THE END.

My Golden Sands

By ELSA BARKER

TO-DAY I meditate upon the years
Whose sands have fallen in the glass of Time
Since I was flung into this foreign clime
Out of Infinitude. And it appears
That the reward of agony and tears
Is always knowledge; while the masquèd mime
Of mortal life is modelled on sublime
Experience—to teach all things but fears.

And though these little grains of golden sand
Have drawn one thread of silver through my hair,
I would not count them backward. And I swear
That each to come shall leave to my demand
Some spiritual treasure in my hand—
And take no bauble that I would not spare!

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Intimate Portraits

MISS MAY GOELET.

The formal announcement that Miss May Goelet will marry the Duke of Roxburghe, settles the fate and fortune of the richest American heiress. She is the daughter of the late Ogden Goelet, who once declared that his daughter should never espouse a foreigner, but Mrs. Goelet, one of those distinguished American women whose social successes are the wonder of Europe, has different ideas. In 1897 Miss Goelet made her debut in London, and since then rumors of her engagement have been constant. She is an attractive young woman, whose head has not been turned by the many noblemen who have sought her in marriage.

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CONGRESSMAN GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN

To emerge from the shadow of a great name is the first hard task which confronts the ambitious son of a distinguished man. It is interesting to remember that Congressman George Brinton McClellan is a son of the brilliant general, but his personality, as it is known to the public, depends on his own excellent political record and his work at the New York bar. He graduated from Princeton into journalism, and from the place of a reporter on a big daily to the treasurership of the Brooklyn Bridge. He studied law, got into politics through Tammany, was president of the New York Board of Aldermen, and recently was elected to Congress. Mr. McClellan is Tammany's candidate for Mayor of New York.

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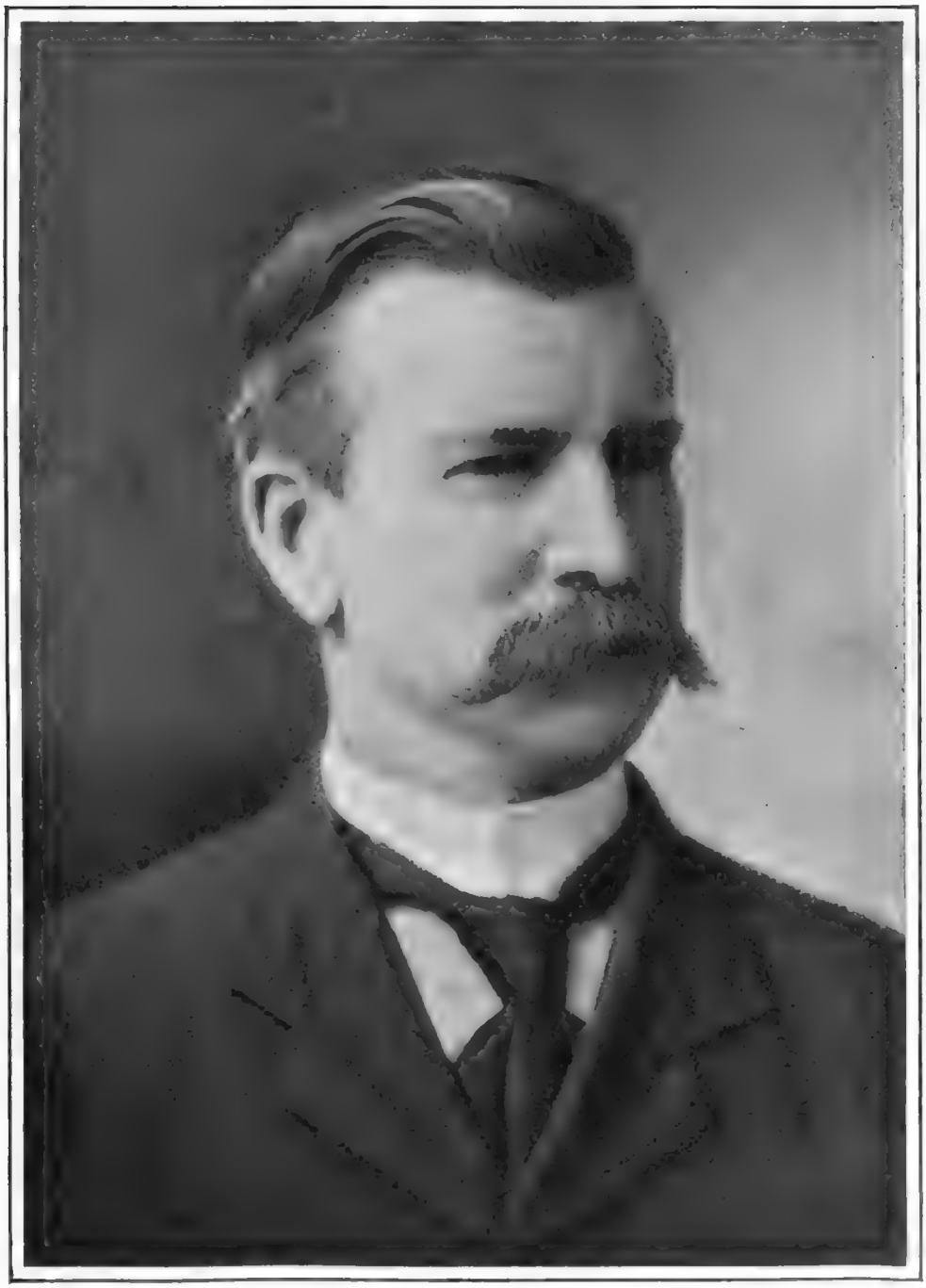

GENERAL LUKE WRIGHT

General Luke Wright, the Democratic member of the Philippine Commission, selected to succeed William H. Taft as Governor-General of the Philippines, is an ex-Confederate soldier, ex-Attorney-General of Tennessee, and has long been regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the South. He enlisted at fifteen and fought through the Civil War, and showed the same virility and heroic courage when he directed the efforts of the little band of brave men who remained in Memphis to combat the yellow-fever scourge which in 1878 swept over the South. In 1896 he re-entered politics to fight Bryan and Populism. When the War with Spain broke out, three of his sons were at the front, one in the Navy and two as officers of the Tennessee Volunteers.

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MRS. WILLIAM HOMER LEAVITT, FORMERLY MISS RUTH BRYAN.

It is not strange that the daughter of William J. Bryan should take a keen interest in oppressed humanity. Mrs. Leavitt is still little more than a schoolgirl, having graduated this year from Monticello Seminary, at Godfrey, Illinois, but she seriously considered identifying herself with Hull House in Chicago, and going into philanthropic work, devoting her time to the children of the slums. Her recent marriage to William Homer Leavitt of Newport suggests that this plan may have been abandoned. Mr. Leavitt is an artist, and met his present wife while painting her father's portrait. Mrs. Leavitt is a young woman of enthusiasm tempered by good sense, with something of her father's energy and attractiveness.

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JUDGE GEORGE E. GRAY

Judge George E. Gray, mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is one of the most distinguished of American citizens. A native of Delaware, he served in the United States Senate for fourteen years, retiring to be Judge of the United States Circuit Court in 1899. He was a member of the commission to negotiate the peace treaty with Spain in 1898, and of the Joint High Commission at Quebec. President McKinley selected him as a member of the International Commission of Arbitration under the Hague Conference, and he was chairman of President Roosevelt's Board of Arbitration, appointed to settle the great coal strike last year. He is a fine orator, an able lawyer, and a great man.

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The Reform of Shaun

By ALLEN FRENCH

I

WITHIN the kennel yard were a dozen dogs—within, that is, all but their noses, which were thrust through the pickets. Without, Jim Weaver, the dog-fancier, talked with a patron. The gentleman's dog strained at his leash, and tried to rub against Brian, who sat at Jim's feet—old Brian Boru, the ancestor, in some degree, of every dog there. But Brian held aloof, and listened to the conversation.

The other dogs also listened, even the three-months' pups, who were just learning their English. And heedless Shaun, after his month in the world as eager to put on airs as a boy just from college, got no attention at all.

"You guaranteed him satisfactory, Jim," the gentleman was saying.

"Yes, Mr. Davis, so I did," returned the breeder. "Of course I'll take him back, or I'll exchange him for another."

"You have another?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Same litter. Well, I'm disappointed in Shaun. I took such pains with him."

"Utterly unmanageable, Jim. He ran with all the curs in the town, ate himself sick with the food he found in the street, and would stay for hours away from the house."

Jim reached down, detached the gentleman's leash from Shaun's collar, and snapped on one of his own. Shaun took the opportunity to rub closer to Brian, but Brian moved away and sat down on his haunches, still listening.

"Will you have the other dog now, sir?" asked Jim.

"No, in a few days my wife and I go away for a visit, and we can't have a dog with us that we're not used to. In two weeks I'll take him. Meanwhile, won't you have him with you in the house, and train him a little?"

"I will, sir."

Mr. Davis stooped and patted Shaun. "Good-by, old fellow," he said. Shaun paid no attention. His master pulled the dog to him, took his head in both his hands, and looked into his brown eyes. "Shaun," he said, "I did my best with you." But the dog began to tug and twitch to get away.

Mr. Davis rose. "You see, Jim, he pays no attention. He doesn't care."

"I see, sir. He's no dog for you."

Mr. Davis turned away, and Shaun, piqued at his small attention from the others, started to follow. The leash held him up. He uttered a yelp.

His master stopped and looked back. "No, Shaun," he said, sadly. "I gave you every chance." He disappeared out of the dog's sight.

II

JIM opened the gate to the kennel yard, but none of the dogs came running out, not even the puppies. They stood at the opening in a close-wedged mass, and looked at Shaun. None of the stumpy tails were wagging. None of the shining teeth were bared in welcome. Each stocky Irish terrier stood and glowered, and Shaun, for the first time in his boisterous life, felt ill at ease. He hung back as Jim pulled him toward the gate.

"You see," said Jim, "they understand you. Larry, come out."

Shaun's own twin trotted past him and took no notice of him. Jim thrust Shaun in among the others, took off the leash, and was about to close the gate. Then he paused. "Brian," he said to the old dog.

Master and dog looked at each other knowingly. Brian's stump-tail slowly moved. "Go in there for a few days," said Jim. "See if you can't teach him something." Brian walked in after Shaun, and the gate was shut behind him.

The other dogs crowded close beside Brian, following him to the back of the yard. Larry went with Jim into the house. Shaun, devoid of company, pressed up against the bars, and gazed at the corner around which his master had gone. Mr. Davis was in the bright and beautiful world; Shaun was in the dingy ken-

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nel once more. But his master did not return, and Shaun at last, with a toss of the head, turned to the other dogs.

An unnatural quiet was over them. None of the puppies were playing: they were sitting in a row. Some of the older dogs were curled up to sleep, but at his movement Shaun saw the wary eyes open, then slowly close again. Old Brian, his one-time tawny muzzle now nearly silver, sat calmly, and took no notice of his descendant. But Shaun wandered up to him. "Brian," he asked, beginning to feel a curious homelessness, "Brian, has my master left me?"

"Your master?" said Brian. "You don't deserve a master, or a home."

"Huh!" said Shaun, scornfully. Brian was his great-great-grandfather, the idol and model of the kennels, upon whose precepts Shaun had been instructed. But his respect for Brian, in fact, his respect for anything, was much lessened.

Brian made no answer. Shaun went to Nip, the next oldest dog. "Nip," he said, "how d'e do?"

But Nip was cross, always cross. "Get out!" he said, "you spendthrift swaggerer!"

"I ALMOST MADE A HORSE RUN AWAY ONCE."

Self-possession was Shaun's latest cultivation. "Oh," he said, jauntily, "glad to find you feeling so well, Nip." He passed on to another dog.

But this time he got no answer at all, and as he went still farther he was studiously neglected. The dogs were asleep, or appeared to be, curled up tight. But Shaun believed they were pretending.

It was irritating. More than that, it was depressing, for where was Mr. Davis? Was he really not coming back? And would none of the dogs speak pleasantly? Perhaps Mr. Davis had said something unkind there at the gate. Shaun wished he had listened. He walked along the row of sleeping dogs; none moved, none made advance to him. Nip was awake still, but surly and bristling. Brian, after his oracular utterance, sat like a statue of ice. Again Shaun felt that curious homesickness.

He went back to the gate and sat down. Why did not Mr. Davis return? Homesickness increased. It began to press upon him. He could not help it—after awhile he whimpered. Shaun was not so very old. He looked around at the older dogs: none paid attention. He raised his muzzle and whimpered louder. Then the barriers broke, and he lifted his voice in a full-throated howl. "Oh,"

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cried poor Shaun, "nobody loves me!" His quivering nose pointed toward the unrelenting heaven.

III

After awhile Shaun became conscious that Brian had changed position—was, in fact, coming toward him. He kept on howling. Brian sat down at his side. Gradually Shaun became silent. He did not look at Brian, but he knew that Brian was looking at him.

"Tell me," said Brian, finally, "what have you done to earn any one's love?"

"Oh," cried Shaun, in despair, "I wish I were with Horton's Snap. He would treat me kindly."

"Well, then," asked Brian, patiently, "who is Horton's Snap?"

"Horton," said Shaun, "is the butcher in our town—Mr. Davis's town, I mean. Snap is his dog."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Why, a fox terrier with a bushy tail."

"A fox terrier with a bushy tail?" asked Brian, coldly. "What did he do?"

"Oh, just nothing," said Shaun, glad of a chance to talk of his world. "But he knew where there were such nice things to eat."

"With what other dogs did you associate?" pursued Brian, deliberately.

"Why," said Shaun, "there was Jack Rogers. He was half setter. And Mopsy Frost; he was a pug."

"Fond of eating?" asked Brian.

"Oh," cried Shaun, enthusiastically, "there was always such a fine pailful by his backdoor."

"Any other dogs?" inquired Brian.

"Well, I don't know;" and Shaun thought. "I don't count the Walton's Max. He was rather too fond of going with his master."

"A thing you seldom did, I suppose?"

"And what's the use?" said Shaun. "Why, in our town there's plenty to eat, and so a fellow helps himself. You can't expect anything else."

"I shouldn't think it very clean," remarked Brian, critically.

"Well, clean enough," said Shaun.

"And you don't seem in such good trim as when you left."

Shaun made no answer: he allowed his mind to wander. But the thought of his friends was presently too much for him, and he broke out again. "It's been such fun!" he said. "Do you ever bark at horses?"

"Not now."

"Well, of course you have to be pretty limber," went on Shaun. "Snap Horton showed me, but I can do it now as well as he. I almost made a horse run away once. And everybody gets mad."

"Your master, too?"

"He hated it," admitted Shaun, guilelessly. "He'd whip me and tie me up. But it's such fun!"

"Never struck you as being a little undignified?"

"Why," said Shaun, "no—I— That is, not exactly."

"And how were you treated in the house?" asked Brian.

"Why, pretty well, I must say. I had my own basket, and a cushion. My mistress was kind to me. Isn't it nice when a woman pats you? But she was particular, you know, just like Mr. Davis. She used to wash me once a week, and she would make me eat my food on a cloth. Why should people object to crumbs? And then they would never let me come in the dining-room. And she didn't like to have me bark at people that passed the house. You see, they kept me pretty close."

"Of course you barked just the same?"

"Of course," said Shaun.

"And didn't take pains about the crumbs?"

"Why—no."

"And slipped away whenever you could to join your aristocratic friends?"

"You talk," answered Shaun, impatiently, "like Cæsar White."

"It's a pity you didn't listen more to him. But who was he?"

"Well," said Shaun, this time triumphantly, "you may sneer at the misfortune of Snap Horton's birth, but Cæsar White is no better. He is mixed mastiff and bull."

Brian was not moved. "Very well," he said, "birth is not everything. I have seen some pretty poor specimens come out of the best kennels." (Shaun winced.) "You are young, Shaun, and have not yet learned that there is an aristocracy of merit. What did he do?"

Shaun was still argumentative. "You can't get me there," he cried, "either. He ran with a cart." His contempt was deep.

Brian's head drooped. "The pity of it!"

"There!" said Shaun.

"O Shaun," said Brian, "I thought you

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had learned these things. Tell me, is there any disgrace in minding your master's business? To run with a cart and guard it—for a horse cannot do that—is honorable."

Shaun's assurance vanished, and Brian waited a moment for the reproof to take effect. Then he asked:

"And Mr. Davis, was he kind?"

"Well," said Shaun, "I thought he was at first. But after I made friends with Snap Horton, he used to whip me for the things I did; barking, you know, and eating, and coming home late. And Snap said, you know, he was a pretty hard master. He never let any of his dogs run loose."

"No," said Brian, "so your father said."

Shaun faltered. "Did my father know Mr. Davis?"

Brian looked at Shaun with a mild indignation.

"You don't remember much that was said to you, do you? Your father was Mr. Davis's own dog. Have you forgotten that Mr. Davis took you because he was so fond of your father? Why, I told you twenty times never to disgrace your family. In that town of all others, and with such a master!"

Shaun felt a sudden sinking. "I—I forgot," he said.

"Your father," went on Brian, "used to come here sometimes for a week in the summer, when his master and mistress went yachting. Your father," said Brian, "was a *dog*." It was as if he said, He was a *man*. "Jim has his picture in the house. He was the best dog that ever went out of Jim's hands. Better than me. There's not a pup in the yard that can't tell you all about him. And you forgot!"

Shaun held his head low.

"I remember," said Brian, "when the news came of his death. I was in the yard that day, looking after your mother. Jim came to the fence and looked down on us all. The moment I saw him I knew that something was wrong, and when he said, 'Gillie's dead!' there wasn't one of us that didn't drop his tail. You were born next day.

"And you say," pursued Brian, grimly, "that Mr. Davis was a hard master. I know all about Mr. Davis. Your father said: 'A kinder master one couldn't have. It was a pleasure to obey him.' A hard master! Shaun, he came here one day, and sat down there in the house, and called me to him. 'Brian,' he said, 'Gillie's dead! Old dog,

"THERE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A FINE PAIL OF SLOP BY HIS BACK-DOOR."

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my heart is sore. Where shall I get such another?' And, Shaun, there were tears in his eyes. Don't you know we picked you out for him?"

Shaun shivered all up and down his spine, but his back was now turned, and he said nothing.

"One of Gillie's pups was to go to Mr. Davis," went on Brian. "We heard Jim saying so. We picked you out for him, your mother and I; we trained you up for him. Jim saw it, and so he took the mother's choice, as he always does. And now Larry's a good dog, but he's the last of the litter."

"What do you mean?" cried Shaun. "Isn't Mr. Davis coming back for me?"

"For Larry."

"And I?—and I?"

Brian answered, solemnly, "You'll stay here the rest of your life. Jim never lets a dog go out twice."

Shaun screamed with sudden fright.

IV

WHAT human beings express by weeping and wailing and wringing of hands, Shaun manifested in his own way for many hours. He yelped, he barked, he howled, he ran up and down beside the pickets, he scratched at the gate. At midnight his distress had not abated. Old Jim got out of his bed and looked into the moonlight at the piteous form. "He takes it pretty hard," he said, and he patted Larry before he lay down again.

Near daylight Shaun, exhausted, slept. But his dreams were bad, and he twitched and whimpered in his sleep. The other dogs looked at him soberly as one by one they awoke; the puppies got many a lesson that morning. Jim came and fed the dogs, and at the noise Shaun woke. But he made no movement to join them, and Brian at last came and sat down by him.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "I've some breakfast saved for you."

"I think," said Shaun, "I don't want any."

"Prefer something fresh from the swill-pail?"

'Brian!" cried Shaun, unhappily.

Brian couched, and lay thinking. "Your father—" he said, after awhile. Shaun's ears dropped, and he turned his head away.

"Your father," said Brian, inexorably, "used to speak so fondly of his home. He used to thank me" (and the old dog's voice trembled a little) "for the training I gave him. He used to repeat to the puppies all the maxims: 'Obedience is a dog's virtue,' 'One dog can annoy a whole neighborhood,' 'A good home is more than everything,' and then again, 'Whatever comes of it, obey.' He used to say a good many things may not seem to pay—waiting at doors, not eating, not barking, coming when you're called. But they do pay just the same, when you find your master loves you. Mr. Davis, Shaun——"

"Don't!" cried Shaun.

"Mr. Davis cared. He said, when he left you yesterday, that he'd done his best with you. If you had noticed, you'd have seen how much he cared."

"Don't! Don't!" cried Shaun.

"And now," went on Brian, "you'll grow to be just like Nip here, fat and cross, and somewhat stupid. A gentleman tried him once, and couldn't keep him——"

"Don't!" cried Shaun. "Don't, oh, don't! It kills me. Oh, how could I forget?"

And Jim, again looking out of the window, said, "There's Shaun at it once more." He lifted Larry up to look.

V

IT was the second morning. Shaun's second night had been quieter; he went to sleep before midnight. But again he refused his breakfast.

"You needn't talk to me any more about it all," he said to Brian, when the old dog came and sat by him again. "I think I understand now."

"Have I been unkind?" asked Brian.

"You had to be, I suppose. None of the other dogs have taken any notice of me since I came."

That was according to Brian's orders. And yet, thought the old dog, what was the use? Shaun's life was spoiled. He would have no chance to prove his repentance.

Suddenly Shaun jumped up. "Brian!"

"Well?"

"Jim has left the gate open!"

"Well," said Brian, calmly, "none of the pups will run away."

Shaun dilated. "*I* will run away."

"Why," said Brian. "Why—" He hesitated between duty to his master and affection for a favorite grandchild. But Shaun waited for no permission. He slipped out the gate. "I must go," he said. "Good-by!"

Once in the street he was like a chip upon the sea. Strange dogs ran at him, and growled.

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He avoided them only to meet others. This was no time to fight; besides no dog has a right to fight except on his own territory. He was weak with thirty-six hours of strong emotion, and from lack of food. How glad he was when he saw a dog that ran with a cart!

"Please," he said, "oh, please, which way to Concord?"

The dog with the cart trotted on, minding his master's business. But he responded.

"Go on to the watering-trough," he said. "Then first left, and straight on for miles and miles."

Shaun obeyed. He found the long turnpike and followed it. First there were houses; they dwindled in number, and he ran between fields, then between tall trees. Then fields again, then more houses, then a town.

He passed through the town, then through the long vacant space where no one lived, then through another town, and another, and another. No Concord yet, but in every place he was followed by yelling mongrels. Another town, but not his own, and still the straight road led on. Then at last—surely that house was familiar, and that tree. Here was his own town—his own street—his own house, and Mr. and Mrs. Davis standing at the door. He crawled to them, pleading on his wretched little belly. "Shaun!" they cried, and stood speechless.

VI

"And so," said Brian, on the next day, "they've brought you back again."

Shaun's disappointment was too deep for expression. Brian could get nothing from him—nothing but moans, and tears from the brown eyes. It seemed as if Shaun were heart-broken. "He'll die of it," said Brian, and old Jim said the same. A day, two days passed, and Shaun was thin. Jim bathed him, combed him, brushed him. He brought him the best of food; Shaun would none of it. "He'll die, surely," said Jim.

Brian came to him again and again. Shaun sighed, moaned, and could not respond. But at last, by long perseverance, Brian made Shaun talk. "Oh," said the poor creature, "if they had only tried me! I should have been so good! Yet my mistress cried when I cried; sometimes I think of that, and it comforts me—a little. If I could only see her again!"

Brian was moved. "It must have cost her something to send you away, even the first time," he asserted.

Tears trickled down Shaun's nose. "I know it now," he said. "I remember now how she kissed me good-by, the first time. And this time, just as we were going away, and I was crying, 'Oh,' she said to Mr. Davis, 'don't let him come back again. I couldn't bear to part with him a third time!'"

"Then go again!" cried Brian.

"Jim will never let me out," said Shaun, sadly. "I heard him promise Mr. Davis."

"But I can get you out."

Shaun raised his head, then started up. "What—now?" he demanded.

"This night," said Brian. "Eat, Shaun—eat, and gather strength!"

That night's moon saw a strange sight. One after another the terriers relieved each other, digging a hole under the pickets. Shaun lay and waited, trembling with hope. Brian directed the work. When the hole was deep enough, Shaun squeezed through.

"Good-by, all," he said. "Good-by, Brian. You've been kinder to me than I deserve."

The two rubbed noses through the bars. "Good-by," said Brian. "Good-by," said all the others. "Good luck this time, Shaun!"

That was a long run in the pale moonlight. The road stretched onward like a silver ribbon, bordered by threatening shadows. Among the woods, the darkness seemed full of dangers; in the town, Shaun feared the persecuting curs. But no wild beast came from under the trees, and as he passed through the sleeping towns no one molested him.

As the day broke he reached his own town, and his own house. Thankful, humble, fearful of the future, he sat at the door and waited for the inmates to awake.

But while the town stirred into life, and carts began to pass and repass, no sound came from within the house. The milkman went by without stopping, and Shaun, wondering, became uneasy. Still, he did not dare to bark. He waited longer, till the sun stood high, and he could no more contain himself. Then he cried for admittance.

The neighbor's wife came to her door, and looked at him. "Why," she said, "there is Mr. Davis's dog come back again."

She came out and spoke to Shaun. "Doggie," she said, "they've gone. They've gone to stay a week."

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"She doesn't understand," thought Shaun. "Perhaps they will come soon. I'll—I'll wait."

VII

THE woman left him and he lay down. He was aroused by a voice, impudent and familiar. "Hullo, Shaun! Back again?"

There stood Snap Horton, grinning broadly, his bushy tail waving. "One on you, Shaun," he said. "They've gone on a vacation; everybody knows. But never mind, you sleep with me in our shed, and there's plenty of food about the town."

Every fibre of Shaun's body revolted at the sight of his old intimate—his tempter. He jumped up, growling. "Go away!" he cried."

Snap started back. "Shaun?"

"Go away!" repeated Shaun. "I hate you!" He took a step forward; his hair was bristling. "Shall I bite you?" Snap was a coward, and he fled.

The long day wore into the long evening. Shaun never left the steps. Toward night he saw a form coming down the street, and knew it for Jack Rogers on his evening rounds. In behind each house, reappearing slowly or quickly, as he found more or less to eat, occasionally emerging hurriedly, as if chased, came the second of Shaun's old cronies. Shaun watched him with growing shame. Once he had joyously accompanied Jack on these tours of gluttony; now it seemed a small and currish thing to do. Shaun turned his head away.

But he heard the fawning voice: "Why, Shaun, old boy! So glad to see you back. Folks away, aren't they? Well, come with me, and we'll get along together."

Shaun slowly rose to his feet, and if his legs trembled with weakness, they also trembled with rage. "See here, Jack Rogers——"

"Well, Shaun," said Jack, smoothly, "if you won't, you won't. To-morrow, perhaps." He trotted on.

The neighbor's wife came to her door and called him. She had a dish in her hand, and Shaun looked away from the temptation. She came to him and put the dish down near him; a bowl also.

"A good bone," she said, "and some bread and milk. There, doggie, you look hungry. Now eat it all up." She patted his head, and waited to see him begin.

Shaun wagged his tail, but drew back. "A good dog," he remembered, "lets only his master feed him." She pushed the food nearer, and the tempting smells came to his nostrils, but he still drew uncomfortably away. "It beats all," she said, at last. "But I'll leave them with him." She went back to her own house.

Night came. In the dark Shaun felt the desire to howl, but struggled with it and mastered it. "One dog can annoy a whole neighborhood." Mr. Davis had once called him a public nuisance; he would be one no longer. He paced up and down; at times he slept fitfully. At last the morning dawned—a dreary day.

Then came Mopsy Frost panting up the street. He seated himself on the steps.

"Snap told me he saw you yesterday," he said, in his husky voice. "A little out of sorts, weren't you? He said he expected an apology. Ha! ha!" He paused for comment, but found none. "I came to offer you a share of the contents of our bucket."

"Go!" cried Shaun.

"Shaun! When I've fed you so many times!"

"With your food," said Shaun, bitterly, "you betrayed me."

The dropsical beast got himself off the steps. "Well," he wheezed, "I see Snap was right. *I* sha'n't expect an apology." He went away.

The day dragged on. Shaun had much to think of, many resolves to make, and an enemy within him, hunger, to conquer. It was hard to resist with the food so close by. To forget it, he slept, and dozed away the hours—slept uneasily, with unpleasant dreams. Toward night he thought that someone was near him, and started up suddenly, crying, "Who's there?"

There was a rush of feet, and Snap Horton went flying away. But he bore in his mouth the bone for which he had sneaked up so quietly; and though the neighbor's wife, who had seen it all, came running out, it was too late. Shaun sat still, too proud to give chase, but his heart burned within him.

VIII

THE night brought a late spring frost. Shaun could not sleep, he had to keep in constant motion. The early sun brought warmth, but no true comfort.

The neighbor's wife made it harder for

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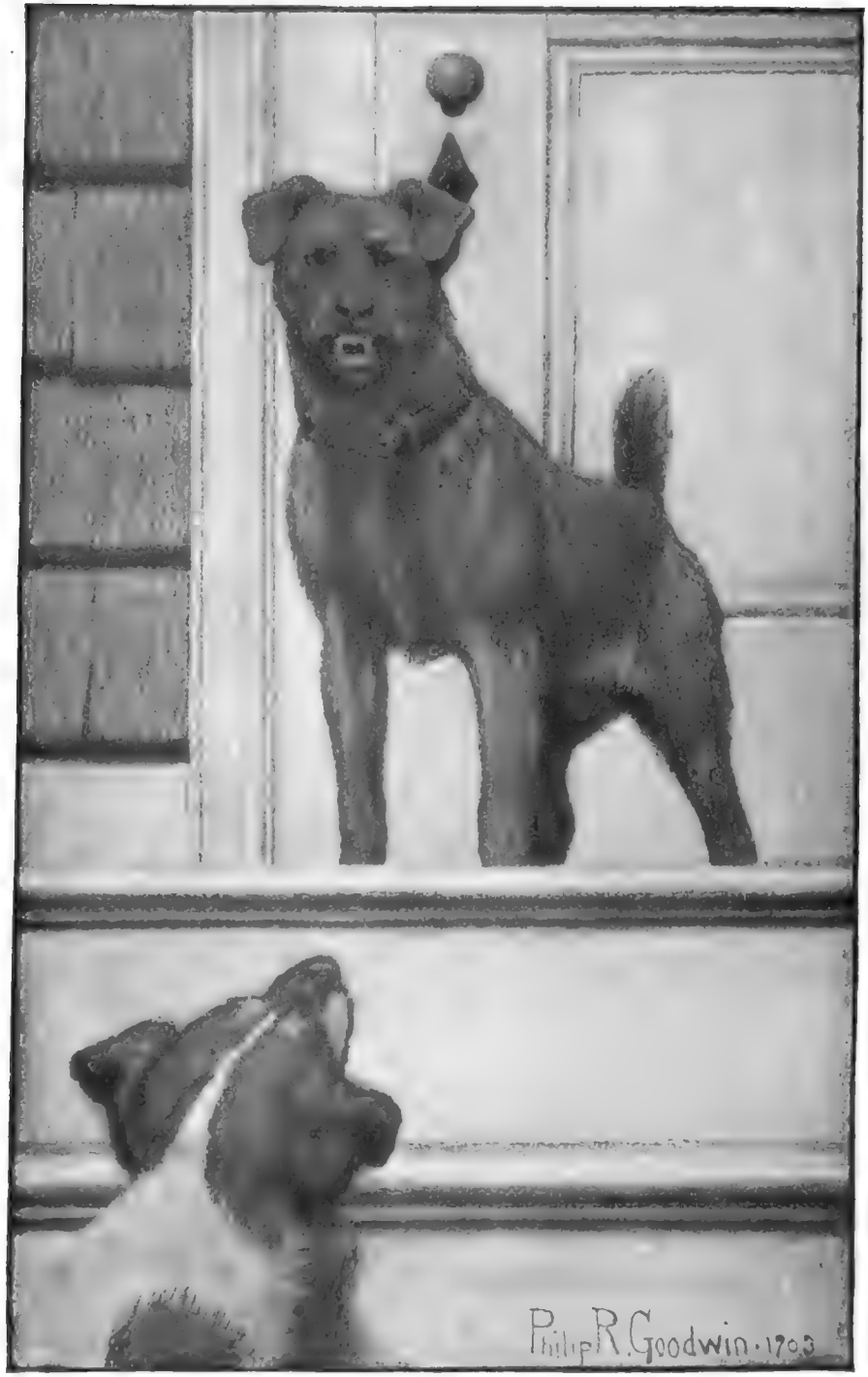

EVERY FIBRE IN SHAUN'S BODY REVOLTED AT THE SIGHT OF HIS OLD INTIMATE.

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him with fresh, more tempting food, and he carried his trembling little body away from her, across the street. But even when she was gone the food remained, and when he curled up on the steps to sleep the odors tantalized him. He repeated constantly, "I mustn't eat," and, warmed at last by the sun, he slept.

But sleep, which at first had been his comfort, now began to torture him as much as his waking. Hunger pursued him, he dreamed of beautiful dishes of food and woke in an agony, crying with fear lest he should taste them. Dozing again, he thought he was with Jack Rogers rooting in the garbage of the street, and woke with the strength of his hatred of himself. He was very thin; the gnawing at his stomach was unceasing. When he slept again the pain of his hunger waked him.

So passed a third day and night. People began to take notice of him, for the neighbors had told others. It irritated Shaun, in his weakness, to be stared at. It required all his strength to resist the temptations that were brought him. More than once he sank in a stupor that was not sleep: and when waking his head was not clear. And the fourth day revealed an evident difference in him: his bones were showing everywhere under his skin.

It was the middle of the afternoon. Shaun lay on the step, awake. His eyes were bright and strange, as if through them showed the fire of his energy, fitful just before its end. Snap Horton, Jack Rogers, Mopsy Frost, had not come near him again. But many others had spoken to him, new friends whom he remembered thankfully all the rest of his life. And the neighbor's wife was still with him, coaxing him to eat, and almost crying with pity. "If I knew where Mr. Davis was," she said to herself, "I'd write him."

A gentleman passed by, the postmaster, and she left Shaun hastily and called. Shaun recognized a friend of his master, and feebly wagged his tail. "Why, Shaun!" said the postmaster, and listened to the story of the woman. "Didn't he leave his address with you?" she asked at the end. "Cannot you write?"

The postmaster sat down on the steps and took Shaun's head on his knee. "Won't you eat, Shaun?" he asked. He took a piece of meat and held it to the dog's lips. "Here, try this." But Shaun would not allow his mouth to be opened.

The postmaster laid the dog gently down, then stood up hastily. "This isn't a case for writing," he said. "I'll telegraph. If I know Davis, he'll be here in the morning."

Shaun half understood, and through a blur of tears he saw them leave him. Still he lay without motion, scarcely responding to words or caresses.

Mercifully there was no more frost. All night long Shaun lay motionless, waiting for the day. Only the force of his will seemed to keep him alive. Through the dawn and the early daylight he lay battling his weakness, till all the town was astir.

At last a carriage came down the street, hurrying from the railroad station. Shaun heard it coming and opened his tired eyes. It stopped. He could not see, for his eyes were dim, yet familiar steps hastened to his side, and he heard voices which he knew.

"O Shaun," cried Mrs. Davis, "how thin you are! No, keep quiet, do not move." She put her arms around him.

Still he could not see, but he heard now the other voice, quiet and strong, for which he had listened so long. "Shaun," said Mr. Davis, "good dog! Here, boy, take this." He let his mouth be opened, and something flowed between his lips. It seemed to burn, but strengthened him.

What was this? Tears were falling on his head. "Oh," sobbed Mrs. Davis, "he shall never leave us now."

Shaun found her hand and kissed it.

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The Precipitate Mr. Smif

By RUTH NETTLETON

MARY had begun to sing, and I had learned by experience to regard these sudden musical outbursts as a sign that the ice-man was approaching. Her voice was clear and high, and the song poured out of her in a tuneful flood of fervor and conviction.

"Standin' on de walls o' Zion,
See de ship come sailin' over—
Standin' on de walls o' Zion
When de sea give way!"

I had been on my way to the kitchen, but now, as the singing grew louder, I turned discreetly aside and waited by a hall window. I could see that the ice-wagon had turned the corner into the alley; he was within easy hearing distance now.

"O sinner, ain't you gla-ad
You have lef' dat sinful army?
O sinner, ain't you gla-ad,
When de sea give way?"

The sound of rumbling wheels had ceased and the back gate clicked impatiently.

"Don't you want to meet my Ga-awd—"

The song went on, loud and high, risen to a jubilant pitch of exaltation—

"Don't you want to meet my Ga-awd—"

I heard the thud of a block of ice on the back porch and the singing stopped abruptly.

At length, from my post at the window, I saw the wagon resume its intermittent journey down the alley and straightway I advanced upon the kitchen.

Mary stood before the sink dreamily putting her dried and polished silver back into the dish-water. There were large, wet boot-prints upon her newly scrubbed floor and a fresh nasturtium was woven awkwardly among the kinks of her hair; there were no nasturtiums in our garden-bed.

Without speaking I collected the ingredients for my cake and began to stir vigorously. Mary dallied with her dishcloth.

"Miss Allie!"

"Yes, Mary?"

"Miss Allie, does y'all favor tall men?"

I had seen the ice-man the evening before when he had come to take her to the Foot-men's Ball; he was a giant.

"Yes, on the whole, I think I do," I answered, innocently. "Have you some special friend who is tall?"

"Go on, now, Miss Allie, you done see'd 'im an' jes' ain't sayin' nuffin'!" She gave a nervous little giggle. "He's awful black, ain't he?"

Mary was of a clear, molasses brown—a shade which she herself designated as "bright."

"I've seen him only once, I think, but he seems to have a very good face," I said, carefully avoiding the question of color.

Mary beamed. Her eyes began to sparkle, her teeth showed in two glistening rows. She darted across the room as suddenly as a humming-bird and laid a small brown hand on my arm.

"Does y'all want me to tell y' 'bout de Foot-Ball?" she said, eagerly.

"I've just been hoping to hear all about it."

She ran her hands over her fuzzy head, setting each white-ribboned pig-tail on end. Then she picked up the skirt of her calico gown, closed her eyes ecstatically, and began a slow, rhythmic shuffle that grew faster as the excitement of her narrative increased.

"Mr. Smif—yaas'm, he's named Smif—me an' Mr. Smif get dere kind o' late. Dey was all a-dancin' an' goin' on when we come. Miss Allie, honey, de Lawd'll suahly be good to you fer givin' little Mary dem white shoes an' dat silk petti-skirt. Great Time! when we come in de man what stan's up on dat 'ere pla'form he call out, 'Sloop yer partners!' an' me an' Mr. Smif we sloops good an' low an' starts waltzin' up de hall. Aw, Miss Allie, ye'd ought to see'd dem folks look! I 'magined an' I could hear 'em say to derselfs, 'What dat I hears a-cryin'?' Den dey looks down an' sees dem shoes y'all gin me—yaas'm, dey was squawkin' good's when I put 'em on—dey sees dem white shoes an' says to derselfs, 'Lordy! ain't dat a swell coon! Dat's dem shoes a-cryin'!'

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"GO ON, NOW MISS ALLIE, YOU DONE SEE'D 'IM AN' JES' AIN'T SAYIN' NUFFIN'!"

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Den I 'magines an' I can hear 'em say, 'Great day! Reckon I hears somepin's else a-cryin'!' Den I hol's up de tail o' m' dress so's dey can all see de silk und'neaf an' dey all ketches dey breaf an' 'lows, 'Fo' de Lawd, if dat ain't silk a-cryin'!'"

Mary began to swing her elbows in time with the shuffling of her feet, and she tossed her head triumphantly.

"When de music stop all de men folks comes crowdin' an' pushin' up fer to ax fer my han' to dance wid 'em. But Mr. Smif, he swings me off, an' lef' 'em all gawpin'. Nex' time we stop dey all come roun' again, an' one little man—he was awful bright, too—he say to Mr. Smif, real mad an' loud, 'What does y'all mean by keepin' dis yere lady 'gainst her will from dancin' wid me?' An' Mr. Smif, he answer 'im back, 'I'se go'ne show y'all what I means!' Den he turn roun' to me an' say, right in front of 'em all, 'Miss Johnson, is you 'greeable fer to go double-harness wid me fer de res' ob yor natural life?' I was awful scairt 'cause I sees dey was go'ne be fightin', but Mr. Smif, he was bigger'n dat little bright man, ef he is blacker'n him, 'n' so I says, 'Yaas,' 'n' he hollers out, 'Y'all hear dat? Dis' yere lady is my 'fianced wife! Dat's what I means, ye low-down yaller man, you!' Den he light on 'im!——"

I was hiding tears of laughter with both hands over my eyes. Mary thought I was crying. Her shrill voice broke and she sank down and buried her face in my dress.

"Miss Allie, don't go on like dat!" she besought, tremulously. "I's gave 'im my word, but I ain't go'ne leave you less'n y'all says so. I tol' 'im I wouldn't never leave Miss Allie fer nobody less'n she driv' me off. He's comin' roun' dis evenin' fer to git me to tell 'im what y'all says. Oh, I's awful selfish!" she was sobbing now—"but I ain't never had a feller before, an' I dunno h' come I wants 'im, but I does. Miss Allie, honey, what-all I go'ne tell 'im?"

Oh, valiant ice-man, for one short moment your fate lay in my hands! Now, in the twilight, as I sit at my garden window, I hear the rumble of your approaching chariot wheels. I am thinking of her pies and her jellies and her endless good-nature and her bird-like voice—this little hand-maid of mine—and my heart is heavy within me, for I know the answer that is awaiting you.

There it comes—the tidal wave of song! Clear and strong and joyful it flows out to meet you as you draw nigh:

> Don't I wonder who'll be ready
> When de Bridegroom come!
> Don't I wonder who'll be ready
> When He come——

The song quavers rapturously—ceases. You are here!

Home at Thanksgiving

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

DREAMS of the soldier, statesman,
Of scholar, and lord of trade,
Grew in the quiet shelter
Of that fair elm-tree shade;
And while our thanks may gather,
Joy-misted in our eyes,
For this returning hand-clasp
And these November skies,
Somehow the calm abundance
Of our ripe-fruited days
Calls not so much for offering
Of song-voiced prayer and praise
As those far hours together
When raptly you and I
Saw, through our young ambitions,
The pride of earth go by.

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How Jim Britt Passed His Bill

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

LAST CHANCE was a hamlet in Southeastern Kansas. Last Chance, though fervid, was not large. Indeed, a cowboy in a spirit of insult born of a bicker with the town marshal, had said he could throw the loop of his lariat about Last Chance and drag it from the map with his pony. However, this was hyperbole.

Jim Britt was not the least conspicuous among the people of Last Chance. Withal, Jim Britt was much diffused throughout the commerce of that village, and claimed interests in a dozen local establishments, from a lumber yard to a hotel. Lean, long, anxious, and with a predatory nose, Jim Britt's gray eye was ever roving for a next investment; and the more novel the enterprise, the more leniently did Jim Britt regard it. The new in business had for him a fascination, since he was in way and heart an Alexander, and hungered covetously for further worlds to conquer. Thus it befell that Jim Britt came naturally to his desire to build a railway when the exigencies of his affairs opened gate to suggestion.

Jim Britt became the proprietor of a lead-mine—or was it zinc?—in Southwestern Missouri, and no mighty distance from his own abode of Last Chance. The mine was somewhat thrust upon Jim Britt by Fate, since he accepted it for a bad debt. It was "lead-mine or nothing," and Jim Britt, whose instincts objected strenuously to nothing, took the mine. It was a good mine, but a drawback lurked in the location; it lay over the Ozark Hills, and far away from any nearest whistle of a railroad.

This isolation taught Jim Britt the thought of connecting his mine by rail with Last Chance; the latter was an easiest, nearest point, and the route offered a most accommodating grade. A straight line, or as the crow is said to fly, but doesn't, would make the length of the proposed improvement fifty miles. When done, it would serve not only Jim Britt's mine, but admirably as a feeder for the Fort Scot and Gulf; and Jim Britt foresaw riches in that. Altogether, the notion was none such a desperate scheme.

There was a side serious, however, which must be considered. The line would cross the extreme northeast angle of the Indian Territory, or as it is styled in those far regions, the "Nation," and for this invasion of redskin holdings the consent of the general Government, through its Congress assembled, must be secured.

Jim Britt, far from being depressed, said he would go to Washington and get it; he rather revelled in the notion. Samantha, his wife, shook her head doubtfully.

"Jim Britt," said Samantha, severely, "you ain't been east of the Mississippi since you was a yearling. You know no more of Washington than a wolf. I'd give that railroad up; and especially, I'd keep away from Congress. Don't try to braid that mule's tail"—Samantha was lapsing into the metaphor common of Last Chance—"don't try to braid that mule's tail. It'll kick you plumb out o' the stall."

But Jim Britt was firm; the mule simile in no sort discouraged him.

"But what could you do with Congress?" persisted Samantha—"you, a stranger and alone?"

Jim Britt argued that one determined individual could do much, and how energy wisely aimed would overcome mere numbers. He cited the ferocious instance of a dim relative of his own, a vivacious person yclept Turner, who, because of injuries, fancied or real, hung for years about the tribal flanks of the Comanches and potted their leading citizens. This the vigorous Turner kept up until he had corralled sixty Comanche top-knots; and the end was not yet when the Comanches themselves appealed to their agent for protection. They said they couldn't assemble for a green-corn dance, or about a regalement of baked dog, without the Winchester of the unauthorized Turner

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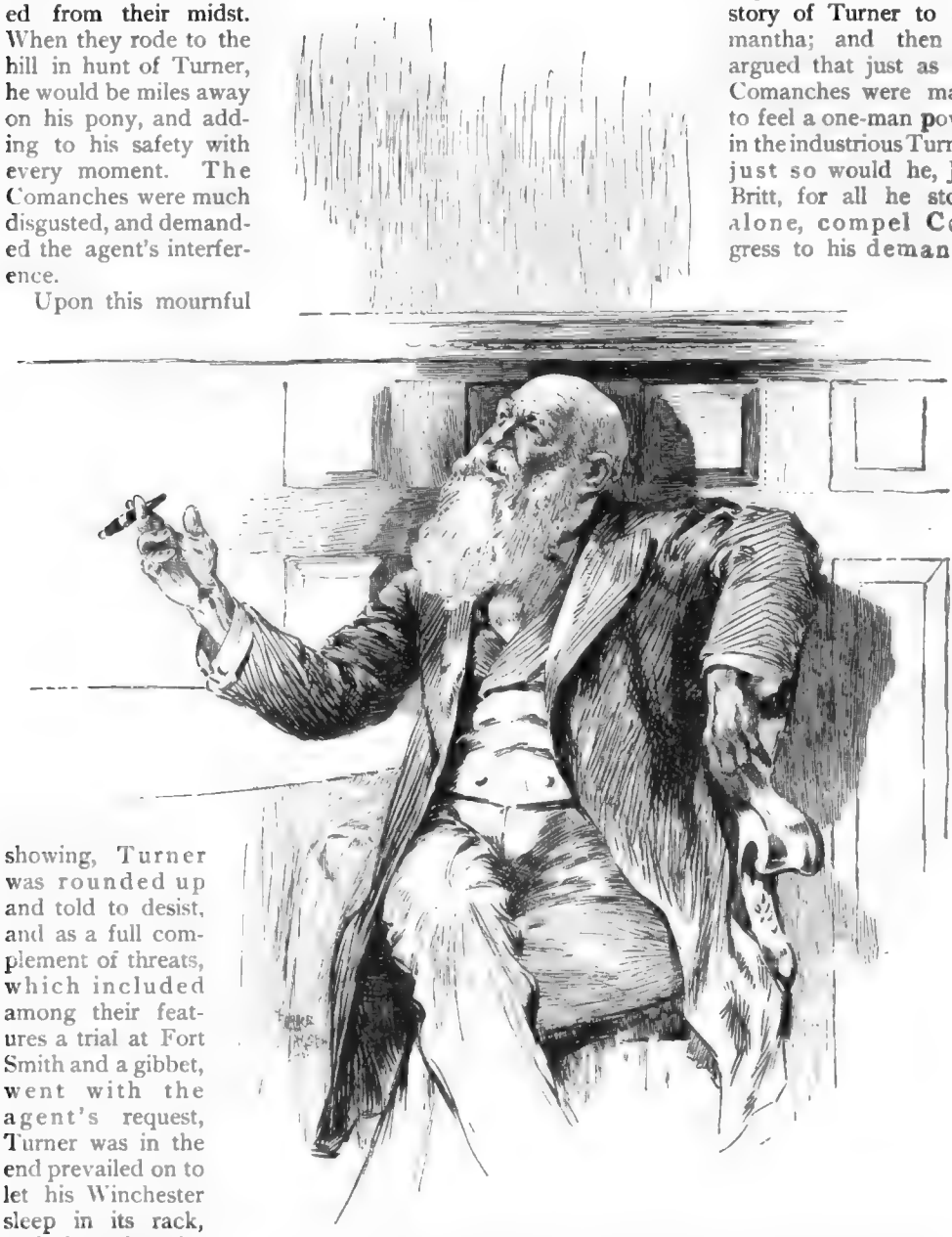
barking from some convenient hill, and the squaws would then have nothing left but to sing the death-song of that eminent spirit whom he had thus wafted from their midst. When they rode to the hill in hunt of Turner, he would be miles away on his pony, and adding to his safety with every moment. The Comanches were much disgusted, and demanded the agent's interference.

Upon this mournful showing, Turner was rounded up and told to desist, and as a full complement of threats, which included among their features a trial at Fort Smith and a gibbet, went with the agent's request, Turner was in the end prevailed on to let his Winchester sleep in its rack, and thereafter the Comanches danced and devoured dog unscared. The sullen Turner said the Comanches had slain his parent long ago; the agent expressed regrets, but stuck for it that even with such an impetus a normal vengeance should have run itself out with the conquest of sixty scalps.

Jim Britt told this story of Turner to Samantha; and then he argued that just as the Comanches were made to feel a one-man power in the industrious Turner, just so would he, Jim Britt, for all he stood alone, compel Congress to his demands. He would take that right of way across the Indian Territory from between their very teeth. He was an American citizen



HE OF THE SNOW-BEARD SUDDENLY THUNDERED, "I HAVE THIS DAY READ JOHN SHERMAN'S DEFENCE OF THE CRIME OF SEVENTY-THREE."

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and Congress was his servant, said Jim Britt.

"That's all right," argued the pessimistic Samantha; "that's all right about your drunken loafer, Turner; but he had a Winchester. Now you can't tackle Congress with no gun, Jim Britt."

Despite the gloomy prophecies of Samantha, whom Jim Britt looked on as a kind of Cassandra without having heard of Cassandra, our would-be railroad builder wound up the threads and loose ends of his Last Chance businesses, and having, as he described it, "fixed things so they would run themselves for a month," struck out for Washington. Jim Britt carried twenty-five hundred dollars in his pocket, confidence in his heart, and Samantha's forebode of darkling failure in his ears, when he said "good-by."

While no fop, and never setting up to be the local Brummel, Jim Britt's clothes theretofore had matched both his hour and environment, and held their decent own in the van of Last Chance fashion. But the farther Jim Britt penetrated to the Eastward in his native land, the more his raiment seemed to fall behind the age, and at the last, when he was fairly within the gates of Washington, he began to feel exceeding wild and strange. Also it affected him somewhat to discover himself almost alone as a tobacco-chewer, and that a great art preserved in its fulness by Last Chance had fallen to decay on the sunrise side of the Alleghenies. These, however, were questions of minor moment, and save that his rococo garb drove the sensitive Jim Britt into cheap lodgings in Four-and-one-half Street, instead of one of the capital's gilded hotels, they owned no effect.

This last is set forth in defence against any imputation of parsimony for his poor living on the side of Jim Britt. He was one who spent his money like a king whenever and wherever his education or experience pointed the way. It was his clothes of a remote period which made him shy, else Jim Britt would have shrunk not from the Shoreham itself, but climbed and clambered and browsed among the timber-line prices of its grill-room, as safe and satisfied as ever browsed mountain goat on the high levels of its upland home. Yea, forsooth! Jim Britt, like a sailor ashore, would spend his money with a free and happy heart.

Jim Britt, acting on a hint offered of his sensibilities, for a first step reclothed himself from a high-priced shop; following these improvements, save for the fact that he appalled the eye as a trifle gorgeous, he might not have disturbed the sacred taste of Connecticut Avenue itself. In short, in the matter of garb, Jim Britt, while audible, was down to date.

With the confidence born of his new clothes—for clothes in some respects can make the man—Jim Britt sate him down to study Congress. He deemed it as a citadel to be stormed, and, not lacking in a military genius, began to look it over for a weak point.

These adventures of Jim Britt, now first recorded, occurred, you should understand, almost a decade ago. In that day there should have been eighty-eight senators and three hundred and fifty-six representatives, albeit, by reason of death or failure to elect, a not-to-be-noticed handful of seats were vacant.

By an industrious perusal of the Congressional directory, wherein the skeleton of each House was laid out and told in all its divers committee small-bones, Jim Britt began to understand a few of the lions in his path. For his confusion he found that Congress was subdivided into full sixty committees, beginning with such giant conventions as the Ways and Means, Appropriations, Military, Naval, Coinage, Weights and Measures, Banking and Currency, Indian, Public Lands, Postal and Pensions, and dwindling down to ignoble riffraff—which owned a chairman, a committee room, a full complement of clerks and messengers, and an existence, but never convened—like the Committees on Acoustics and Ventilation, and Alcoholic Liquor Traffic.

Jim Britt learned also of the Sergeants-at-Arms of Senate and House, and how these dignitaries controlled the money for those bodies and paid the members their salaries. Incidentally, and by way of gossip, he was told of that House Sergeant, who had on occasion levanted with the riches entrusted to his hands, and left the unpaid membership, gnashing its teeth in poverty and impotent gloom, unable to draw pay.

Then there was a document room where the bills and resolutions were kept when printed. Also, about each of the five doors of House and Senate, when those sacred gatherings were in session, were planted a host of messengers, carried for twelve hundred dollars a year each on the Door-keep-

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er's rolls, whose duty and pleasure it was, on request, to bring forth members into the corridors, to the end that they be refreshed with a word of counsel from constituents who had travelled thither for that purpose, and in the last to lend said constituents money to return home.

HE WAS INSTANTLY TAKEN BY THE HELPLESS BUTTON AND TOLD OF THE NATIONAL NEED OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

Jim Britt, following these first connings of the Directory, went personally to the Capitol, and from the galleries, leaning his chin on the rail the while, gazed earnestly on greatness while in action, and about the transaction of its fame. These studies and personally conducted legislative tours, and certain casual conversations which came off between Jim Britt and chance-blown folk who fell across his pathway, enlarged Jim Britt's store of information in sundry fashions. He discovered that full ten thousand bills and resolutions were introduced each Congress; that by virtue of a mere narrowness of time, not more than five per cent. of this storm of business could be dealt with, the other ninety-five, whether for good or ill, being starved to death for lack of occasion, for the days themselves were no longer than five working hours—Congress convening at noon.

The great radical difference between House and Senate loomed upon Jim Britt in a contrast of powers which abode with the presiding officers of those mills to grind new laws. The

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President of the Senate owned few or none. He might enforce Jefferson's rules for debates, and call a recalcitrant senator to order; a call to which the recalcitrant paid little heed, beyond tart remarks on his part concerning his own high determination to yield to no gavel tyranny, coupled with a forceful, though conceited, assurance, flung to the Senate at large, that he, the recalcitrant, knew his rights (which he never did), and would uphold them (which he never failed to do). The Senate President named no committees; owned no control over the order of business; and, indeed, was limited to a vote on ties, a warning that he would clear the galleries (which was never done) when the public therein roosting applauded, and the right to prevent two senators from talking at one and the same time. These latter were the utmost measure of his influence. Any senator could get the floor for any purpose, and talk on any subject from Prester John to Sheep in the Seventeenth Century, while his strength stood. Also, and much as dogs have kennels permitted them for their habitation, the presiding officer of the Senate —in other words, the Vice-President of the nation was given a room, separate and secluded to himself, into which he might retire when chagrin for his own unimportance should overmaster him, or his woes become greater than he might publicly bear.

The House Speaker was a different cock, with a far different crow and spur, from his helpless brother at the other or "North End" of the Capitol. The Speaker was a king, indeed, an absolute monarch, an autocrat, or what you will that signifies one who may do as he chooses, exercise unbridled will, and generally sit beneath the broad shadows of the vine and the fig tree of his own prerogatives, with none to molest him or make him afraid. The Speaker was, so to phrase it, the entire House, the other 355 members acting only when he consented or compelled them, and then usually by his suggestion, and always under his thumb. No bill could be considered without the Speaker's permission; and then for so long only as he should allow, and by what members he preferred. No man could speak to a measure wanting the gracious consent of this dignitary; and no word could be uttered —at least persisted in—to which he felt distaste.

The Speaker, when lengths and breadths are measured, was greater than the Moscow Czar, and showed him a handless infant by comparison. As a half-glove of velvet for his iron hand, and to mask and soften his pure autocracy—which, if seen naked, might shock the spirit of Americanism—there existed a Rules Committee. This sub-body, whereof the Speaker was chief, carried, besides himself, but two members: and these he personally selected, as indeed he did the entire membership of every other committee on the House muster rolls. This Rules Committee, with the Speaker in absolute sway, acted with reference to the House at large, as do the Board of Judges for a race-course. It declared each day what bills should be taken up, limited debate, and to pursue the Track simile to a last word, called on this race, or cleared the course of that race, and fairly speaking, dry-nursed the House throughout its travels, romps, and lessons.

Jim Britt discovered that in all, counting Speaker, Rules Committee, and a dozen others, chairmen of the great committees, there existed no more than fifteen folk who might by any stretch of veracity be said to have the least voice in the transaction of House business. In the gagged and bound cases of the other 341, and for what public good or ill to flow from them, their constituents would have fared as well had they, instead of electing these representatives, confined themselves to writing the Government a letter setting forth their wants.

In reference to his own bill, Jim Britt convinced himself of two imposing truths—anybody would and could introduce it in either House or Senate, or in both at once; then, when thus introduced, and it had taken the routine course to the proper committee, the situation would ask the fervent agreement of a majority in each body, to say nothing about the Speaker's consent—a consent as hard to gain as a girl's—to bring it up for passage. Nor was there any security of concert. The bill might be fashionable, not to say popular, with one body, while the other turned rigid back upon it. It might live in the House to die in the Senate, or succeed in the Senate and perish in the House. There was no safety and little hope to be won in any corner, and the sole lone certainty to peer forth at Jim Britt was that the chances stood immeasurably against him wherever he turned his eyes. The camel for the needle's eye and the rich man into heaven were easy and feasible as proposals when laid side by side with the Congressional outlook for his bill.

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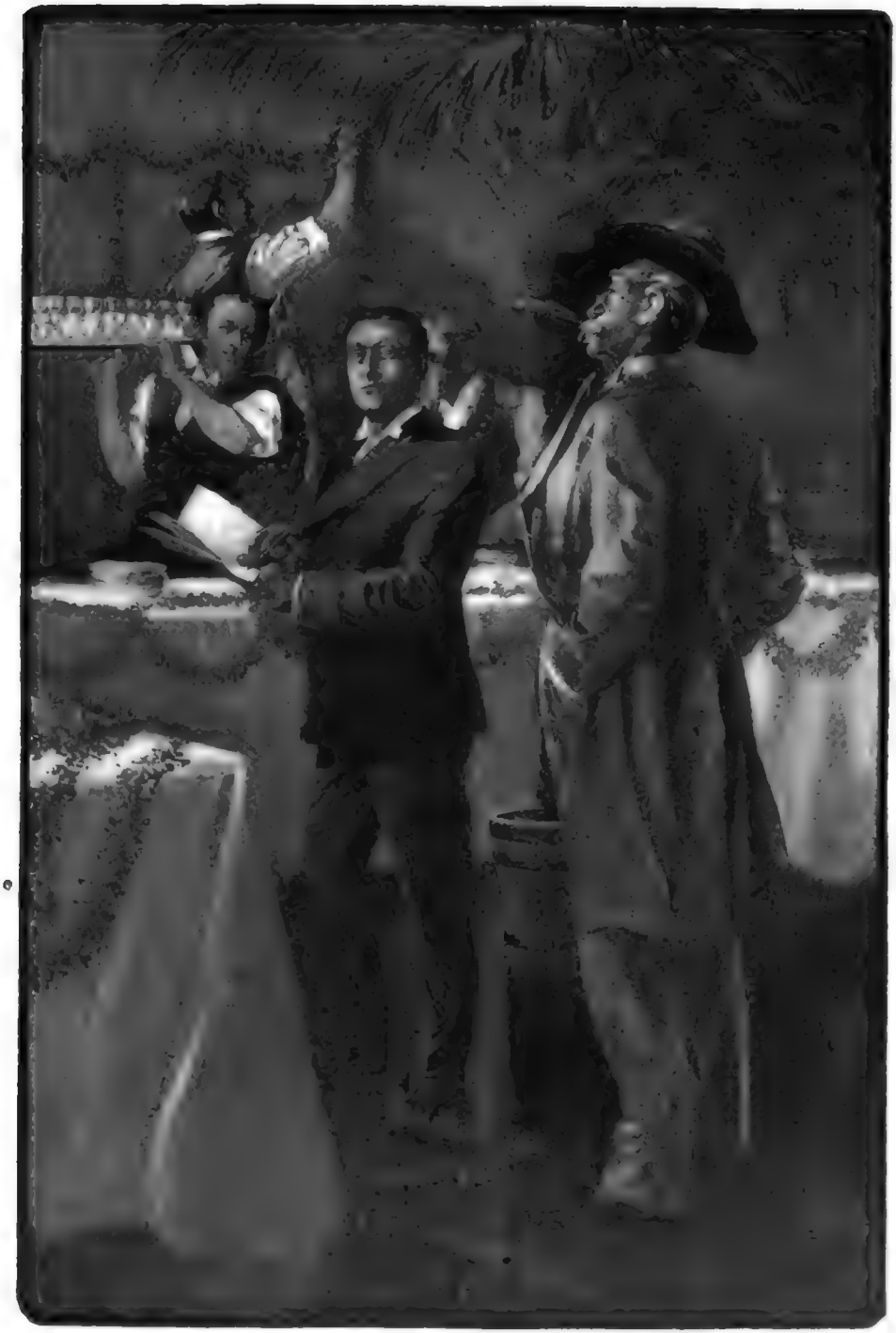

WHEN THE STEWARD WOULD HAVE CONSULTED JIM BRITT, THAT GENTLEMAN SAID SIMPLY, "MAKE THE PLAY WITH THE BRIDLE OFF! DON'T PINCH DOWN FOR A CHIP."

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While Jim Britt was now sensibly cast down and pressed upon by despair, within him the eagerness for triumph grew with every day. For one daunting matter, should he return empty of hand, Samantha would wear the fact fresh and new on her tongue's end to the last closing of his eyes. It would become a daily illustration—an hourly argument in her practised mouth. Besides, Jim Britt, as a matter of business and to make money, saw ever more and more in that railway project.

There was one good to come to Jim Britt by his investigations, and that was a good instruction. Like many another, Jim Britt, from the misleading distance of Last Chance, had ever regarded both House and Senate as gigantic conspiracies. They were eaten of plot and permeated of intrigue; it was all chicane and surprise and sharp practice. Congress was a name for traps and gins and pits and snares and dead-falls. The word meant tunnels and trap-doors and vaults and dungeons and sinister black whatnot. Jim Britt never paused to consider wherefore Congress should, for ends either clean or foul, conceal within itself these midnight commodities of mask and dark-lantern, and go about its destiny a perennial Guy Fawkes arrangement, ready to explode with a touch, and blow itself and all concerned to far-spread flinders. Had he so done, he might have dismissed these murky beliefs.

It is, however, never too late to mend. It began now to dawn upon Jim Britt, by the morning light of what he read and heard and witnessed, that both Houses, in their plan and movement, were as simple as a wire fence; no more recondite as pieces of machinery than is a pair of shears. They might be wrong, but they were not intricate; they might spoil a deal of cloth in their cutting, or grow dull of edge or loose of joint, and so not cut at all, but they were not mysterious. Certainly Congress was no more a conspiracy than is a flock of geese, and a brooding hen would be as much guilty of a plot or as deep given to intrigue. Congress was a stone wall, or a precipice, or a bridgeless gulf, or what one would that was difficult of passage to the borders of the impossible, but there dwelt nothing occult or secret or unknowable in its bowels. These truths of simplicity Jim Britt began to learn, and, while they did not cheer, at least they served to clear him up.

Following two weeks of investigation, Jim Britt secured the introduction of his bill in House and Senate. This came off by asking; the representative from the Last Chance district performing in the one body, while one of the Kansas senators acted in the more venerable convention.

Now the bill was introduced, printed, and in the lap of the proper committee, Jim Britt went to work to secure the bill's report. He might as well have stormed the skies to steal a star; he found himself as helpless as a fly in amber.

About this time in his destinies Jim Britt made a radical and, as it turned, a decisive move. He had now grown used to Washington and Washington to him, and, while folk still stared and many grinned, Jim Britt did not receive that ovation as he moved about which marked and made unhappy his earlier days in the town. Believing it necessary to his bill's weal, Jim Britt began to haunt John Chamberlin's house of call, as then was, and to scrape acquaintance with statesmen who passed their hours of ease and wine in its parlors.

In the commencement of his Chamberlin experiences, Jim Britt met much to affright him. A snowy-bearded senator from Nevada sat at a table. On seeing Jim Britt smile upon him in a friendly way—he was hoping to make the senator's acquaintance—he of the snow-beard, *apropos* of nothing, suddenly thundered:

"I have this day read John Sherman's defence of the Crime of Seventy-Three. John Sherman contends that no crime was committed because no criminals were caught."

This outburst so dismayed Jim Britt that he sought a far corner and no more tempted the explosiveness of Snow-Beard.

Again, Jim Britt would engage a venerable senator from Alabama in talk. He was instantly taken by the helpless button, and for a quintette of hours told of the national need of a Panama Canal, and given a list of what railroads in their villain venality set the flinty faces of their opposition to thwart its coming about.

These things, the thunders of Snow-Beard and the exhaustive settings forth of the senator from the South, pierced Jim Britt; for he reflected that if the questions of Silver and Panama could not be budged for their benefit by these gentlemen of beard and long experience, and who dwelt well within the breastworks of legislation, then his bill for that small right of way, and none to aid it

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save himself in his weak obscurity, could hope nothing beyond death and burial where it lay.

There was a gentleman of Congress well known and loved as the Statesman from Tupelo. He was frequent and popular about Chamberlin's. The Statesman from Tupelo was a humorist of celebration and one of the redeeming features of the House of Representatives. His eye fell upon the queer, ungainly form of Jim Britt, with anxious face, eyes keen but guileless, and nose of hawk-like curve.

The Statesman from Tupelo beheld in Jim Britt and his Gothic simplicity a self-offered prey to the spear of every joker. The Statesman from Tupelo, with a spacious suavity of accent, and a blandness irresistible, drew forth Jim Britt in converse. The latter, flustered, flattered, went to extremes of confidence, and laid frankly bare his railroad hopes and fears, which were now all fears.

The Statesman from Tupelo listened with decorous albeit sympathetic gravity. When Jim Britt was done he spoke.

"As you say," observed the Statesman from Tupelo, "your one chance is to get acquainted with a majority of both Houses and interest them personally in your bill."

"But how might a party do that soonest?" asked Jim Britt. "I don't want to camp yere for the balance of my days. Besides, thar's Samantha."

"Certainly, there's Samantha," assented the Statesman from Tupelo. Then following a pause: "I suppose the readiest method would be to give a dinner. Could you undertake that?"

"Why, I reckon I could."

The dinner project obtained kindly foothold in the breast of Jim Britt; he had read of such banquet deeds as a boy, when the papers retold the splendors of Sam Ward and the Lucullian day of the old Pacific Mail. Jim Britt had had no experience of Chamberlin prices, since his purchases had gone no farther afield than a now-and-then cigar. He had for the most part subsisted at those cheap restaurants which—for that there be many threadbare, broken folk, spent with their long vigils about Congress, hoping for their denied rights—are singularly abundant in Washington. These modest places of regale would give no good notion of Chamberlin's, but quite the contrary. Wherefore, Jim Britt, quick with railway eagerness and to get back to the far-away Samantha, took the urgent initiative, and said he would order the dinner for what night the Statesman from Tupelo deemed best, if only that potent and friendly spirit would agree to gather in the guests.

"We will have the dinner, then," said He from Tupelo, "on next Saturday. You can tell Chamberlin, and I'll see to the guests."

"How many?" said Chamberlin's steward, when he received the orders of Jim Britt.

That coming railway magnate looked at the Statesman from Tupelo.

"Say fifty," remarked the Statesman from Tupelo.

Jim Britt was delighted. He would have liked sixty guests better, or if one might, one hundred; but fifty was a fair start. There could come other dinners, for the future holds a deal of room. In time Jim Britt might dine a full moiety of Congress. The dinner was fixed, then; the *menu* left to the steward's ingenuity and taste; and now when the situation was thus relaid, and Saturday distant but two days, Jim Britt himself called for an apartment at Chamberlin's, sent for his one trunk, and established himself on the scene of coming dinner action to have instant advantage of whatever offered that might be twisted to affect his lead-mine road.

The long tables for Jim Britt's dinner were laid in a vast dining-room upstairs. There were fifty covers, and room for twenty more should twenty come. The apartment itself was a jungle of tropical plants, and the ground-plan of the feast on a scale of bill-threatening magnificence. This was but right. For when the steward would have consulted the exultant Jim Britt, whose florid imaginings had quite carried him off his feet, that gentleman said simply:

"Make the play with the bridle off! Don't pinch down for a chip."

Whereupon the steward cast aside restraint, and wandered forth upon that dinner with a heart care-free and unrestrained. He would make of it a time of terrapin and canvas-back and burgundy which folk would date from, and remember for long and to the Chamberlin praise.

Saturday arrived, and throughout the afternoon Jim Britt—by grace of the good steward, who had a pride of his work and loved applause—teetered in and out of the dining-room, and with dancing eye and mouth ajar gave rein to admiration. It would be a mighty dinner; it would land his

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bill in his successful hands, and make, besides, a story to amaze the folk of Last Chance to a stand-still. These be not our words; rather they flowed as the advance jubilations of Jim Britt.

There was one thought to bear upon Jim Britt to bashful disadvantage. The prospect of entertaining fifty statesmen shook his confidence and took his breath. To repair these disasters he called privily from time to time for whiskey; then he talked thickly his encomiums to the steward. On the last visit to survey that fairyland of a dining-room, Jim Britt counted covers laid for several hundred guests; what was still more wondrous, he believed they would come, and the prospect rejoiced him. There were as many lights, too, in the chandeliers as stars of a still winter's night, while the apartment seemed as large as a ten-acre lot, and waved a fair forest of trees.

That he might be certainly present on the arrival of the first guest—for Jim Britt knew and felt his duties as a host—Jim Britt lay down upon a lounge which, to one side, was deeply, sweetly bowered beneath the overhanging palms. Then Jim Britt went earnestly to sleep and was no more to be aroused than a dead man.

The Statesman from Tupelo appeared; by twos, and threes, and tens, gathered the guests; Jim Britt slept the sleep of innocence without a dream. A steering committee named to that purpose on the spot by the Statesman from Tupelo sought to recover Jim Britt to a knowledge of his fortunate honors. Full sixty guests were there, and it was but right that he be granted the pleasure, not to say the glory, of their acquaintance.

It was of no avail; Jim Britt would not be withdrawn from slumbers deep as death. The steering committee suspended its labors of restoration. As said the chairman in making his report, which, with a wine-glass in his hand, he subsequently did between soup and fish:

"Our most cunning efforts were fruitless. It was like throwing water on a drowned rat."

Thus it stood that his slumbers defended themselves, and Jim Britt snored unchecked. But the dinner did not flag. The Statesman from Tupelo took the head of the table, the repast proceeded, while wine and humor flowed.

It was a dream of a dinner! A most desirable dinner! a dinner that should stand for years an honor to Jim Britt of Last Chance. It raged from eight till three the following morning. Corks and jokes were popping while laughter walked abroad; speeches were made and songs were sung. Throughout all, the serene founder of the feast slept on; and albeit eloquence took up his name and twined about it flowery

THE STATESMAN FROM TUPELO TALKED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES WHILE THE HOUSE HOWLED.

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compliments, he knew it not. Tranquilly on his lounge he abode in dear oblivion.

Things mundane end, and so did Jim Britt's dinner. There struck an hour when the last song was sung, the last jest made, and the last guest had departed. The Statesman from Tupelo superintended the transportation of Jim Britt to his room, and having made him safe, he also went out into the morning, and the famous banquet was of the perfumed past.

It dawned Wednesday ere the Statesman from Tupelo called again at Chamberlin's to ask for the excellent Jim Britt. The Statesman from Tupelo was thus laggard as a favor to Jim Britt.

"I thought," he explained to Chamberlin, "that our friend would need Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday to straighten up his head."

"The man's gone," said Chamberlin; "he departed Monday morning."

"And whither?" asked the Statesman from Tupelo.

"Home to Last Chance."

"What did he go home for?"

"That dinner broke him, I guess. It cost about eighteen hundred dollars, and he only had a little over a hundred when the bill was paid. He figured it was time to pull out."

The statesman from Tupelo mused, while clouds of regret began to gather on his brow. His conscience had him by the collar; his conscience was avenging that bankruptcy of Jim Britt. The Statesman from Tupelo received Jim Britt's address from the hands of Chamberlin's clerk.

The next day the Statesman from Tupelo wrote Jim Britt a letter. It ran thus:

CHAMBERLIN'S HOTEL.

My Dear Sir: Don't come back. Write me in full the exact story of what you want and why you want it. I've got a copy of your bill from the Document Room, and so soon as I hear from you, shall urge the business before the proper committee.

When Jim Britt's reply came to hand, the Statesman from Tupelo—whom nobody could resist—prevailed on the committee to report the bill. Then he got the Speaker, who, iron with others, was wax in the hands of the Statesman from Tupelo, to recognize him to bring up the bill. The House, equally under his spell, gave the Statesman from Tupelo its unanimous consent, and the bill was passed in the blink of a moment to its third reading and put upon its passage. Then the Statesman from Tupelo made a speech—he said it was a confession.

The Statesman from Tupelo talked for fifteen minutes, while the House howled. He told the destruction of Jim Britt. He painted the dinner, and pointed to those members of the House who attended, and reminded them of the desolation their appetites had worked. He said the House was disgraced in the downfall of Jim Britt, and admitted that he and his fellow-diners were culpable to a last extreme. But there was a way to repair all. The bill must be passed, the stain on the House must be washed away, Jim Britt must stand again on his fiscal feet, and then he, the Statesman from Tupelo, and his fellow-conspirators might look mankind in the eyes.

There are those who do for laughter what they would not do for right. The House passed Jim Britt's bill unanimously.

The Statesman from Tupelo carried it to the Senate. He explained the painful situation and described the remedy. Would the Senate unbend from its stern dignity as the greatest deliberative body of any clime or age, and come to the rescue of the Statesman from Tupelo and the House of Representatives now wallowing in infamy?

The Senate would; by virtue of a kink in Senate rules, which permitted the feat, the Jim Britt bill was instantly and unanimously adopted without the intervention of a committee or ordering a reference. The Statesman from Tupelo thanked the Senate and withdrew, pretending emotion.

There was one more journey to make, one more power to consult, and the mighty work would be accomplished. The President must sign the bill. The Statesman from Tupelo walked in on that tremendous officer of state, and told him the tale of injury done Jim Britt. The Statesman from Tupelo, by way of metaphor, called himself and his fellow-sinners cannibals, and showed how they had eaten Jim Britt alive. Then he reminded the President that he had once before come to the rescue of Cannibals in the case of Queen Lil. Would he now come to the relief of the Statesman from Tupelo and his fellow man-eaters of the House?

The President was overcome with the idea; he scribbled his name in pinched, cramped copper-plate, and the deed was done. The Jim Britt Bill was a law, and Jim Britt saved from the life-long taunts of Samantha the retentive. The road from Last Chance to the lead-mine was built, and on hearing of its completion the Statesman from Tupelo wrote for an annual pass.

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Little Stories of Real Life

The Stratagem of Haley

By Richard Barker Shelton

IT all appeared harmless enough. Just before the mid-day siesta, a lumbering hand-car came jolting over the twelve miles of completed track of the Colona Intercoast Railroad. It came from Coma, the eastern terminal, and only stopped when it reached that point in the forest where Haley and his 200 laborers were cutting holes in the tropical scenery and laying the rails.

The car was propelled by four perspiring blacks—in relays of two at the brake-beam—and its sole passenger was a little man in a seedy uniform much bedecked with tarnished gold lace. The little man was perched jauntily on the rear end of the hand-car, his military chapeau, with its rusty black plume, cocked over one eye. A cavalry sabre rested across his knees, widespread by the Turk-fashion of his attitude, and between his lips was a huge black cigar, which trailed a wake of smoke to the rear.

Haley heard the rasp of the hand-car on the rails. He came to the door of the little shack, which served as construction office, in time to see the little man scramble nimbly from the car, give a few touches to the gaudy uniform, and then stride majestically toward the shack.

A few feet from Haley he paused and gave a profound bow. In one hand the plumed chapeau swept the ground; the other hand lay melodramatically on his heart.

"Señor Haley, I b'leeve," he said.

Haley nodded. "Something I can do for you?" he inquired, cheerfully.

When the whistle blew for the siesta, the little man said, he would a few remarks to the laborers, who were his fellow-countrymen, like to make. Would the Señor Haley graciously allow that he might?

"Tax-collector probably," Haley thought. "All right," he said to the other, "go ahead. And say! While you're about it, remind 'em that pulque is bad for 'em at this time of year, will you? Tell 'em it brings on yellow fever and small-pox."

The little man bowed again. It should be even as the Señor wished, he said. He launched into a voluble flood of gratitude, but before he was fairly started, Haley was back at his desk overhauling the blue-print charts, for Haley was a man with little time to waste.

Some time before November 1st the Intercoast Railroad must be completed. In a drawer of his desk was an official-looking contract which stated this, and beside it were many pages of no less official-looking specifications. Haley knew if he failed it would take all he had in the world to meet his obligations. If he were successful, it meant a tidy sum to him, and there was a bonus of $500 per day for every day of its completion before the time specified.

Twelve miles of track only had been completed from Coma. At the other end of the line, Haley's predecessor had completed some eighteen miles and then thrown up the contract in disgust. It was now the first of September, and there were twenty-nine miles yet to be built. Haley knew in a certain New England city a brown-haired girl waited impatiently for the first of November to bring him home to her in triumph. Yet, strive as he would, things went against him. The half-breed laborers were a careless, pulque-drinking lot. His foremen were no better. With

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his best effort he could get but little out of them. It was his first experience with laborers in a land where food may be had for the picking; and he swore roundly it should be his last.

Every night when the work was summed up, he found it considerably behind his plans. At the rate they were going, the road would be done some time in December. That meant ruin for him, for his hopes, and an end to all the foolish little plans he had made with the brown-haired girl.

Haley was still gloomily poring over the blue-prints, when the whistle on the locomotive of the construction train screamed hoarsely. Through the windows of the shack he could see the little man mounted on the hand-car shouting shrill Spanish to the gathering laborers and waving his arms wildly. Now and then a strident cheer greeted the speaker's words, but Haley paid no attention to this. For a good half-hour the harangue went on, then the little man departed down the line in the direction of Coma, seated Turk-fashion on the hand-car, the sabre again on his knees, and a cloud of cigar-smoke thinning out in his wake.

When Haley reached the construction office next morning, he saw something serious had happened. Not a laborer was in sight; three foremen, perched on a pile of sleepers, were rolling cigarettes and swapping stories; an ominous stillness hung over the place, broken only by the chatter of quarrelling monkeys and the monotonous exhaust of the construction locomotive, standing idly on the rails.

From the foremen Haley got an inkling of the truth, which sent him back to Coma with all the speed the rolling locomotive could master. Here his suspicions were confirmed. An insurrection had broken out on the west coast. Already an army was being organized there by General Toro Escamilla, a recently deposed cabinet officer of Varina's administration.

The little man who yesterday had addressed the laborers from the hand-car was none other than Colonel Tortorosa, aide-de-camp to President Juan Maria Varina. By appeals to "their so well-known valor"—and incidentally, by offering them five dollars per month more than Haley was paying them—he had won over the laborers to the last man. They had enlisted in the President's army.

Haley groaned. Here was the end, indeed. There was but one thing to do—to give the affair the best face he could in a report to the company in New York, and throw up the contract.

He had barely reached the veranda of the Hotel Pizzaro, when the little man of the hand-car drove up to the steps.

It was, Tortorosa explained, that President Varina desired the honor of an interview with Señor Haley. Could Señor Haley find it convenient to come at once?

Haley entered the barouche and they jolted over Coma's uncertain pavements—which, by the way, are infinitely worse than no pavements at all—to the official residence of the President.

President Varina was a tall man of considerable girth, extremely bald, and given to much asthmatic puffing. He welcomed Haley warmly, and conducted him to an inner room, where, after the usual amount of flattery, he came down to business.

This Escamilla, the President remarked, had a great desire to overthrow the government and set himself up as dictator. He was, it was true, a man of some influence. But as for this insurrection among the pigs of the western coast (the President paused, mopped his brow, and threw out a contemptuous snort) bah! It he would crush; it he would annihilate; it he would stamp out, even thus—and the portly Varina ground the carpet viciously under his heel.

But to do this, continued Varina, it were well to nip in the bud the plans of these pigs—to strike a crushing blow while as yet they were unprepared, to invade this nest of sedition on the western coast with the army of the government. In this matter the railroad would be invaluable in transporting the troops. Could the Señor Haley hasten the work of completion that the government might be upheld?

When Haley answered the President, it was slowly and with deliberation. He praised the far-sightedness of Varina; he spoke of the worth of the completed railroad as a means of transportation. He also cited its obvious use in case—there were, of course, bare possibilities—the fortunes of war should go against the government troops. It would enable Varina to reach the coast—and the fruit-steamers.

Varina at once recognized the potency of Haley's last suggestion. Twice during his checkered career as President of the Republic of Colona had the fruit-steamers

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saved him from a people clamorous for his blood.

Haley, still speaking very calmly, went on to show how, by using the army of twelve hundred men for work on the road, the thing might be accomplished; and when he had finished, Varina declared the army was at Haley's disposal.

Three days later, while the yellow-coated government soldiers were laying rails along the malarial course of the Intercoast Railroad, Haley arrived on the western coast, after a trying day and night on the old trail that led thither from Coma.

He at once sought the head-quarters of General Escamilla, and requested a personal interview with that gentleman.

"It seems to me," said Haley to Escamilla, who, having been roused from sleep, presented a decidedly unmilitary appearance in his faded blue pajamas, "it seems to me, the successful manœuvre will be to move on the government troops before they have time to prepare. Strike one quick, decisive blow at Coma, and Colona is yours. How? Well, there are eighteen miles of track running from here toward Coma. From the Coma end the line is nearly completed to the lower end of this section. Now, let the eight hundred men of your army complete the few miles of track intervening; seize the railroad; take your troops in the night to Coma. What can be more simple? There is an abandoned construction train on this end. The locomotive can be made serviceable, and there are flat cars enough for your needs."

When Haley left the western coast, the resurrected construction train had gone down the eighteen miles of the line, and eight hundred insurgent soldiers were laying the rails toward Coma.

On the other end of the line, twelve hundred government soldiers were rushing the line westward.

Haley hastened to Coma, and sent cable despatches to New York and a certain New England city; after which he sat on the veranda of the Hotel Pizzaro, smoking the best cigars the place afforded, and wearing a smile of exceeding benignancy.

. . . . . .

On the night of October 17th Coma was in an uproar. Everywhere was much cheering, lurid fireworks, and the strident notes of the brass band struggling heroically with the national anthem. In the barouche before the custom-house, President Varina was making a speech to which no one paid the least attention.

That day there had been fought what, in Colona history, goes under the name of the Battle of the Forest. The insurgents had been routed, and General Toro Escamilla had been brought a prisoner to Coma.

On the steps of the Pizzaro, intently watching the celebration, sat the President of the Intercoast Railroad and the company's Committee of Inspection, newly arrived by the fruit-steamer. With them sat Haley.

"Insurrections are the curse of these brutal little republics," one of the committee remarked.

"There you are wrong," said Haley, slowly. "When properly utilized, they are potent factors of progression."

A Game of Duplicate Whist

By Carroll Watson Rankin

"NOPE," said Stebbins, "it ain't the sewin' society thet's makin' all the pow-wow in thar; it's one o' them thar silent whist-clubs. Them twelve women makes more racket than a runaway locomotive on a down-grade a-whistlin' fer brakes. Nothin' short o' dynamite'll stop that game till they git them sixteen boards played out, frontwards an' backwards. It's what they call duplicate whist, but it's too duplicated fer me.

"I can't say I like to cook; but sence them women jined that dodratted whist-club I've ben a Swiss Family Robinson on a desert isle. I ain't hed a button sewed on, ner a sock darned, ner a decent meal cooked fer five long weeks — 'cept ez I did it myself—an' I ain't no great shakes of a cook.

"When Mis' Stebbins ain't a-playin' thet cussed game, she's a thinkin' about it, which is jest ez bad—or wuss. When she gits through wrastlin' with the cards daytimes, she talks stuff like this here in her sleep nights: 'Holdin' king an' ace an' five more in suit, lead queen;' er, 'Holdin' queen, jack an' one other, lead jack;' er, 'Play ace second hand to cover 'riginal lead'—whutever that is. But it's even wuss, daytimes.

"'See here,' sez I, this mornin', 'where did you put them overshoes o' mine?'

"'To signal fer trumps,' sez she, with a

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far-away look in her eye, 'play a high card an' then a low one.'

"'Tain't trumps I want,' sez I; 'it's overshoes, an' I want 'em quick.'

"She brung me a bootjack an' a carpet slipper, an' left the room, a-murmurin' softly ez she went, 'Holdin' suits of equal length, lead one headed by cards in sooquence'—an' it's ben jest like that ever sence she jined.

"The hardest day's work I ever done wuz playin' ez a substitute in that there club one afternoon about a week ago. Now, I've played cards ever sence I wuz so high. Me an' the girls an' Mis' Stebbins used to set down nights an' play a couple o' games an' a rubber o' good old-fashioned whist, an' when we got done we quit peaceable; but this here gol-darned stuff they're playin' now—landy! 'Tain't play, it's work—an' hard work at that.

"Yep, I wuz foolish enough to let them women rope me into one o' their darn pow-wows. One on 'em's feelin's wuz still damaged from the week before, so they hed to hev a substitute, an' Mis' Stebbins offered me up ez an unwillin' sacrifice. But, Gee whiz! It wuz funny! They most made me deef with their own noise; but if *I* said a word they took the top of my head clean off. Before the game wuz over they wuz all so mad they didn't know a di'mond from a club. Seven on 'em went home cryin', an' one on 'em—which wuz me—cussin'. Mebbe more. A-suppressin' of my own remarks kep' me too busy to pay no attention to them.

"Fust of all, nobody wuz willin' to play with the pardner she drew, but that wuz settled after awhile to ev'rybody's dissatisfaction, an' no damage done to nothin' but feelin's. When 't wuz my turn to lead, I lay down an ace. Great Guns! If I'd a-committed all the crimes in the calendar—with a few new ones thrown in extry—them women couldn't a-made more fuss.

"'Well,' sez I, haulin' it back, 'if ye don't like that, here's a two-spot.'

"'Is that the fourth best o' your long suit?' whispered my pardner, leanin' forward.

"'No,' sez I, 'it's my wust, best an' only o' that particular brand.'

"'You don't mean,' sez she, 'that you're leadin' a singleton?'

"'No,' sez I, 'I don't. I'm a-leadin' from a clear case of sneak.'

"I wuzn't the only sufferer. By the time the fust board wuz played, there wuz one mad woman, an' one cryin' one at ev'ry table. Inside of an hour all that wuzn't cryin' wuz trumpin' their partner's aces from sheer rage.

"'Stead o' settin' comfortable in one spot, we had to progress to other seats after each hand. They wuz a big, square card on each table tellin' us to go West, young man, and grow up with the country, er way back East an' set down—ez the case might be. It took such a heap o' steerin' fer me to keep track o' myself an' the pints o' the compass, thet I couldn't find no time to play the cards; but I done the best I could.

"'Table two, South,' sez I, movin' to the next table. 'How-de-do, Mis' Perkinsham, table two, South? This is a poor lay-out,' sez I, pickin' up my hand. 'I never have no luck with spades fer trump.'

"'Luck!' sez she, scornful-like. 'They ain't no such thing ez luck in this here game—it's science.'

"I noticed, howsoever, thet ev'ry one o' them women wore a rabbit's paw—fer science!

"'Ye sent a boy,' sez I, smilin' at my pardner to show her thet I didn't bear no grudge when she trumped my thirteenth card with a two-spot.

"'Sh-h-h. This is whist-t-t,' sez she, savage as a meat-axe.

"Now to my mind, them little pleasant remarks helps a game along; but after that I kep' still till I got to a table with Mis' Stebbins.

"'Here's a typewriter,' sez I, layin' down a queen.

"'Hev you a major-tenace?' sez my pardner, glarin' through her specs.

"'A what?' sez I.

"'Oh, never mind,' sez Mis' Stebbins, 'he don't know a major-tenace from a green-echo, ner neither of 'em from a coal-hod; but that wasn't a legitimate play.'

"'Keep off the grass,' sez I, beginnin' to git riled. '*I'm* a-playin' this here hand, an' I'll play it my own way. If I want to lead sneaks, I'll lead 'em ev'ry time I'm lucky enough to git one; an' I'll play my own way er not at all.'

"After that I done it; an' I guess they give me up ez a bad job.

"When they got done, they held a post-mortem over all them boards, an' though it's a hull week sence that game wuz played, they ain't got that score figgered out yit. Me an' Mis' Stebbins ain't on speakin' terms,

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jest now, fer she wanted me to play fer Mis' Bice, to-day, her feelin's bein' slow to recover; but I sez: 'Not on your life, Maria. My whist days is over. No more fightin' games fer me. I'll go ez a delegate to a ward caucus, er I'll umpire a base-ball game, er I'll play mumble-the-peg, er marbles, er tunk; er I'll take up carpet-tacks fer ye out'n a hardwood floor, er put up stove-pipes—but don't ye never ask me to play another game o' that doggoned, temper-twisting, duplicated whist.'"

Fur the Childher

By Margaret Johnson

"FUR mesilf," said Mrs. Donovan, "what wid me own t'ree an' twins on the flure above, give me five hours slape of a night, an' I'd not ask to have the King me uncle!

But she was the quare wan, that Mary O'Connor; an' whativer it was she wanted—slape or no slape—she took up wid Mis' Murphy's childher from the first. Four o' thim there was, an' the biggest but siven the day Mis' Murphy died.

"'Tis no use," she says, layin' there on the bed in the front room, wid the baby on her arrum, an' me thryin' to timpt her wid a bit o' bacon—a big, stout woman she was, a thrifle oulder than Murphy, I'm thinkin', wid a tongue in her head that wud be goin' from mornin' till night, sick or well. "'Tis no use, Mis' Donovan," she says. "But shtraighten out the room a bit, fur 'tis a worse fayture than the Ould Bye's ragbag since I'm layin' here on me back!"

An' wid that, Murphy comes in—a guard he is on the "L" road, a good-lookin' feller in his uniform, an' a good-hearted to her an' the childher, if a bit slow in his thinkin', as the most of thim are, havin' less use fur quick jumpin' at things than us women.

"I'm goin', Jim," she says. "There's niver another taste o' bacon fur me in this worruld. An' I'd go aisy, if 'tweren't fur you an' the childher. Ye'll do your best fur thim, an' Mary'll help ye. Fur all she's a grane gurrl, an' shtupid, with niver a bit of a tongue in her head, she manes well, does Mary, an' she'll help ye."

Murphy, he stood up shtraight an' dazed-like, wid his hands in his pockets. "I'll do me best," he says. "An' Mary'll help me," he says, like a child repatin' a lesson.

But Mary, standin' on the far side of the bed, says nothin' at all. A young thing she was, a cousin o' Mis' Murphy's an' jist over from the ould counthry, as slim as a shavin', an' as white as a peeled apple. She'd a soft way o' shlippin' about an' doin' things, an' big, soft eyes wid an askin' kind of a look in thim, like the dumb crathurs, fur all the worruld. She'd no blood in her, you'd think, so shtill an' so white, an' her head always a bit sideways, listenin' like. But she'd a low v'ice whin she'd spake, an' her laugh was like wather runnin' out of a bottle; an' whativer it was about her, the childher took to her like flies to molasses.

The baby was in her arrums from the hour its mother died, an' a mother she was to thim all from that day out—washin' an' scrubbin' an' patchin' an' darnin' an' cookin', like t'ree women instid of wan.

"Ye work too hard, Mary," says Murphy.

"Sure, no, 'tis fur the childher," she says back.

He'd picked a night-run thin, there bein' a new shift on the road, an' he'd a swing o' five hours in the middle o' the day, whin he'd come home an' help wid the dinner an' the dishes, an' do odd jobs about the place as handy as you plase. An' I'd hear him laughin' like a bye betimes, whin they'd be rumpussin' about the kitchen, the two o' thim togither.

"Mary," he'd say, "will I put ye up a shelf here forninst the stove? 'Twill be handy fur ye, fur the dishes."

"No," she says, "ye'll not. But put me up wan down there near the flure—fur the childher," she says.

An' so it wint wid thim, till wan day somethin' come to Murphy. He got a thought intil his head, an' there it shtuck, until he comes home wan avenin' airly, afther an exthra run, an' finds Mary in the airy-way, leanin' on the railin' an' watchin' the little wans at play in the strate beyant. Fur mesilf, I was at the winder above, fur 'twas a hot night, an' niver a breath, barrin' ye cud get it there.

Close up to Mary he come, an' leaned on the railin' beside her.

"Ye're tired, Mary," he says.

"Not me, sure!" says Mary.

"Ye can't go on this way," he says. "Ye're young, Mary, an'—an' purty; 'tis not right ye should stay here an' work fur me an' the childher foriver!"

"An' where wud I be afther goin'?" she says, wondherin'-like, lookin' at him wid her

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big eyes, as bould an' innicent as anny child. "I'm shtrange here," she says. "What wud I be afther doin', if I was to l'ave you an' the little wans?"

"Thin, Mary," he says, drawin' a long breath up out of his boots, "if so be as you'll stay wid us—'tis not fur mesilf I'd be askin'—'tis fur the little wans, as wud be in sore nade of a mother widout yez—will ye marry me, Mary?"

Sure, niver a blush was on her chake—cool she was, an' white as iver, an' lookin' shtraight acrost the road, wid her mouth droopin' a bit, wistful-like, an' windin' her finger around a knob o' the railin'.

"'Tis fur the childher, Jim?" she says, an' her v'ice no louder than the croonin' of a dove.

"Sure, Mary!" he says, wid his honest eyes on her.

Whativer she answered him thin 'tis beyant me to say. But I see her shlip her hand along the railin' till it touched his own, an' he started like an' gripped it. An' "Ellen!" she calls. "Patsey! coom in till your supper! Daddy's here!" wid niver a look at him.

She was the quare one, Mary O'Connor!

Sure, whativer come to her that she should fall sick, no more than a year afther that, an' she so shtrong an' healthy, an' the childher well, an' a good man to her husband, for good he was, an' kind, an' stiddy as the clock. He'd a raise on the road, too, an' was talkin' big about movin' intil a first-flure flat, wid lace curtains an' a yawning to the dure, an' music-lessons fur Ellen, an' the like o' that. She'd set there lookin' up at him an' laffin', whin they'd be talkin' it over in the airy on fine summer avenin's, or forninst the kitchen fire whin it come winter.

"'Tis a dog's life I lead on the road, Mary," he'd say. "A sad kind of a life, too, fur all the crowds. But I'll shtick to it," he says. I'll work an' I'll save, an' we'll have a gran' time yet!"

Thin she'd stop laffin', an' look up at him quick an' soft-like.

"Ye do work hard," she'd say. "But—'tis fur the childher, Jim!"

"Sure, Mary!" he'd answer her back.

An' niver a word more she'd have wid him thin.

But whativer it was come to her, down she wint wan day, suddint-like, droppin' into her bed as ye'd drop a bag o' scraps into the river, an' wid no more look of iver comin up ag'in. An' there she stayed. 'Twas not the typhoy, nor yet the malary, nor annything else wid a long name—'twas jist plain dyin', an' so I says to mesilf—plain dyin', wid no trimmin's.

The docther was afther comin' an' lookin' at her now an' ag'in, but he no more sinsed what ailed her than I did mesilf. There was forty women in the flats pullin' me skyirts to know whativer was the matther. "'Tis malary," I says. "'Tis malary in the head, an' bronkitis in the j'ints." But 'twas not, an' that I knew. Pinin' an' pinin' she was, till I thought she'd wear the heart out o' me body. An' Murphy——

He'd niver 'a' made it out fur himsilf if he'd 'a' lived foriver an' died o' grief; fur 'twas no such fayture as the packin' of a hunderd an' twinty people intil a car that wud hold sivinty, standin'. That he cud do, an' none betther. But a matther o' thinkin'—'twould cut the gall in ye to see a man that shtupid wid his mind!

"How's the wife?" he'd say, comin' in day afther day from his run. "How's the wife?" he says, the avenin' I was watchin' fur the life to dhrop out of her intirely. An' the smile she give him wud have knocked the strin'th clane out of anny man.

"'Tis a decline, I think," she says, wistful-like. "Don't ye mind, Jim! I doubt I go jist the same ways as me sisther. 'Tis fadin' she were fur a month or the like o' that—you might 'a' blowed her out anny time like a candle—an' but skin an' bone whin we buried her, four years ago the day!"

She turned her head away wid that meek, dyin' kind of a look, an' her lashes on her cheek; but I see she was lookin' at Murphy out o' the tail of her eye.

"Don't ye do it, Mary!" he says, speakin' out quick an' shtrong. "Don't ye do it! 'Tis a sin an' a shame fur ye to let yersilf pine away there on your back, an' God's sunshine waitin' fur yez out the dure. 'Tis laffin' at God ye are, whin your time's not come, an' you so young, an' the little wans——"

He stopped there, suddint, wid his eyes on her; an' she looked meeker 'n iver, an' more sinkin', but she was watchin' him close, an' that I saw.

"Mary!" he says. An' he got up an' walked acrost the room. He was purty white fur him, bein' a man, the gossoon!—an' he took no more notice o' me than if I'd been the washbiler or the tay-kittle, though 'twas sobbin' I was to mesilf wid the pity of it. Thin back he wint to the bed, an' stood there lookin' down at her.

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"Mary," he says, "will ye quit?"

"Quit what?" she says, jist over her breath.

"Dyin'," he says, wid his teeth set.

"Jim," says she, lookin' at the wall, an' not at him, "do ye want me to git well?"

"Do I want ye to!" he says. "Do I!" An' away he wint acrost the room an' back ag'in, wid his fist clinched an' the kind of a look on his face he'd have whin he was handlin' a yellin' crowd on the "L" platform at rush hours. But Mary, she lay still, gazin' off at the wall, thoughtful-like, as if she was workin' it all out in her mind, an' niver a thought o' the man.

"They'll be gettin' bigger now soon," she says. "There's Ellen handy already at the washin' an' lookin' afther the little wans. They do be tindin' theirselves good, an' Mis' Donovan wud be afther givin' thim a look now an' ag'in. They'd not be missin' me so much, nor so much trouble to you. I know your heart is set on thim, Jim, an' I've done me best; but 'tis a good bit o' throuble, the livin', an' now they're grown-like, 'tis hardly worth me while, I'm thinkin', to git well for the likes o' thim."

"Fur what?" cries Murphy, startin' as if he had but just woke up out of a dhrame. "Fur who?" he cries. "What's that ye're sayin', Mary?"

"Fur the childher," says Mary, rollin' up her innicent eyes at him. "Sure, fur what else wud ye be throublin' me to live, savin' fur thim?"

"Sure, thin, 'tis not fur thim!" he shouts. "Confound their darlin' sowls! 'Tis they cud git along widout ye, but not me. 'Tis fur mesilf, Mary, an' that's God's truth—'tis fur mesilf I want ye!"

An' thin there come a new look on his face. An' if iver he'd 'a' looked at a crowdin' indivídule on the "L" road wid that tinderness on him, there'd a' been room fur wan more in that car, if not two, fur 'twould milt the livin' heart out o' ye to see it!

"Would ye—would ye git well fur that?" he says. "Would ye live—fur me, Mary, me sowl?"

She looked at him thin, the ould way, wid her head to wan side, weak-like, on the piller, an' a bit of a smile wimplin' round her mouth.

"Sure, Jim!" she says.

An' she did.

'Twas no more than a fortsni't afther that whin I met her wan day on the airy steps, laffin' an' singin'-like undher her breath.

"The sun's bright the day, Mary," I says.

"'Tis a good job," says she, "afther the rain."

"Air ye well, Mary?" I says. "An' air ye happy, child?"

"Well, Mis' Donovan," says she, "sure I cudn't be betther. An' happy?" she says. "I'm as happy as if I was in God's pocket!"

An' her cheeks bloomin' like two roses, an' the baby on her arrum.

She was the quare wan, Mary O'Connor! An' that sickness o' hers—well, whin a woman knows what she's wantin', fur sure, ye'll not kape her from gettin' it fur the matther of a little throuble. 'Tis dyin' she'll be, but she'll have her will—an' that's God's truth. Fur mesilf, give me five hours slape of a night, an' I'd not be invyin' the blissed saints in heaven. But 'tis young she is yet, an' a woman—an' men was aye fools!" said Mrs. Donovan.

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With the Procession
Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NAVY

WHAT is the sense of the unfriendly criticisms of President Roosevelt for having a naval review off Oyster Bay? It is within his duty as Commander-in-chief to see if the navy is efficient and to watch its exercise and evolutions. These do the navy no less good and cost the Government not a cent more if performed in his sight than if performed somewhere else.

The country ought to be thankful that it has an Executive who takes a keen and an intelligent interest in the navy.

Equally frivolous and futile are the gibes at President Roosevelt for using this and that Government vessel as a "private yacht." In the same spirit Mr. Cleveland was snapped at for riding in a lighthouse tender, and Mr. McKinley and other Presidents were rebuked for using Government ships for despatch boats. The cost to the Government is the same whether the President is a passenger or not. And if the Commander-in-chief has not a right to be aboard, who has?

As to "Government yachts," the President of the United States ought to have a Government yacht-fleet, stanch and splendidly fitted up, worthy of the sovereign American people, who own it and can afford to.

Nothing is too good for them or for their President.

COAST AND GOLD

PRACTICALLY the gist of the whole question before the Alaskan Boundary Commission is, What is meant by "coast"? The treaty of 1825, between Russia and Great Britain, directs that a certain part of the boundary line be drawn thirty miles from "the coast." The United States asserts that this line follows the windings of the coast, and therefore shuts off Canada from the arms of the sea.

This interpretation cuts off Canada from the Klondike and its outlet.

The Canadians insist that "coast" means the same in the Northwest that it means on the Eastern seaboard. There the jurisdiction of the United States reaches three miles seaward along a line drawn across the mouths of bays and rivers. The coast line runs across; it does not follow the "sinuosities" of bay or river-mouth. Applying this interpretation of "coast" to the Alaskan coast, the Canadians lay claim to the arms of the ocean there, and find Klondike safe in the arms of Canada.

Such is the effect of gold upon geography. Fortunately the United States has not only sundry British maps on its side, but it has nine points of the law.

THEY DO SUCH THINGS, AND THEY SAY SUCH THINGS IN OHIO, IN OHIO

WHATEVER else they may say of Tom Johnson, he is never dull. He keeps his bands pumping wind, his circus men yelling "Hey, Rube"; and his minstrels and chalk-talkers have to earn their money. Tom is a boon. Whoever gets the most votes, Tom has the most fun. He is a "good mixer" and a "good spender"; and he was careful not to be weaned from monopoly until he had sufficient nourishment therefrom. He blew over the Buckeye country like a cyclone, a simoon, his opponents may say, thinking of what the contemporary language calls "hot air." Tom has a large, airy, noisy way of doing things. He is a good deal of a magnetic centre. He is an autocrat as well as an automobilist. His friends will yell for him to the last morsel of voice. His Democratic enemies await with hope his decline on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. But whether the Single Tax be truth or not, Tom crushed to earth will be mighty likely to rise again. He has plenty of money; he is a true-blue Johnsonite; he has a temperament of cork. He will bob up again. Be sure of that. Whether he is a Democrat or not, from the Eastern point of view, he is a faithful Tom Johnsonite and he will never forsake his party.

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HANG OUT OUR BANNER ON THE FROZEN POLE

NEXT July Commander Peary will have another Arctic expedition, the expenses of which will be paid by private contributions. His plan is to take a sufficient number of Esquimaux aboard his ship somewhere in the region of Whale Sound, in northwestern Greenland, settle them at Cape Sabine, and there establish his base of supplies and force his way northward, ice conditions permitting, to winter quarters on the north shore of Grant Land, making caches along the route as he can. In February, 1905, as soon as it is light enough, he proposes to start over the polar "pack" with a small party, followed by the main party. He hopes to cover the distance to the pole and back in 100 days, travelling at the rate of ten miles a day.

He will use individual dog-drawn sledges with light loads. His land base is 100 miles nearer the pole than is possible on any other route. The ice pack reaching toward the pole is more rigid than on the other side of the pole, and he will have beaten lines of communication and retreat.

The North Pole is, as Commander Peary says, "the last great geographical prize." May he hang the American flag on that pole!

THE WALDORF ON WHEELS

A "PALATIAL CAR" COMPANY has been organized in New Jersey for the purpose of running a five-car "Waldorf-Astoria de luxe" train between New York and San Francisco. These five "rolling palaces" are for "high-rollers," "palatial parties," so to speak. Passengers will be "booked" only at the most "exclusive" hotels in the cities which the "rolling palaces" do the honor of passing through. There will be all the accommodations of a "palace" as many rich persons understand it. For instance, an orchestra, a palm-room, plenty of plush, tapestry, electric lights and buttons, broiled live lobsters to order; passengers without evening clothes positively not admitted to dinner. The train will be followed by a maid's car, a valet's car, an automobile car, a "caddy" car, and a special "luggage" train. Golf links will be furnished at stopping places along the route.

All this is not "exclusive" enough for a millionaire who values himself. Why, the porters will be millionaires in a few years. Nor is even the "club car" "exclusive" enough. Any really "exclusive" plutocrat will not be content with less than his private train on his private railroad.

A LONG TIME COMING

JUDGE GEORGE GRAY, who was President of the Committee of Arbitration that settled the great anthracite coal strike, believes that eventually arbitration will be resorted to in all disputes between capital and labor. "But it will take time," he admits, before this uniform and peaceable solution of labor troubles and the prevention of strikes is attained. A long time, indeed, for human nature will have to be modified considerably. Is universal arbitration of labor disputes any or much nearer than universal arbitration of international disputes and universal peace? Common sense ought to be common enough, but where is it when men or nations "get hot under the collar"?

THIRTY-FIVE THE DEAD LINE

ARE men of thirty-five venerable in the estimation of railroad companies as well as of girls of seventeen? Natually, a railroad company or any other business establishment prefers to catch its employees young. Then they are more docile. If they succeed, there is a longer career before them. For obvious reasons brakemen ought to be young and strong. Not too many of them live to be old. The New York Central will not take a brakeman or fireman who is more than thirty. The firemen graduate into engineers; the brakemen into conductors. That age limit is justifiable. But why did the Erie Railroad discharge all its clerks more than thirty-five, who had been in its employ only since May 1, 1901? The Secretary says "that if a man is not successful at thirty-five and then wishes to go into the railroad business, there is something wrong with him." This does not explain why clerks already in "the railroad business" should be put out of it for the atrocious crime of being more than thirty-five. An infinite deal of nonsense is talked about "the age of young men." A man should be hired and kept for his ability, not his years.

POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS

THE New York Democratic State Committee has adopted a resolution in favor of

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the election of United States Senators by direct vote. Many politicians, Democratic, Republican, Populist, Prohibitionist, and what not, are in favor of this change, and several State conventions have declared for it.

That means nothing save that politicians want some harmless stuff to put into their platforms, like to flatter "the dear people," and do not care a rap how Senators are elected, since the convention which would nominate them, were they chosen by popular vote, would be no harder to manipulate and pack than any other political convention.

Do the American people want a Senate and a House, as provided in the Constitution, or do they want two Houses? At least the small States will have sense of self-preservation enough to resist the change. Establish popular election of Senators, and soon there will be a demand for the apportionment of Senators according to population.

The Constitution does well enough for most of us. And most talk of amending it is wind and nothing more.

THE CURRENCY

If anybody knows where the Republicans or the Democrats or the bankers, or that mysterious entity called "the country," stand on the question of currency legislation, he will confer a great honor by leaving the information at this office.

Speaker Cannon plainly thinks that the present currency is the best that ever the sun shone on, and that no currency legislation is needed.

Whether it is or not, the extraordinary divergence of opinion that exists among those who do want a more "elastic" currency shows that currency legislation is most unlikely at the called session of Congress, and not wholly probable at the regular session.

Its opponents are united; its advocates divided. Too many cooks.

JONES ON JOHNSON

Sam Jones, Mayor of Toledo, friend of "non-partisan" government and Golden Rule politics, is the only American statesman who sleeps on the roof and can stand on the roof of his head for thirty seconds. He is rich enough to be eccentric. He does as he pleases. He carries Toledo in his pockets. Sam Jones "endorsed" the Ohio Democratic State ticket, which he found "as near" a "non-partisan" one as he could imagine. "Non-partisan" because four men on it had either "bolted" tickets or otherwise showed that they could change their minds. But Mayor Jones's opinions are less interesting than this virtual challenge of his:

There is Tom L. Johnson, a single taxer. He is well-fed and a good fellow, but he can't run as fast as I can or jump as high or stand on his head.

Tom Johnson cannot permit himself to be disparaged in this way. He must go into training. There is time enough to settle this championship question before winter.

THE OPEN SHOP

W. A. Miller, a foreman in the Government Printing Office was expelled from his union for "flagrant non-unionism." True to his principle of "no discrimination" Mr. Roosevelt reinstated him in his job. The Washington Central Labor Bureau, with the coöperation of some 500 other Central Labor Unions, has issued a pompous circular declaring that Mr. Roosevelt's act "cannot be regarded in any but an unfriendly light."

The circular accuses Miller of "moral turpitude." The "moral turpitude" has nothing to do with the case. He was removed not for "moral turpitude," but for "flagrant non-unionism." As the circular says, "he has committed himself to the policy of the open shop," that is, a shop in which no discrimination is made against union or non-union labor.

This is an "open" country, and ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the labor is non-union. Does the tail wag the dog?

HARRY MEYERS

Some heroes strut about in Khaki. The fat and greasy citizens commonly called Captains of Industry, because they have grown rich on the industry or at the expense of other men, are the heroes whom millions of Americans are called upon to admire, and doubtless do admire. "Hero" has come to have an almost offensive odor. So Harry Meyers is not a "hero."

Harry Meyers is only a New York boy of nineteen. One day he was on the rear platform of an electric car in motion. A woman with a baby in her arms stepped on the platform. She was going to get off as soon as the car stopped. A runaway, driverless horse and

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wagon came along, rushing straight for the car. The conductor ran inside and warned the passengers, who started in a panic for the front-door. The woman was dazed with fear. Harry Meyers had plenty of time to escape and let the woman and baby be killed. Just as the crazy horse was coming on the car, Harry Meyers threw himself in front of the woman and child. One of the shafts ran through his thigh. The woman took another car. It did not occur to her to thank the boy who had saved two lives. Harry Meyers was taken to the hospital; "condition serious."

"I had to do it, mother," he said.

THE SPANKING MACHINE

RED WING, MINN., is spread to the gale of fame. The telegraph, that cannot lie, has told the world of Red Wing. At the State Training School in Red Wing a spanking machine is in successful operation. The teacher takes a refractory pupil and turns him into the patent spanker, which handles him with neatness and spanks him with despatch. Spanking done while you wait; this is of the essence of modernity.

But wait a minute. Is not this Red Wing machine the same that was at Jamaica, L. I., last summer, the famous "electric spanker"? Alas! convenient as such a spanker would be, if children had not grown too good, it must be a myth.

And yet there may be work for steam and electric spankers still. Remember the system of discipline used by Amos Bronson Alcott, that "muddy Plato" of Emerson's Concord. When Mr. Alcott was teaching school, if a pupil "behaved bad," Mr. Alcott got a feruling therefor. Here is a great idea, worth reviving. Corporal punishment for children is gone, but how about corporal punishment for their elders?

Bring on your electric spanker for the correction, not the use, of parents, guardians, schoolmasters, and schoolmarms!

A "GRAND STAND" PROSECUTION.

ELEVEN directors and officers of the New Jersey Railroad Company, rich men all, were indicted for manslaughter. They were charged with causing by criminal carelessness the death of a school-girl, killed in a collision between a North Jersey trolley-car and a railroad train at a grade crossing.

There was great joy among the saffron "friends of the peo-pul." At last wicked wealth was to be hauled up and punished. What happiness to see a man like President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the dock, and on his way to a felon's cell! And what an opportunity for the newspaper photographers!

The Court disappointed the sensationalists by instructing the jury to find a verdict for the defendants on the ground that there was no evidence. No evidence! Wasn't the fact that the defendants were rich evidence enough? If Mr. W. R. Hearst's chauffeur should run over and kill a girl while Mr. Hearst was presiding over his editorial cabinet, would not Mr. Hearst be guilty of manslaughter?

Those New Jersey judges do not appreciate "grand stand" indictments.

THE CHARLEMAGNE OF BROADWAY

"How big was Alexander, pa?" He was of the size of Mr. Charles Frohman, and with an appetite no less imperial and universal. The Manhattan Charles the Great swallows theatres and plays as his Macedonian prototype swallowed kingdoms. Mr. Frohman builds a theatre every fortnight, buys one every week, orders a play every half hour, and hires an actor every minute. As usual, he went abroad this year. Abroad sags with gold in consequence, and its curl papers are bank-notes. Mr. Frohman bought a share in, or the control of, only ten theatres. This was not because he was not eager to buy, but because he owns most of the theatres in the world already. He ravaged England, France, Germany, Spain, Holland, Italy, Austria, Mesopotamia, the Kingsmill Islands and way stations for plays. If there is in existence an unsold, unordered drama, melodrama, comedy, tragedy, farce, opera, musical absurdity, it is not his fault. He wants them all. If there is a plot or a scene or a dramatic suggestion in a human head, he will buy it for cash. All the authors, including the compilers of the Manhattan directory and the railroad time-tables—which are to be "dramatized"—are on his salary-list. This season he will produce from fifty to five hundred thousand plays, including "Whitewashing Julia." Salaries and the staff are now "elevated" sufficiently. It is time for his grateful beneficiaries and the public to elevate a monument to Charles the Great.

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UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Miss Todd, postmaster at Greenwood, Del., was removed at the request of Mr. Allee, one of the Delaware Senators. The Postmaster-General says that there was an agreement between Mr. Allee and Mr. Ball, the other Delaware Senator, "to divide the territory," so to speak. Miss Todd was "personally obnoxious" to Mr. Allee. Greenwood was in his territory. She had "to go." She denies the charge of "pernicious activity" made against her. The case then is an ordinary one. The offices in a State are parcelled out among the Senators and Representatives. The appointment to these offices really rests in the hands of these gentlemen. If the President takes it into his head to be independent, nominations requiring to be confirmed by the Senate will be rejected or "hung up," in accordance with "Senatorial courtesy."

Why should we scowl or shriek over this Greenwood case? Remember that no matter what the Constitution says, in actual practice the President has very little power of civil appointment. Mr. Platt is President for New York. Mr. Quay for Pennsylvania, and so on.

At the same time Greenwood is a fourth-class post-office and Mr. Roosevelt is a civil-service reformer. Are not the incumbents of these offices to be protected from discrimination on account of political reasons ?

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Secretary Shaw seems to be demonstrating unconsciously what needs no demonstration, namely, that the benevolent interference of the Treasury with business is a dangerous activity. Last spring in view of the high price of two-per-cent. bonds on which to base circulation, he offered to change 3s and 4s into 2s. Some eighty million dollars were thus converted and the price fell. By August, national bank circulation had increased by $33,000,000. The Secretary also salted down internal revenue receipts to the amount of $40,000,000. As he construes the law, he has the right to deposit this sum in national banks.

He chose certain banks and asked them to secure their respective shares of these receipts with Government bonds. These advanced in price in anticipation of the demand so created. The banks applied to retire circulation and get back their bonds. Up again, down again. The Secretary's efforts on the see-saw of circulation were vain.

To relieve the "strain" caused by the Exposition and the moving of the crops, the Secretary offered to deposit $2,500,000 in St. Louis banks, taking as security State and municipal bonds at half their value.

This is no criticism of Secretary Shaw, or of the wisdom or unwisdom of his acts. But inevitably, he is accused of "playing politics."

No Secretary of the Treasury, if he were Hamilton, Gallatin, and Chase in one, an illuminate seraph of finance, should have the power of interfering with business.

THE WOMAN BUYER

More than ten per cent. of the Western buyers in New York this fall were women. From habit and practice men have come to be considered the best judges of cloths and fabrics and so on. It is against nature that they should be. Can they have a woman's eye and delicacy of touch? Can they unravel the mystery of corsets, or feel the poetry of hats? In spite of generations of men tailors and men mercers, women have the best natural gift for buying most things which men get sky-scraping salaries for buying. Will any married man, fit for his job, put his hand upon his heart and swear that he is better at a bargain, bar whiskey and cigars, than his unexpressive She?

Some of the department stores appreciate the fine taste of women buyers, and pay them well. "Woman's intuitions" are invaluable in all matters of fashion. When it comes to the survival of the fittest, it will not be the woman buyer who will go to the wall. She will be a partner, she will be "boss." Skill against tradition: the rule of "place for the ladies" will yet apply to business.

RADIUM AND CROWD

Two grains of radium in an air-tight tube were on exhibition in the New York Museum of Natural History the other day. Plenty of people went to gape at them. Some of the philosophers of the newspapers draw edifying morals from that crowd. "When popular interest takes this direction," cries one of these Tupperian thinkers, "it shows how general and wide-spread is the public craving for knowledge." The public craving for knowledge is shown by the pub-

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lic demand for novels. How much of the interest of that New York crowd in radium was due to anything else than mere curiosity and admiration of radium, not for its scientific potentialities but for its cost. It takes a street procession, a subway accident, a prize fight bulletin or an artist painting a soap advertisement on a fence to show at its highest pitch the passionate craving of a New York crowd for knowledge.

MR. BRYAN'S "SURRENDER"

MR. BRYAN has been rashly accused of "surrendering" because he took part in the Democratic campaign in Ohio in spite of the fact that Mr. John H. Clarke, the Democratic candidate for Senator Hanna's seat in the Senate, is a Gold Democrat and voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896. Tom Johnson's voting "record" is straight, but as everybody knows, he is not, and never was, a Silver Democrat. He is a radical; the collection of policies, opinions, and tendencies somewhat vaguely called "Bryanism," appeals to him. His radicalism appeals in like manner to Mr. Bryan. The silver question is as dead as Adam. Mr. Clarke, as his speeches show, agrees implicitly and substantially with most of Mr. Bryan's other opinions. The Ohio Democratic platform approved the Kansas City platform. The "surrender" was made by the anti-Bryan Democrats of Ohio. Mr. Bryan made a conquest, not a surrender. He is not the man to surrender while there is a wall to butt against or a ditch to lie in.

THE GREATEST BUSINESS ORGANIZATION.

THERE seems to be but a languid interest in the postal frauds; and the shrewd Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, is perhaps right in predicting that they will have no political effect, and that the Republicans will boast of their zeal in prosecuting them. There always must be some percentage, probably very small, of dishonesty in a business so enormous and scattered over such an extent of country. As the President of the National Association of Postmasters said at its sixth annual meeting in Boston, "the Postal Department of the United States is the greatest business organization in the world." It has grown from seventy-five post offices in Franklin's time to 76,000. It employs 250,000 persons, and under every administration it is, on the whole, well managed.

The President of the association mentioned as a "need" of the department "some simple form of sending small remittances through the mails so as to avoid sending postage stamps." This is an obvious and every day "need," and it makes some of us regret the days of "fractional currency." Another "need" not mentioned at Boston, and apparent to many business men, is a merchandise or "parcels" post. The New York Postal Progress League, devoted to this purpose and to the lowering of the postal rates on merchandise and the acceptance by the Post-Office of larger packages, has changed its name to the American Postal League. Presumably an American parcels post is a question of time and postal revenue only. The International Parcels Post Union ought to have the American Union as a member.

THE GIRL ATHLETE IN FICTION AND IN FACT

WHEN the young woman athlete is portrayed, we generally see a combination of Juno and Amazon, a stalwart, not to say strapping, type made current by C. D. Gibson. As a matter of fact, in the track athletes at Vassar last spring it was an entirely different build of girl who took the lead. The feminine records for running broad jump and standing broad jump were both broken by a gentle, fragile-looking girl who would almost be called little, but who nevertheless lifted the records to, respectively, 14 feet 6½ inches and 7 feet 7 inches. Another record-breaker, who did the 220-yard run in 30⅘ seconds, and the 50-yard dash in 6⅘ seconds, is slender to the point of frailness, and must weigh under 125 pounds. There were dozens of typical women athletes sitting in the grass cheering the events; but as a rule that was as far as they took part. The honors went to champions whom no seeker of the typical would have dreamed of pointing out.

PENSIONS

THE annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there were 2,901 fewer pensioners in the fiscal year 1902–'03 than in its predecessor. There are still almost a million of them; and perhaps it is premature to expect immediately a steadily diminishing

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pension list. The Grand Army of the Republic asks a service pension for every veteran who arrives at the age of sixty-two. This means 200,000 new pensions, as that number of surviving soldiers of the Civil War is still pensionless. Undoubtedly the service pension will be granted, although the age-limit may be greater than sixty-two. The old soldiers are now falling rapidly. Most of them must be in the sixties and seventies; the very youngest hard on threescore. But as the old guard disappears the soldiers of the Spanish War will appear to take some of their places.

Well, it pays for a nation to be generous to the men who fight for it. The United States has paid nearly three billions for pensions. The annual pension charge, the mathematicians tell us, is $1.75 for every man, woman, and child. In spite of the grumbling, do many of us regret the money?

THE MACEDONIAN MAJORITY

Do you believe in government by majority? If you do, your blood will refuse to run cold at the terrible tales of the atrocities committed by the terrible Turk, only one, and not the least respectable, of the cutthroats in the Balkans.

In Macedonia there are or were, before the recent massacres so vividly painted by the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, some 660,000 Mussulmans, 380,000 Bulgarians, 770,000 Greeks, 14,000 Servians, 12,000 Roumanians, 56,000 Jews. If, on account of their religion, the Mussulmans are ineligible to rule, the Greeks should be the next eligible. There are nearly twice as many of them as there are Bulgarians; and they are just as good as bad Christians. Yet the Bulgarians want to gobble Macedonia, and are raising Cain and a large crop of lies to carry out their plan.

Notice that the Greeks generally, both in Turkey and Greece, now side with their old enemies. Is it unfair to suspect that all this tremendous bother, these cries about "Christian blood," these many attempts of guile and violence to produce such anarchy and terror as will force the Powers to interfere, are inspired by Bulgarian land-grabbers?

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS

THE Eleventh Irrigation Congress which met in Ogden, Utah, in September, brought out much interesting discussion and suggestion in regard to the problems of irrigation, forestry, agriculture, and horticulture in the semi-arid and arid regions. Some 600,000,000 acres of vacant public land remain to be reclaimed by irrigation. The President of the Congress estimated that there is water available under the present storage system to irrigate one-sixteenth of that area. He urged that the Government should in the next thirty years provide reservoirs sufficient to reclaim 20,000,000 acres at an annual cost of $10,000,000. The money would be well spent, even if the prediction that the reclaimed land will provide homes for from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 persons be gilded with enthusiasm.

There has been much misapprehension in the East in regard to irrigation. To sneer at it has been the fashion. Yet the national irrigation law, wisely carried out, will add greatly to the national wealth and population. The proceeds of land sales in the irrigation States and Territories form a reclamation fund, of which $16,000,000 is now in the Treasury, and this year the money is coming in at the rate of a million a month. At this rate, further national aid will not be needed.

The district around Ogden, the garden spot of Utah, is ample evidence of the value of irrigation. Whatever be said against the Mormons, they know how to irrigate.

POLITE REMINDERS

THERE was some criticism of Mr. Roosevelt for sending a couple of warships to Beirut at the time of the false report of the assassination of Mr. Magelssen, the American Vice-Consul at that port.

There was nothing hasty, impulsive, or to be regretted in that order. A state of virtual war exists in a part of the Turkish dominions. In such a case it is the right and practice of nations to send warships to some port near the scene of hostilities to protect their diplomatic and consular representatives and citizens residing in the country. United States vessels cannot enter the Dardanelles. It was right to despatch ships to Beirut while the Balkan pot was boiling over.

For one thing the Sultan has been remarkably civil and obliging to Mr. Leishmann, the American Minister, since he heard of those visitors at Beirut. American interests in Tur-

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key will be all the better taken care of since the Sultan has been reminded that the United States has a navy.

Bang away at Roosevelt or any other President all you have a mind to; but please remember that "party lines should stop at the water's edge."

HOBSON'S CHOICE

CAPTAIN RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, navigator and osculator, wants to be a Representative in Congress from Alabama. He has had much experience in lecturing and speech-making. He has a good voice and deep delight in its sound. He has a large assortment of views and loves to impart them to his fellow-citizens. He makes friends easily. As a kisser of babies and others, he is likely to be equalled by few other candidates and excelled by none. Why shouldn't he go to Congress and echo through the marble halls.

But prose is tame after poetry. An epitaph begins to write itself on the mind:

Here Is
CAPTAIN RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON,
Hero of the Merrimac.
He Was Saved from Drowning
Only to Go
To
Congress.
Alas, Poor Hobson!

TEACHING FARMING

HON. JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture, says that "nothing is being done to make the farm attractive to them."

Those people who come to cities to make their fortune are not half so well off there as they would be at home. But they want something new. How many thousand people in New York envy the independence and out-door life of the farmer! Farming is even become fashionable with the rich; and more and more persons of moderate means turn to the country.

The tendency to cities is general. Fortunately there is a much smaller, but still perceptible "stream of tendency" that flows away from the cities. And a good many of us in New York live there, not because we would, but because we must.

Is nothing being done to make the farm attractive? With a growing system of trolleys, better roads, improved machinery, telephones, increasing population, and more facilities of amusement and social intercourse, farm life is greatly more attractive than it was even twenty years ago.

Why, then, is it hard to keep the boys on the farm? Because everybody wants what he has not and wearies of what he has. Because the country boys forget that, of the millions in cities, much the greater number have little or no share in urban luxuries and diversions, but live narrow lives in sordid surroundings and unhealthful air.

EXPORTS OF THE FARM

THE Government report of the agricultural and staple exports for the last fiscal year shows some gains and some marked losses. Farm stuff to the amount of $782,866,305 was sold, a goodly total, beating last year's figures by $6,616,049, but beaten to the extent of $84,372,274 by those of 1901, the "banner year" and "record-breaker" for farm exports. King Cotton put on his crown again; 6,932,110 bales, worth $315,847,105, went over seas—a gain of some $25,000,000 over 1902. The number of bales exported was about 70,000 more than in 1902, and 432,000 more than in 1901. In export corn there was a great but inevitable decline and fall off. In 1901, 176,588,532 bushels, valued at $82,015,226, were exported. The 1901 crop was a failure, almost a "famine" crop, according to our large American ideas, so that, in 1902, the exports dwindled to 26,324,268 bushels, worth $16,005,039. It will be remembered that much of the 1901 corn was too bad to export. The farmers fed the inferior product to their animals, while really good corn commanded a good price in the United States. There was a considerable decrease in export wheat as compared with 1902, but the larger amount available for export in that year was mainly due to the fat winter wheat crop of 1901. The value in 1902–'03 was $87,226,000 as against $112,150,000 in 1901–'02. In cattle and hogs there was an insignificant decrease; in meat and dairy products a decrease of $21,261,380. Nobody needs to be reminded how high meat is, and there seems to be small prospect that it will be cheaper. Still, the transported work of the American slaughter-house and churn came to $160,336,716 in 1902–'03. Without the help of the Yankees how would Europe fill her stomach?

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A RULE TO REPEAL

SOME of the Western farmers are "kicking" against a singular rule that prevails in the rural free delivery system. This rule requires that along every route, twenty-five miles long, there shall be at least one hundred families.

Unfortunately, in a great many Western farming districts, 100 families living along a road twenty-five miles long are not to be found. The ordinary farm is of 160 acres. The regulation objected to calls for farms of not more than eighty acres. It might be all right for a "garden-sass" farmer, but it is all wrong for farmers who grow grain on many-acred farms.

This rule must have been made by somebody who is used to our little Eastern farms. There is not much more reason in it than there would be in requiring the rural letter-carrier on a twenty-five-mile route to be not more than twenty-five years old.

SCULPTURE AT THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION

THE display of sculpture should prove one of the chief artistic successes of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The work of enriching the buildings and grounds with appropriately ornamental subjects is proceeding vigorously under the guidance of Mr. Karl Bitter, Director of Sculpture. Forces of men are employed in Hoboken and in St. Louis enlarging the various groups, and their work is proving eminently satisfactory. Mr. Bitter himself and Mr. Isidore Konti have the most important individual commissions. Mr. Bitter's Purchase Monument will occupy the position of honor. Contrary to precedent the finished work will all be executed in cement, not in plaster, and will thus not only be more durable, but better in color, being an ochre tint, not dead white. The men engaged in enlarging these sketches are among the best in the world, many of them having already been employed for the Chicago, Charleston, Buffalo, and Omaha Expositions. Their technique is admirable in its freedom, and the public should remember in gazing with discreet pride at these statues that the finished work is in no instance the product of the sculptor but of the men who carried out the sculptor's ideas on so large and so effective a scale.

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION

EVERY effort has been made by Mr. John W. Beatty, Director of Fine Arts, and by the Fine Arts Committee of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, to make this year's Annual Exhibition both notable and characteristic. Particular attention should be called to the fact that the main display is to consist of paintings contributed by American artists residing in America. There will be on view at the same time a special collection composed of one hundred important paintings selected by the International Society of London, but the two exhibitions, though occurring simultaneously, will be distinct. Moreover, the awards of Medals carrying with them cash prizes of $1,500, $1,000, and $500, respectively, are this year restricted to American artists. Interest in the Carnegie Institute exhibitions has increased steadily since the first, eight years ago. The judicious encouragement of native endeavor should itself be encouraged, therefore all praise is due the Carnegie Institute for inaugurating so wise and so welcome a policy.

A NEW PAINTER TO THE FORE

THE man of the year in the art world is unquestionably the young Spanish figure-painter, Ignacio Zuloaga, whose rise has been as rapid as it is merited. Certain enthusiastic spirits rank Zuloaga with Velasquez and Goya, but it is well to be cautious even in art criticism. Yet, beyond a doubt, this youth of three-and-thirty is already a master in his bold and energetic treatment of scenes from modern Spanish life. He paints with incomparable ease and assurance, and while preferring sombre tones, his palette is on occasions rich and varied. No one has ever caught with more variety and veracity the colorful confusion of a bull-fight, or the grace and degradation of the *Calle del Amor*. His dwarfs and other portraits, notably that of the picador "El Coriano," show remarkable insight and breadth of handling. Zuloaga was born at Eibar in the heart of the rugged Basque country. At the outset his countrymen failed to see anything in his work, and declined to give him representation in the Span-

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ish Section at the Paris Exposition of 1900, but he has since won universal recognition, and was easily the feature of this year's Salon.

MODERN GERMAN ETCHING AND LITHOGRAPHY

FEW exhibitions during the coming season will enlist more attention than the display of Modern German Etchings and Colored Lithographs to be held in New York at Keppels' in the early winter. Specially organized under the direction of Dr. Hans W. Singer of Dresden, this exhibition will include the best work being done by a group of artists justly celebrated for boldness of imagination and restless beauty of technique. Upward of one hundred subjects will be on view, and the American public will be afforded its first opportunity of becoming acquainted with a phase of art which is as novel as it is powerful and appealing. A feature of the display will be certain of Professor Max Klinger's early and now rare plates. Stauffer-Bern will be represented by the "Portrait of His Mother," and the touching "Little Girl Lying Down." In addition to these there will be landscapes by Otto Fischer, mezzotints by Heinrich Wolff, and some of Käthe Kollwitz's powerful street scenes. Such artists as Graf v. Kalckreuth, Emil Orlik, Hans Unger, Walter Leistikow, Hans Thoma, and Max Liebermann will also be adequately represented. As a whole the exhibition should be notable.

Music

A GENEROUS PRIMA DONNA

DURING a former visit, when she was the bright particular star of the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company, Madame Melba won the hearts of an entire family by a charmingly spontaneous act. The daughters of the house were giving a luncheon to an intimate friend of the prima donna. When Melba heard this, she declared that she would like to be included among the guests, and an invitation was promptly sent to her. Not only did she come herself, but she brought with her a distinguished Boston violinist. Later, when most of the company had departed, the two artists volunteered some music, and the small audience had the pleasure of listening to a violin solo, with Melba at the piano, followed by song after song, poured out with lavish generosity to the violinist's accompaniment. This incident is made even more interesting by the fact that at that very time Madame Melba had refused the largest sum ever offered a singer for an appearance at a musicale given by a New York millionaire.

THE LION'S PRICE

STORIES of the amounts paid to the leading musicians by their managers are often exaggerated, but these artists command enormous prices when called upon to entertain at private houses. One or two, notably Jean de Reszke and Calvé, refuse such engagements on any terms. A New York multi-millionaire and patron of music, being debarred from attending Kubelik's first concert, paid $1,500 for the privilege of having the young violinist play, for one hour, in his own music-room. Madame Sembrich could proffer, gratuitously, her voice and her time to help raise money for charity, and almost in the same breath decline a tempting offer that began with $2,000 and increased to "any sum she pleased to name" for a wealthy man's musicale. Another soprano accepted $1,500 for an evening only on condition that her husband should be included in her hostess's arrangements and should receive $500. Every year Paderewski contributes to charity the entire proceeds of one recital; when he consents to play in private at all, he never abates a penny of his $2,000 fee. Artists realize that curiosity to see them minus the illusions of the stage plays its part in the demand for their services at society functions, and naturally they resent this sort of patronage. Hence the exhorbitant prices.

THE THORNY PATH OF THE MUSICIAN

IT is the bitter truth that fairly good musicians too often find, after years of study and expense, that it is almost impossible to secure a hearing. In their dreams of a great future they overlook the fact of our ever-increasing opportunities to listen to the best at a moderate charge, and the resulting critical attitude toward unknown aspirants. They awake to discover that money must go out where it is expected to come in. The début of a

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singer not unfrequently involves serious outlay—including a paid manager whose duties cover not only such details as the renting of a hall, advertising, purchase of floral tributes, etc., but the drumming up of a "paper" audience as well; and free tickets are not always rewarded by applause or press notices. The greatest check to an artistic career is to become a fad with the so-called smart set, whose interest is fleeting and undiscriminating; yet bills must be paid, patronage represents money, and few can resist the temptation to seek it. Finally, it is short-sighted policy for a novice to appear side by side with an experienced artist. It may bring financial return, but when an obscure young person makes a first bow to the public "assisted by" a celebrity, comparison is inevitable.

THE GREATEST LIVING

MARSHALL, Mo., boasts a pianist who played twenty-eight hours at a stretch. His duties at the vaudeville house where he was employed did not demand this; the feature was in the nature of a "stunt," and done with an eye to glory. By the quantitative measure, he is certainly the greatest pianist living, or perhaps that ever lived. Liszt, Rubenstein, and several others may have been ahead of him in the matter of quality, but it is authentically established that not one of them ever sat down at the piano at nine o'clock in the morning and filled the air with a steady flow of "I'm Living Happy," "Go Way Back and Sit Down," etc., until eleven the next day. By the modern standard, the greatest book is that which sells the most, the greatest man he who makes the most; surely he who plays the most should not be denied his high place.

THE LONGY CLUB'S OPPORTUNITY

A TIDE in the affairs of a certain musical club of Boston was recently taken at the flood, and led to overwhelming success. Few outside of Boston had heard of the Longy Club, for, though it is an important element of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it has lacked the initiative that led the Kneisel Quartette to push forward till it could cast off the Orchestral leading-strings and stand alone. Nevertheless, last season gave the Longy Club a chance to show of what metal it is made, and to turn an embarrassing situation into an exhibition of virtuosity such as New York had never before witnessed. The Orchestra, arriving from Philadelphia, was met with the disconcerting news that the soloist for the evening's concert had broken his engagement. Nevertheless, the concert began as usual. When the moment arrived for the pianist to appear, Mr. Gerike motioned several of his men to the front of the stage; and then without apology or excuse he began a Bach Concerto for orchestra, oboe, flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and violin. With the exception of Mr. Kneisel, all the assisting artists were members of the Longy Club, and they played with a spirit and delicacy that called forth an ovation. The Longy club had had greatness thrust upon it.

THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL"

IT may be a cynical view to take of the American public (if we may so name the Metropolitan Opera House audience) to believe that the coming production of "Parsifal" on Broadway is destined to disappoint in more than one instance. Madame Wagner has said in a recent interview that its production elsewhere than at Beyreuth will be a "desecration," and that she can only hope that the artists will refuse to sing it, and that American society will be sufficiently shocked to leave empty the seats of the Opera House. Mr. Conried followed that interview with the announcement that Milka Ternina (whose Valkyrie cry will ever echo in our ears), Van Rooy, Burgstaller and Dippel will sing in "Parsifal." The only objection raised seems to have been that of Herr Mottl, whose contract exempts him from conducting "Parsifal," although he will conduct the other Wagner operas. The stockholders of the Opera House have evidently not been overcome at the temerity of their new manager.

THE LIMITATIONS OF ITS APPEAL

BUT, how about the public? This opera is the most intricate of all of Wagner's works, and in no way will appeal to curiosity seekers. When the score was given in Milan and Paris it was not successful as an attraction. Mr. Conried will present the opera in New York with a setting which would be an impossibility in Frau Wagner's theatre, and

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undoubtedly it has the attributes of a marvellous spectacle; but finally it makes its appeal almost entirely to those who delight in a religio-philosophic study in music.

Wagner called "Parsifal" a religious drama. It was in 1857 that he drew up the first sketch of the poem, but it was not until 1882 that the opera was completed, only a short time before its first production at Beyreuth. Frau Wagner is perfectly right when she says that it will lose much when it is taken from the peculiar atmosphere which seems to surround that shrine. "Tristan and Ysolde," "the song of songs of earthly love," seems more in keeping with Broadway than this mystical allegory of the Sangreal.

THE "GIFT FROM HEAVEN" VOICE

THOSE who expect to find a new Jean de Reszke in Ernesto Caruso, the much-advertised new tenor of the Metropolitan's coming season, are in a fair way to be disappointed. Caruso, who was much talked about at Covent Garden last season, has one of the "Gift from Heaven" voices. People generally speak of this sort of voice as though it owed nothing to training, and consequently some things were to be forgiven it. We all know that no voice finds a place in grand opera without much training. What the "Gift from Heaven" voice often lacks is the consummate artist's soul behind it.

The late Colonel Mapleson declared that de Reszke was not a true tenor, but a "lifted barytone," entirely incapable of an aria; and that the critics were carried out of their judgment by his art whenever he sung. Caruso can sing an aria, after the fashion of the melting Italian school, but that incomparable thing, which makes de Reszke what he is, is not in great measure the possession of younger men. Caruso comes here for what promises to be a short season, as he is said to be engaged to sing at the first performance of "Madame Butterfly" at the Roman carnival.

MUSIC AND FASHION

IT appears to be necessary to tell the American public the price of a singer before he (or she) can be taken seriously. And from the careful way in which salaries are published, one might imagine that American managers prided themselves upon paying more for an artist than the market price. The first thing we hear of Caruso is that he receives one thousand dollars a night in New York, when London paid him four hundred. Does our public really understand music so little that a song needs a guarantee of its excellence?

Music must be fashionable to succeed here. The spontaneous pouring out of all classes to hear an opera, as on the Continent, is unknown. We are continually told that this is on account of the price of tickets. But may it not be the other way about?

A few years ago a young manager was given "a sound financial backing," and brought over a famous pianist, at great expense. For some lack of advertising, some whim of fashion, the engagement was not a success. The pianist was never in better form; he had played here to enthusiastic audiences before, and he was to come later to triumphs. But this time people did not go to hear him. The engagement cost the backer thirty thousand dollars, and the young manager many illusions.

Books

A VERY HUMAN HERO

How John Fox conceived "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is, of course, a secret, known only to himself and his Muse; but, nevertheless, the book gives an impression of having run away with its author, and done many things never intended by him, when he first set the Little Shepherd on his knees by the fresh grave in the opening pages. One suspects that the author meant to build a type—a fine, high type of all that was best in a Kentucky mountaineer, but, nevertheless, a representative figure rather than an individual; and then show what such a one had to encounter when conscience made him side against friend and kin in the Civil War. And then Chad ran away with him, insisted on becoming an intimate and lovable personality, so vivid that when he was swallowed up in the mazes of battles to perform his part as type, we were sorely disappointed. These are all very well, these bits of stirring history; but we wanted Chad back, and the book was done for us when he was held inexorably to the purpose for which he had been created. Mr. Fox made his point,

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but what is a point compared to a charming, human hero?

MORE HISTORICAL ROMANCE

No form of literary expression has ever suffered more grievously at the hands of its friends than the modern revival of the historical romance. When Scott introduced the romantic novel into English literature, all the world was beginning to read books. When Weyman rediscovered and revived the romantic novel, all the world was beginning to write them. The result of the changed conditions has been appalling. Yet there is a virtue in the form doubly attested by this furore of imitation, a buoyancy and tonic optimism in the genuine idealization of the past which is the very spirit of romance. It is a liberal infusion of this spirit which makes Mr. Harold Macgrath's romance of Old and New France, "The Grey Cloak," an excellent example of the school and a book worth reading.

THE EVOLUTION OF JACK LONDON

To those who have followed the literary work of Mr. Jack London, the success of his "Call of the Wild" offers a delightful opportunity to say "I told you so." His studies of Alaskan types, native and imported, have shown from the first the appreciative understanding of the thinking observer and the selective instinct of the artist joined to a positive genius as an interpreter. These are essentially the qualities which distinguish Kipling, and it is to Kipling that we must liken Mr. London if we seek comparisons. In the "Call of the Wild" he has found a subject to catch the public fancy and, it is to be hoped, direct the public's attention to much good work which has been more or less overlooked. It is quite typical of London's method that the "Call of the Wild," which is a dog story, is not an attempt to ascribe a human view-point to a dog, but an attempt to interpret the dog point of view to men.

A SERIOUS NOVEL

One of the season's best offerings of serious fiction is "Anne Carmel," a story by Gwendolen Overton, whose first novel, "The Heritage of Unrest," appeared a year ago, and marked its author as well worth watching. The scene of Miss Overton's new story is a small French Canadian village far from the stream of modern life, and its chief characters are the village priest and his sister Anne. The book is far removed from the conventional love story, and does not offer the much-talked-of "happy ending," but it gives us a glimpse of strong lives working out their own salvation amidst temptation and defeat, unconscious of their own strength, perhaps regretting their own victory as we mortals often do, but always human and kin to our humanity and forming types for the reader to store away and remember with sympathy and a certain gratitude.

KIPLING'S NEW POEMS

Rudyard Kipling's poems are composed in his head before being set down on paper. A stranger to brain inertia, his mind is ever at work hammering out rhythms and phrases which go into the sturdy songs that come from him. The new collection, "The Five Nations," contains twenty-five unpublished poems, besides "The White Man's Burden," "The Recessional," and "The Islanders," with which, among others, the reading world has already become familiar. In vigor and swing and in graphic epithet there is no falling off in the value of these later measures. Splendid pictures, passionate exhortations, powerful sermons are here—but few songs and fewer stories. It is grim and strenuous verse full of war's alarums and the crack of Mausers—but here and there noble and beautiful passages as truly poetry as anything in the first set of ballads. Among the finest things in the volume are "Bridge Guard on the Karoo," "The Destroyers," and "The Sea and the Hills." Here is a verse from "Chant-Pagan"—the song of the soldier who has returned to the sordid occupations of peace:

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
Forty mile often on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
With only the stars for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies . . .
I am takin' some letters almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' "mind you come back with the change!"*

We take from "Piet" this tribute to the

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Boer which is quite in the old Barrack Room ballad spirit:

An' when there wasn't aught to do
But camp and cattle-guards,
I've fought with 'im the 'ole day through
At fifteen 'undred yards;
Long afternoons o' lyin' still,
An' 'earin' as you lay
The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill
Like scythes among the 'ay.

Ah there, Piet!—be'ind 'is stony kop,
With 'is Boer bread an' biltong, an' 'is flask of awful Dop;
'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for retreat,
I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight worse than Piet.*

A CITY OF INSPIRATION

As a city of inspiration New York has never before been presented in fiction; but Mr. Howells in his forthcoming book, "Letters Home," has, in his own peculiarly natural and inimitable fashion, penetrated the dreadful solidarity of New York and got at "the better element, as it diffidently calls itself." Not that, in a Richard Harding Davis manner, Mr. Howells has discovered New York. Far from it. His attitude is that of one who merely knows: and he has voiced in his own genial and lucid way the blind instinct of love on the part of the many who never stop to question. The optimism of Mr. Howells is omnipresent. He lifts us up and onward by his perception of New Yorkers that "their dream is so sordid—but they are not always so sordid as their dream."

Of course there is a love story: just a slender linking together of every-day episodes and interests. But as in all of Mr. Howells's work, it is the artistry of the setting that is so exquisite.

LARGE SALES AND LITERARY VALUES

An excellent example of the inadequacy of department-store returns as a criterion of literary value is the prominence of "Gordon Keith" in a large majority of these much heralded lists of sales for recent periods. "Gordon Keith" is neither more nor less than an old-fashioned melodrama done in book form. It is clean if you will and utterly harmless, but elemental and skin deep, and it would be hard to find a story, posing as a literary achievement of some moment, with less originality of motive and characterization. But while we are loath to look upon its success as a true indication of popular taste, an interesting side-light upon that somewhat uncertain quantity is given by another reference to these same statistical returns. It happens that two of the current novels, 'Life's Common Way," by Annie Eliot Trumbull, and the "Main Chance," by Meredith Nicholson, deal with nearly identical themes in strikingly divergent manners. The first is a story of the social and financial game in a New England city; quiet, clever, admirably controlled, and of no mean literary and artistic merit. The second is a tale of remarkably similar circles in an unnamed city on the banks of the Missouri. It is frankly sensational, frankly guiltless of any purely literary endeavor, yet it is unquestionably interesting and, in a way, worth reading; but alas, it figures high up in our lists of sales and "Life's Common Way" figures there not at all! The deduction is plain but it is not encouraging.

"IN BABEL"

"Mr. Wimberley wanted to turn up his trousers at the bottom, but he was afraid." Lives there a being who, having read that opening sentence, would not desire to go on with the story? That is one of George Ade's pleasant and profitable secrets: he makes his appeal to human nature in the first line. Take the following beginnings, chosen at random from his latest collection of sketches, "In Babel"—meaning, of course, in Chicago:

"'Me with bunches of the grip,' said the Hickey boy. 'Me the livin' drug store.'"

"'Who—the girl that used to be at this counter?' she repeated with a puckery smile and a glance of suspicion."

"Mr. Sidney Payson was full of the bitterness of Christmas-tide."

Each allures with the promise of some little story of real life—real life on its uppers, often enough, but always life at first hand, with no intervening screen of literary tradition; or with the neat and always popular rap at human nature. We have always longed—not perhaps to turn up our trousers, but to enhance ourselves in some small way forbidden by our higher selves. Hence our eagerness to know the fortunes of Mr. Wimberley. "The bitterness of Christmas-tide!" Of course Payson was cured—but how? And so George Ade prospers.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

WILL READ THIS DEPARTMENT LAST HEREAFTER

IN almost the same mail we received two letters from two different publishers—one in California and the other in New York, the latter publisher of a magazine which has a very large circulation and is widely known throughout the country. Here is part of the letter from the California publisher:

> "Please restrain yourselves in your department, 'With EVERYBODY'S Publishers.' In your first three numbers you cover the ground thoroughly and interestingly in regard to your plans and hopes. In those numbers it was the first department I read. In the future it will be the last. This because of the iteration, damnable and tiring. You have told us what you wish to do. We are with you. Now, go ahead and do it.
>
> "Who was the vandal that persuaded you to destroy the beauty of your October cover by thrusting upon it that yellow dollar-mark? . . . Keep up the good work. Always, of course, leaving a little to the intelligence of your patrons. We are with you out here."

We confess we didn't like the dollar on the October cover, and had you seen the picture of the open grate-fire in the farm-house that was intended to go on the November cover, you would have protested against its removal to make way for the circulation statement as it now appears.

With the belief, however, that an occasional "vandalism" of this nature is a help to circulation we made the sacrifice, notwithstanding the protests of our art director.

HE READ THIS DEPARTMENT FIRST

The letter below is from the New York publisher:

> "Going home last evening I invested ten cents in a copy of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, notwithstanding the fact that I expected to find one on my desk this morning. I could not wait until to-day to read the publishers' review of the situation, and to see how I should like the magazine with the leaves cut. I got my money's worth in the remarks of the publisher, which seemed to me extremely interesting and very certain to promote the larger success of the magazine
>
> I also got my money's worth in the story concerning the squash pie, which my wife read aloud last evening, and which gave us immense satisfaction. I firmly believe that you have a winning proposition, and that your victory will come at a very early date."

BIG AS LIFE AND TWICE AS NATURAL

If we had all the letters before us that criticise our cover-pages there would be a goodly pile. Most everybody likes the change from month to month, but there comes an occasional adverse criticism. One reader wanted to know why the golf-ball on the September cover was so large—he claimed that it was all out of proportion to the clubs. Now, we have a way of knowing whether these things are right or not: these cover-pages are what we call "still-life" covers, and being actual photographs, the golf-clubs and the ball were real, and the background was a piece of Scotch tartan bought on Broadway. The clubs will never be used again in a game. The handles were cut off.

It was no easy matter to find the "material" that was necessary for the November cover-page. The ears of corn and the turkey's head were not obtainable in New York. A twelve-mile drive in Connecticut was necessary. The turkey was a big, blustering, bullying fellow, by the name of "Tom," and his "gobble," "gobble," was unusually sonorous. In the darkness of a Connecticut barn-yard "Tom" was sacrificed to Art a full two months before the time fixed for his Thanksgiving end.

TOO MUCH FOR THE MACHINERY

The new machinery we installed this past month for cutting the pages of the magazine proved unequal to the task. Consequently, some subscribers did not receive their copies on time. Here is a letter from one of them:

> "BOSTON, *Sept.* 29, 1903.
>
> "*Gentlemen:*
>
> "Another suggestion. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get your magazine to the subscribers the same day it goes on the newsstands, or a least within a day of that time? It makes a subscriber rather tired after

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planking his dollar in advance to see one, who buys a copy once in a while on the news-stand, quietly reading his copy and then telling you all about it, until when you get yours it is all stale. Your cover, paper, and type are great. Good luck to you. ——— ———."

In the ordinary course of events subscribers and the news-stands receive the magazine on the same day, and, now that we know the limitations of our page-cutting apparatus, we assure our subscribers that such a delay will not occur again.

IT COST HIM $400

We know how much money we have lost by declining to insert advertisements of a questionable financial nature. We wonder how much we have saved our readers. Some of the announcements, which offer such apparently good investments with such big dividends, are very alluring. Our policy in declining this kind of advertising has brought us the following letter:

"——, NEBRASKA, *Aug.* 18, 1903.

"*Gentlemen:* Have just been reading EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and came across the article under the head of 'With EVERYBODY'S Publishers,' which struck me very forcibly. If —— had not published a certain 'Get Rich Quick' scheme, known as The Tontine Surety Company, I would have been $400 better off to-day than I am. Saw their ad. in ——, and wrote that magazine asking if they could recommend The Tontine Company. They wrote me that the company was O. K., so I invested in four contracts at $100 each, and the day that I made my last payment on the contracts I got notice that the company had quit business, and I am still out my $400 and interest.

"So you see your refusing to publish such ads. may save other poor fellows from a like fate. This is the first letter that I have ever written of this kind. But could not help congratulating you on the way you are running your magazine.

"Yours truly,

"——— ———."

And the publication which carried this advertising is very successful, and makes a lot of money for its owners. Many reputable publications print this unreliable advertising, but in our opinion it should find no place in your magazine.

A JUDICIAL OPINION

This letter is from a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio:

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, *August* 8, 1903.

"*Gentlemen:* Sometime ago you expressed a wish for the opinion of your subscribers as to the merits of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

"Well, I have just arisen from a reading of the August number—all of it, and this is what I say:

"EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is as good as Anybody's Magazine. Isn't this enough?

"Truly yours,———."

And note, please—*all of it.* His opinion was not based on one article. He read the magazine thoroughly, and summed up, his judicial decision was, "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is as good as Anybody's."

How different was the travelling man who wrote us last month and said he had glanced through the magazine and in his opinion "EVERYBODY'S was the second best magazine published." He liked *McClure's* best and went on to give his reasons for it. He added a postscript to his letter, however, which read as follows:

"P.S.—Since writing the above, I have read half through your magazine and believe that it is at least equal to *McClure's.*"

As we received no further word from him, we cannot give his final judgment.

BRIEF, BUT EXPRESSIVE

We wish to make acknowledgment of the many kind and encouraging expressions that come to us with yearly subscriptions. Here are two:

"LOS ANGELES, *September* 23, 1903.

"*Gentlemen:* Saw your advertisement in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Used to buy EVERYBODY'S occasionally, but did not care especially for it. Got one at the news-stand yesterday to see if any improvement had been made. Sat up pretty late last night reading it. Here's a dollar. You can guess the rest.

"Very truly yours, ———."

"NEW YORK, *September* 28, 1903.

"*Gentlemen:* Enclosed is money-order for $1.00. Please extend my subscription to EVERYBODY'S for one year.

"I, like others, bought a subscription to EVERYBODY'S as a 'yellow-dog,' but find I have a 'thorobred' on my hands.

"Yours, etc., ———."

The 136% increase in yearly subscriptions the past week over the previous week is very gratifying.

You have our thanks.

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